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THE INTERNATIONAL

AUGUST 1978 $2.00

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EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH EXILED SOUTH AFRICAN EDITOR, DONALD WOODS

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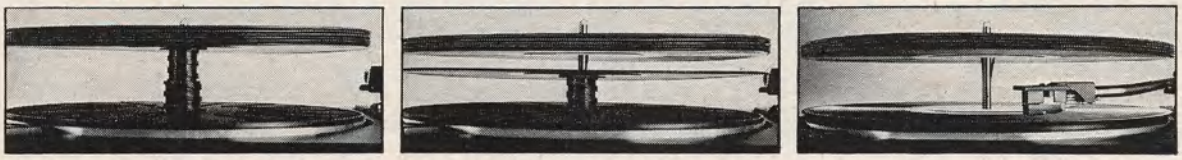

When you play 6 records, normally they "plop" onto the platter.
Ouch!

But the new Accutrac® + 6 is computerized to protect your records: no more "plop." Instead, it lowers the records onto the platter, v-e-r-y g-e-n-t-l-y.

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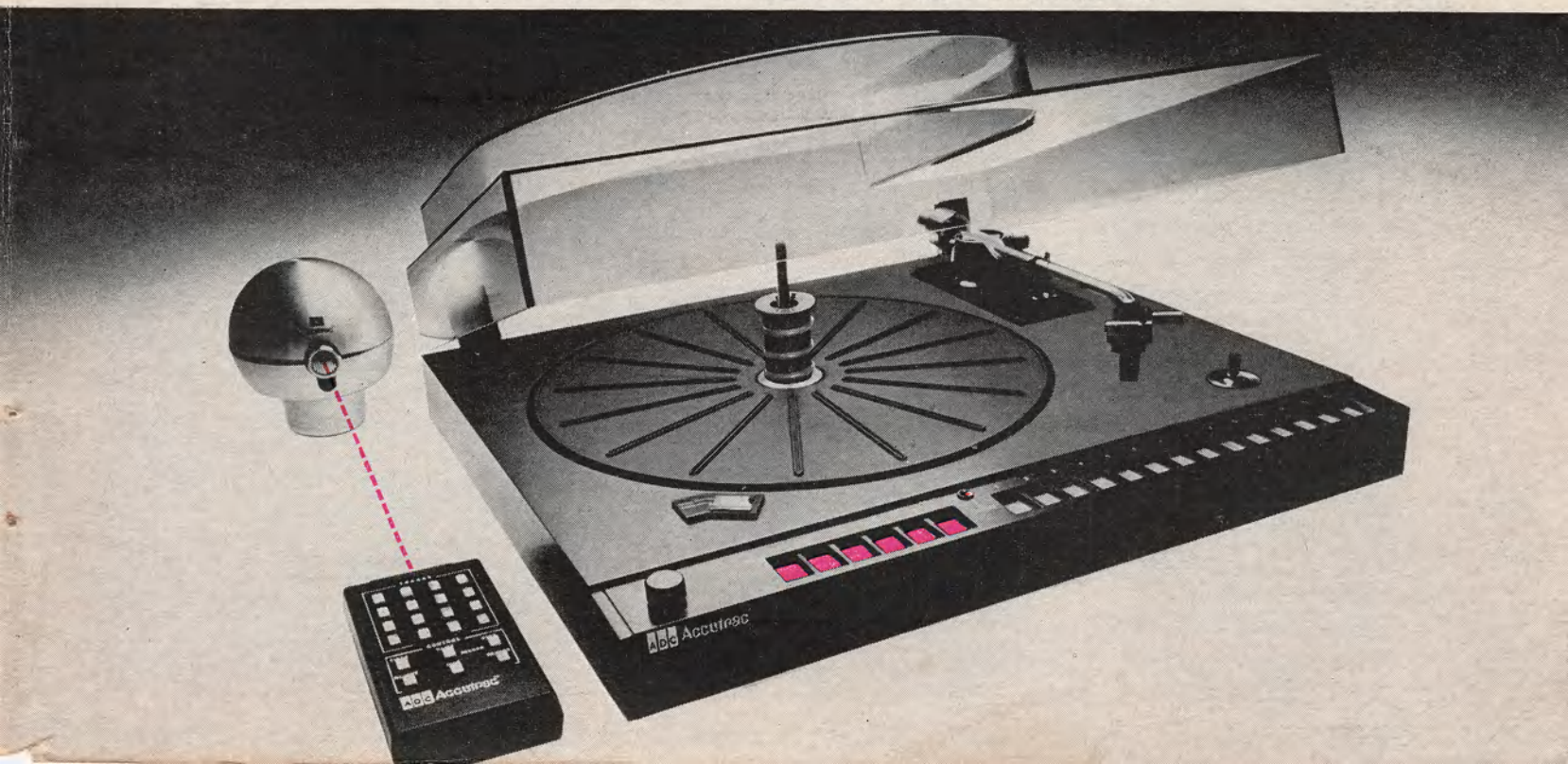

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/AUGUST 1978

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In 1947, it was the MG-TC.
In 1953, it was the Corvette.
In 1970, it was the 240-Z.

This year it's the Mazda RX-7.

Now it's your turn.

Imagine owning one of those classics when it first came out. Clipping daisies with the knock-off on an MG-TC. Watching heads turn as you eased down the street in a new '53 Corvette. Catching the next gear, 6,500 on the tach, and another car all at once in a 240-Z. It was something you'd remember for the rest of your life.

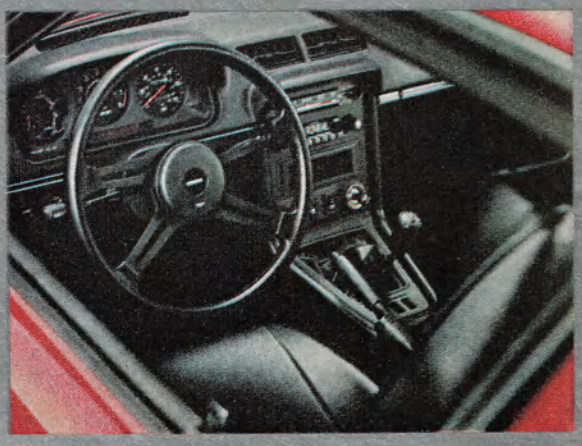
Maybe you thought you'd missed out. But now you've got one more chance.

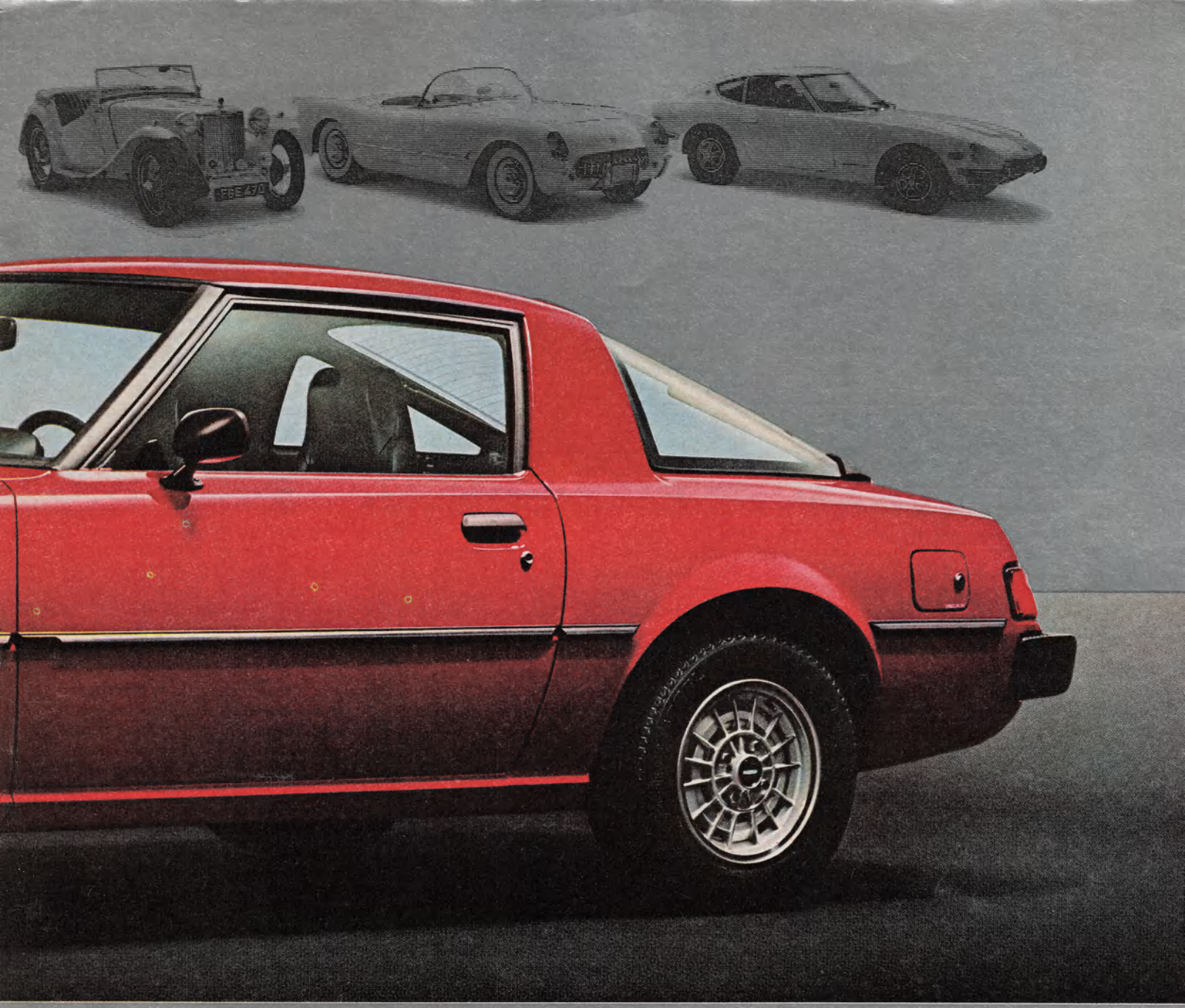
Now there's the 1979 Mazda RX-7. Now it's your turn.

But the RX-7 is more than just a sports car. It's a whole new kind of sports car. It's civilized. The Mazda rotary engine's power and flat torque curve make it easy to drive, even when you're slugging it out with rush hour traffic. Yet it can go 0 to 50 in 6.3 seconds.

It knows what to do with a winding road, too. The compact Mazda rotary engine fits neatly behind the front axles, making the RX-7 a front mid-engine design with impeccable manners.

And where sports cars have tended to be cramped, noisy little devils, the RX-7 is roomy, quiet





and comfortable with luxury features like AM/FM stereo, electric rear window defroster, side window demisters and reclining bucket seats standard on both the S-Model and the more luxurious GS-Model shown above.

The GS-Model adds standard features like a sunshade band on the windshield. Body side moldings. Electric remote hatch release. Console box. Cargo hold-down straps and more. The standard transmission on the S-Model is a 4-speed while the GS-Model comes with a 5-speed.

Yet for all that, the RX-7 is remarkably affordable, with prices starting lots less than cars like the 280-Z and Porsche 924.

So if you thought you'd never own one of the great sports cars, think again. Your time has come. The Mazda RX-7 is here. Test drive one and see what we mean.

From $6,395*

GS-Model shown: $6,995.*

The car you've been waiting for is waiting for you.

*POE price for S-Model: $6,395. For GS-Model shown: $6,995. (Slightly higher in California.) Taxes, license, freight and optional equipment are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown above $250 extra.) Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-Wankel.

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Hugh Smyser, courtesy of Brown University
JOHN HAWKES

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ROBERT MUNROE

HOUSECALL

Bureaucrats have never been known for their candor, and the public officials running our nuclear-power establishment are certainly no exception. As **Corinne Browne and Robert Munroe** report in "Our National Death Wish" (page 44), these officials have turned doublespeak into a high art. A nuclear bomb is merely a "device"; an accident in a nuclear-power plant, an "excursion." Nuclear-power plants have been responsible for countless fatal and disabling accidents, and yet Energy Secretary James Schlesinger calls these potentially genocidal monsters "comfortable neighbors." Plutonium 239, a highly toxic nuclear-waste product, is talked about "in terms that make you want to cuddle it: 'silvery gray and warm to the touch.'" The truth is that, if inhaled or ingested, a single pound of plutonium can give lung cancer to 9 *billion* people. *Penthouse* hopes that this carefully documented description of the nuclear-energy establishment will bring about the massive public outcry necessary to institute drastic reforms—or perhaps to shut down an industry too inept and greedy to police itself.

A second *Penthouse* investigative team, **Joe Trento and Dave Roman**,also calls the government to task in this issue. In the August 1977 *Penthouse*, Trento and Roman previously exposed the ultraconservative Copley Press empire as an elaborate CIA undercover operation. Now, after a grueling six-month investigation, they've filed "The KGB in New York" (page 62), revealing for the first time that the Soviet Union has long been using the United Nations as a New York–based, American-financed arm of its international intelligence network, the KGB. Trento and Roman contend that few spies have ever come in from the cold to a warmer, cozier setup: not only do nearly 200 Soviet agents work as ostensibly loyal employees of the U.N. Secretariat, but also the United States actually pays 25 percent of their salaries and protects all of them with diplomatic immunity. Furthermore, Trento and Roman report, absolutely nothing is being done to remedy this situation or to ferret out the spies already working there. "We take them at their word," admits one unperturbed U.N. spokesman. "We require no security clearance." Ironically, Trento and Roman make it clear that if Alger Hiss's now-famous pumpkin received far too much attention, this U.N. situation is a rotten apple receiving far too little.

Fortunately, things aren't rotten everywhere. In "Some Far-Out California Career Choices" (page 124), free-lance journalist and self-confessed hummingbird freak **Gary Hanauer** maintains that carving out a lucrative, offbeat career has never been easier: it requires little more than an inverse application of Edison's classic success formula. Nowadays, 98 percent inspiration and only about 2 percent perspiration will do the trick: it's the brainstorm that matters, he insists. We think that you'll be inspired by the likes of Susie Skates, a six-foot, blonde delivery girl; the whistling virtuoso who claims that his warblings have psychic healing powers; the bored housewives who founded Rent-a-Yenta; and the millionaire cookieologist who counsels, "Cookies shouldn't be dunked. Would you like *your* head dunked?" All in all, the article is required reading for presently underemployed California dreamers—and schemers.

Reporting this month on far more malignant get-rich schemes is **Bob Herbert**, a free-lance writer, artist, and reporter for the New York *Daily News*. "The Fleetwood Kids" (page 68) explores and explains the recent phenomenon of big-time teen and preteen Harlem drug dealers, who are nicknamed Fleetwood kids because of their fondness for flashing around in expensive luxury cars like Fleetwoods and Continentals. "If they're too short to reach the steering wheel," we learn, "they hire a chauffeur." This proliferation of junior dealers began a few years ago, when New York passed stringent new drug laws, forcing adult dope peddlers to delegate the street-selling part of their operation to young kids, whose status as minors protects them from prosecution. The situation is clearly out of hand, Herbert concludes. These real-life Bugsy Malones are hardly an amusing novelty item. If anything, they tend to be even more ruthlessly violent than their grown-up mentors for they are given to casually "offing" anyone who stands in their way or even aggravates them a little. Their general attitude toward the law is epitomized by one of the many brand names they've chosen for their carefully packaged heroin packets: "No Respect."

The subject of this month's interview (page 108), former South African newspaper editor **Donald Woods**, *is* getting respect—and deservedly so. When South African authorities put Woods under a five-year house arrest for printing his opposition to his country's policies of apartheid, he donned a disguise and had himself smuggled out of the country. He has since become to South Africa what Solzhenitsyn is to Russia—an eloquent dissenting voice heard the world over. Speaking invitations have flooded in from five continents, and Harvard recently awarded him a coveted Neiman Fellowship. *Penthouse* regular **Richard Ballad** obtained this exclusive interview with Woods and found him to be a man who doesn't mince words: "These people sit in sobersuit, pray to Jesus Christ each morning, and then enact the worst racist laws since Adolph Hitler's."

With harsh realities like these for us to contend with, fiction affords a welcome respite, especially when it's done to a fine literary turn by **John Hawkes**, whose 1976 novel *Travesty* won him substantial critical acclaim. Hawkes, a professor at Brown University, is currently on a writing sabbatical in France. Here *Penthouse* publishes "But She Was Not Mirabelle" (page 76), an excerpt from his forthcoming novel—a hauntingly erotic tale inviting multiple interpretations, all of them intriguing.

If you've ever used a backseat for something other than riding and enjoying the scenery, you'll also be intrigued, and amused, by "Autoeroticism" (page 117), an exhaustively researched (whew!) consumer report rating the sexual quotients of the backseats of thirty-one late-model cars.

And when you're simply in the mood to smile and let your fantasies have their way with you, you'll find that our stunning *Penthouse* Pets this month exude the kind of ethereal beauty that midsummer-night's dreams are made of. The whole package should make sure that you're all bark and no bite, even in the dog days of August.

It's hard to find a $1,000 tape deck that doesn't use Maxell. Or a $100 tape deck that shouldn't.

If you spent $1000 on a tape deck, you'd be concerned with hearing every bit of sound it could produce.

That's why owners of the world's best tape decks use Maxell more than any other brand.

But if you're like most people, you don't own the best tape deck in the world and you're probably not using Maxell. And chances are, you're not hearing every bit of sound your tape deck is capable of producing.

Whatever you spent for your tape deck, it's a waste not to get the most out of it. So spend a little more and buy Maxell.

Maxell. You can think of us as expensive tape. Or the cheapest way in the world to get a better sounding system.

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AUGUST

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Straight flush

I would like to tell about my sexy wife and my three poker-playing buddies. We play poker every second Monday of every month, and we have a blast. I'm twenty-five years old, and my sexy wife is twenty-six, and her figure is a fantastic 35-22-35. My friends are twenty-three, twenty-six, and twenty-eight, and we all enjoy my wife. For instance, our last poker outing went like this. As always, my wife dressed really sexy—she was wearing only blue see-through panties and a white braless see-through blouse. With each hand she kissed all of us ten times, and we spanked her two times each.

About 10:30 we were tired of playing poker, and we decided to play with Betty, my sexy wife. So she sucked all of us dry, once each. Soon afterward, she said she wanted to masturbate, and we asked her if we could watch. She said, with a laugh, "Yes," if we wanted to. So if you "Forum" readers can dig it, she brought out a dildo and sat on top of the toilet so that we could watch her. Then, as she reached climax, she was smiling at us.

Then I told her that I wanted to see her take a bath, and I asked my buddies if they did also. They all said yes. She took off her blouse and her panties and got into the nice, warm water that we had prepared for her. Being a camera freak, I got my camera and took twelve pictures of her in the tub and gave my buddies four each. Then I took five pictures of her drying herself, and I kept these for myself. And this particular night ended with my buddies and me masturbating and coming all over her face. So, as you can see, we have a great old time every second Monday.—*Name and address withheld*

All in the family

Having just purchased my first copy of your magazine a couple of months ago, I was delighted to see that a column such as "Forum" existed. I'd like to share the only strange sexual experience that ever happened to me.

I was home from college for the summer and couldn't find a job; so my cousin, Carol, asked if I'd like to do some work around her house for pay. I gladly accepted, as I was bored just sitting around home. We decided that she would come and get me and that my sister would pick me up after work, as I didn't own a car.

Well, we cut bushes, scraped the house, did some painting, and got pretty hot in the process, as the temperature was about ninety-five degrees. We decided to take advantage of her built-in pool. I was already in shorts; so I just jumped in, but Carol changed into her suit, a stunning backless one-piece. We were swimming around and splashing each other when suddenly I felt Carol's hand brush against my cock. I was surprised but assumed it just happened by accident. No way! Two seconds later her hand was rubbing up and down my cock. I must have looked surprised; so Carol said, "What's the matter? Don't you want to collect your pay?" As Carol is quite attractive and has a set of tits I've dreamed about for years, I didn't hesitate to say yes.

First, she unsnapped my shorts and pulled them off me, throwing them out of the pool. She then untied her own suit, and the top fell down, exposing her milk-white breasts and wine-red nipples. I pulled her under the water, where our lips joined in a watery kiss. We swam to where the water was about breast deep, and I told Carol to stand still. I went around behind her and slowly lowered myself into the water, pulling her suit off as I sank. I removed the suit from around her ankles, turned on my back, and floated up between her thighs. I kissed her pussy and blew air bubbles onto her erect clit. Upon surfacing, I slowly caressed each floating breast with my eager tongue.

By this time we were both ready to fuck. Carol lay on her back on an air mattress, and I climbed aboard. Making it on a floating air mattress is pretty difficult, and so it was taking a while. Soon I felt myself coming to my climax, only a few strokes away from filling Carol's pussy with my hot cream, when there was a tremendous splash at the other end of the pool. I was so close to coming that I didn't care who it was. I just kept pumping. As I shot my load into Carol's cunt, I felt hands on my ass. Turning, I was shocked to be staring face to face with my sister, Lynda, completely nude. Not being one to waste an opportunity, I swam over to her and began to massage her breasts. She asked if we could make it on the lawn, as she didn't like to have sex in the water.

We spread a towel on the lawn, and I quickly buried my head in her tanned loins, tasting her moist, sweet readiness. Soon Carol joined us by sucking my now-erect cock as I ate out my sister. I wanted to fuck my sister; so I pulled my cock from Carol's mouth and told her she would just have to watch. I moved up my sister, spreading her thighs with my knees, and then slowly buried my dick in her hot, young box. It

The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. And had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was Genuine Vodka. Wolfschmidt Vodka. Made by special appointment to his Majesty the Czar. And the Royal Romanov Court.

It's been 120 years since then. And while life has changed since the days of the Czar, his Vodka remains the same.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

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Wolfschmidt Vodka • Distilled from grain • 80 and 100 proof • Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.

didn't take more than thirty seconds until we both had orgasms and Carol, who had been petting her pussy as she watched, came shortly thereafter.—*Name and address withheld*

College fun

I'm a freshman at a small Baptist college in the South. The first thing that upperclassmen tell you is where to get snatch off-campus, because, they say, no one on campus puts out, or if she does, she is so ugly that the campus dog wouldn't be interested. Well, if the following experience is any indication of what I can expect in the future, I'll be very happy here for the next four years.

A week after I had settled into my room, I met a real fox named Lee Anne at the first freshmen mixer. She was from a small tobacco town, which is quite common around here in tobacco country, and while watching her talk, I could tell that she had a very talented mouth. When I kissed her good night, she slid her tongue in my mouth and cleaned my teeth as they've never been cleaned before.

The next time I saw her I was a little drunk, and my intentions were somewhat more evident. As I slid my hand up the inside of her soft thigh (she was wearing a dress), I met no resistance. Instead, my hand was greeted by a moist warmth and no panties. Well, my zipper was tested to the limit right then, but when she told me she was wearing no panties for my benefit, I began creaming in my jeans. I suggested a trip back to my room, and she was all for it. When we got to my room, I pulled her close and kissed her thoroughly and carefully. She was more eager, and her hands went directly for my zipper. I was content to sit back and enjoy the ride; so I relaxed and put my cock in her care. Lovingly, she kissed my gently curving, semierect cock; her tongue slid up and down the shaft. Then, when I was so hard I was beginning to ache, she concentrated solely on the sensitive head of my cock with her teeth and tongue, while softly massaging my balls. I was ready to explode, but I held off long enough to allow my entire seven inches to enter her mouth. I came with such intensity that I would have been content to die or, at least, to just lie there limp all night, but she had other plans in store for me.

We undressed completely and climbed into bed, and this was my first look at all of her magnificent body. I explored every inch of her with my tongue and hands—her long, smooth, tanned legs, grown firm from hours of cropping tobacco; and her small, perfectly formed breasts, flat stomach, and dark love triangle. With my tongue I delved into her delicious cunt, and by this time she was so hot and wet that she was quivering with excitement. She shoved my head down on the steaming lips, and I swirled my tongue upon her clit while her hips rose from the bed and her thighs clenched my head. As I quickened the pace, she began to shake and tremble. Suddenly, she arched her back higher than before, and a low moan emitted from her throat. Her body spasmed violently, and she pulled fiercely at my hair. Then, as suddenly as she had started, she went limp.

After she had caught her breath, she guided me over her wet bush and pulled me into a passionate kiss. As we kissed, her hands again grasped my cock. She tickled my balls with her long fingernails and lightly stroked my shaft until I was hard again. Slowly, she rubbed the tip of my cock around her engorged clit. It seemed as if she were using me as a masturbatory tool, but I didn't mind! As she rubbed herself into a frenzy with my cock, the gathering sensations began again in my groin. Her legs wrapped around my back, and with a violent thrust, she jammed my throbbing rod into her dripping hole. Our hips ground together as pleasure and pain became indistinguishable. My cock jerked violently, spewing the proverbial hot spurts deep within her, and I did not even feel her teeth gnawing at my chest. Again, I grew hard, and it was I who now took control. Slowly, with measured strokes, I slid in and out of her. We quickly established a most pleasurable rhythm, for Lee Anne could move her hips in ways I would have wagered impossible. It was unbelievable! As my orgasm became imminent, I planted my feet on the bedposts and drove my cock home hard and fast. She took it all willingly, and as we shuddered together in the ecstasy of mutual orgasm, I was already planning our next meeting.—*T.B., Columbia, S.C.*

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Life after marriage

I have been an avid fan of *Penthouse* for many years. I never thought that I'd have an experience I would be able to share with all the other avid fans, but the following situation I've found myself in has me writing eagerly.

It all started about a year ago, while I was visiting a good friend over at his divorcée girl friend's house (I'll call them Neil and Adrienne). Adrienne's brother, Gus, and his wife, Linda, were there, and, of course, everyone was introduced. I immediately took a liking to Linda. We chatted casually for a few hours, over a few cocktails, and we discovered in a short time that we really had a lot in common. After smoking some pot and talking and laughing some more, Linda and I noticed Gus giving us dirty looks because we were enjoying each other's company. Finally, he suggested that Linda and he leave, and they proceeded to get their coats, say good night, and depart.

Over the next eight or nine months, I saw Gus and Linda from time to time, and we'd always politely say hello and chat. Finally, one Friday night, I walked into the local pub to see Neil, Adrienne, and some other friends (who, by the way, had not been there that other evening), when I thought I was seeing things. There, standing by the juke box, was Linda—alone. Trying to remain calm, I walked over and said hello. After a few minutes, I began to notice that

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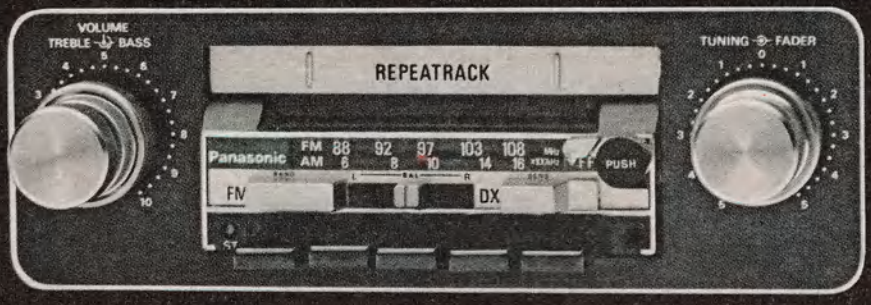

Linda was upset over something. She then started to tell me that she and Gus were having some serious marital problems and that she couldn't take his moodiness any longer. She began to cry. I suggested we go outside and talk.

We went to my car, and to calm her down, I suggested we smoke a joint. We did and felt much more relaxed. Then she said she had gone to the pub alone because Gus was going out every Friday and Saturday alone, coming home late, smelling of liquor. She also said, "Plus, I know you come here, and I was hoping I would see you, because you understand me." Well, with that, I began caressing her neck and shoulders, and she looked up and kissed me softly on the lips. Suddenly, I felt a surge of pleasure run through my veins, and I kissed her long, deep, and hard, our tongues slashing around. I immediately felt my eight-inch cock struggling to be freed from my jeans. She began stroking it lightly through the denim material with her fingernails, which nearly drove me crazy. I soon found the buckle of her jeans and unfastened it, lowering my hand to her moist, silky pussy. She freed my throbbing cock and stroked it much as she had before—with her nails. She began to moan softly as I kissed her ear and inserted my middle finger into her surprisingly tight tunnel.

Her hand left my cock, only to be replaced by her wet, soft lips. Her tongue circled the huge head of my cock. Then her throat seemed to lunge and lunge again at my rampant member. After starting slowly, she increased her thrusts until she sensed I was ready to explode. With that she started sucking my cock frantically, and my hot wad shot down her throat, spurt after spurt, until I felt as if my whole body had been released through my cock. I kept plunging my finger in and out of her while she was giving me the best head I'd ever had, and she came strongly as I shot my load.

After we had rested in each other's arms for a little while, she looked up at me with her beautiful brown eyes and said, "You have helped my marriage problems more than you think." We both fastened up, and she kissed me on the lips and said, "See you soon."

Well, being physically relieved was not enough. I wanted to see Linda again, for a true lovemaking session, under better circumstances. That came sooner than I had expected! I had given her my phone number at my office, in case Gus got outrageous and she needed a place to stay. Well, she called and, to my surprise, she said that Gus had left that morning on an overseas business trip and that he'd be away for three days. Well, she went on to say that she'd like me to come over for dinner.

She answered the door at eight, wearing a beautiful, pink baby-doll nightie, and she gave me a big kiss on the lips. After she got both of us a drink, we relaxed on the love seat in her living room. After some small talk, she began unbuttoning my shirt and running those magic fingernails across my hairy chest. I pulled her close to me and began kissing her erect nipples through the material. She then succeeded in removing my jeans and again found all eight inches standing at attention. Well, this time I wanted to taste every inch of her beautiful soft skin. I kissed her neck, removed the scant nightie, and proceeded to lick and suck her firm boobs, one at a time. She shuddered with excitement as we slid to the rug, while my tongue circled her belly button. Finally, teasing her, I kissed and licked the inside of each thigh before entering her golden heaven with my tongue. I licked and sucked her growing clit until I felt her sweet juices running over my lips. She was ready to take my cock, and, pulling my hair, she led me back up to her huge tits while she guided my hard, throbbing cock into her tight, wet gash.

I began slowly, not wanting to hurt my newfound goddess. I thrust slowly at first, allowing only half of my cock to penetrate. But, Linda, craving woman that she is, sighed, "Give it all to me now, now, now!" I plunged deep into my goddess, and she moaned loudly, wrapping her legs around my back. We continued to pump violently until we were both ready. She had already come twice, and I couldn't last any longer in such a tight, warm heaven. Finally, after I had pumped violently for about twenty seconds, we came together, her pussy milking my cock of every spasm that it went through. The sweet sensation of orgasm seemed to lift us together off the rug into the very air, and we seemed to be floating like two separated lovers who had finally found one another.

After drying off, we made love four more times, each as exhausting and satisfying as the first. Gus returned, and Linda now faces her marriage with much more hope. We realize that because of her situation we can get together only when Gus goes away on business. But should their marriage fail and should she decide to leave him, she knows there is only one place she is going to spend her life after marriage—floating heavenward with me for the rest of our lives!—*Name and address withheld*

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Birthday play

I've been living with a chick named Randi for over a year now. Our sex together has always been super, but last weekend it took a turn so exciting that I would like to share it with your readers.

The whole thing started in the late afternoon, on my birthday, when Randi ordered me out of the house so that she could prepare a birthday party for me. I obeyed. When I returned, she was sitting in the living room, wearing a black-lace nightgown. "The party is upstairs," she told me, "but first we'll have a little wine." Randi is a striking woman—the Audrey Hepburn type—slender and elegant, with large doe eyes and an expression of such sublime innocence that her abilities in the boudoir are all the more exciting to me. I had wanted her all day, and as we sat chatting on the

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couch, I felt my cock growing wonderfully hard in anticipation of the pleasure that awaited me.

Once she had me properly inflamed, she led me upstairs to the party. Our bed was adorned with ostrich feathers and new satin sheets. I undressed and hopped in to open my presents—body lotions, ticklers, incense, Vaseline, and a book she knew I'd wanted. By this time, she had joined me in bed and was coyly stroking my shaft with an ostrich feather. Gently, I freed one of her delightful breasts from the confines of her gown and began to titillate her erect nipple with tiny flicks of my tongue. The dim lights, the sheets, the feathers, the soft music—we had entered a fantasy land of sensuality, and we moved in slow motion, relishing every moment.

Delicately, I cupped her big breast in my hands and sucked it. She shuddered and grasped my rock-hard member in her hand. Presently, I abandoned her big breast and positioned myself between her legs. Lifting her gown, I found a pair of black panties concealing her honey pot. I removed them. I thought I had received all my presents, but here was one I hadn't counted on. Every hair of her luxuriant bush had been shaved off! Between my excitement and astonishment, I think my cock grew a couple of inches more than its usual state when turgid. I plunged into her as if I were an animal. She was dripping wet. Moaning, she put her legs on my shoulders and begged me to fuck her as hard as I could. I needed no urging, and it wasn't long before she exploded, screaming and biting, into an orgasm of Richter-scale intensity.

My cock felt like lead, but as fired up as I was, I felt not the slightest urge to come. I pulled out and buried my face in her cunt to lick up the juices pouring from her. I had never seen a pussy so bare, so open. I savored it, tantalizing her with my tongue. Randi is very verbal in bed, which I love, and her "coaching" never ceased the entire time I ate her.

"Yeah . . . lick me, babe . . . I love the way you lick me . . . oh . . . oh . . . oh, don't tease . . . make me come, babe . . . I want to come . . . I want to . . . oh . . . oh . . . I'm coming, babe . . . I'm coming now . . . I'm . . . ohhh . . . ohhhh . . ."

I let her rest a few seconds and started licking again. After I bit, I brought her hand down to her cunt so that she could beat off while I licked her ass hole. She loves this, and it enabled me to view her entire bald crotch at close range. It was fascinating, and it led quickly to another series of spasms. In seconds I was up her again. Her pussy was red hot and seemed to have an autonomy of its own—clutching, squeezing, milking me. I rolled us over and let her ride me. We were delirious—pure heat—and the sight of her raising and lowering her hot little slit on my rigid member finally got me off. At the end, we were both screaming as I plunged my finger in her ass and came into the mouth of her boiling womb.

This time, when I made the short trip from her cunt to her bottom, my cock slipped right in. Never before had it entered her so easily. I fucked her this way for a while, standing next to the bed, with her on the edge. As I delighted in her warm, tight ass hole, her hand slipped down to her cunt and she masturbated herself to orgasm. I love to watch her face as she comes, but this time I couldn't keep my eyes off that hairless pussy.

Without uncoupling, she turned over on her hands and knees (dog fashion) and made room for me on the bed. "Now don't move," she said, "just kneel there." And with that she commenced fucking me with her ass hole—forward and back, with exquisite languor. "Do you like this, honey?" she asked in a little-girl voice. "Or am I being too naughty?" I was speechless. I held out for as long as I could, which wasn't long, but finally I felt it coming. I was helpless. My eruption seemed to start in the base of my spine, and it lasted forever. When I finally pulled out, I collapsed on the bed, completely wasted. Randi later told me that my jism had dripped out of her all day long.

Needless to say, we were not done with sex for the weekend. Toronto is a lovely town. Next time we go, we'll have to see some of it.—*M.K., Detroit, Mich.*

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A slight delay

I am a junior in prep school, and recently a friend invited me to go to his ski house in Vermont for a weekend. We got up to the mountain on a Friday morning and struck out to conquer the slopes, but as it turned out, they weren't the only thing I was going to go down on. By midafternoon I had tired considerably, and since my friend's house was just a short walk away, I left my skis in his car and started to walk home. However, the walk was longer than it had seemed; so I ended up thumbing. I had walked just a short distance when I saw a gorgeous brunette drive by in one of those customized vans. I almost died when she pulled over and beeped her horn. I rolled my tongue back into my mouth and opened the door. I was struck with awe. This chick was quite a tease!

She had a river of long, wavy hair that flowed gently down over her shoulders and trickled down among her large, rounded

The next morning we began a weekend trip to Toronto. We had no opportunities on the train, but as soon as we got to town, we raced to our hotel room. I had thought of little else all morning. I quickly undressed her and myself. I couldn't resist a little taste of her delicious cunt, but soon I was inside her, and again I was as hard as a poker. I told her to wrap herself around me, which she did, and I carried her over to the suitcase, got the Vaseline, and brought her back to the edge of the bed. I raised her legs to my shoulders and reached under with my fingers to grease her ass hole. Randi loves bottom fucking, and if I don't bugger her every week or so, she gets itchy for it. It is occasionally painful for her, however.

breasts (thirty-eight inches perhaps?), which, jutting out from her chest, were emphasized by her small frame. She had on a tight blue sweater, which was stretched to the hilt at the bust, and a pair of painted-on jeans, which glided over the curves of her lean ass, and, as I was soon to see, the tight denim swept over her crotch, revealing the enticing terrain of her snatch.

Introducing herself as "Jill," she asked me where I was headed. I placed my hat and gloves in my lap to cover up anything that might develop and told her, "About a mile down this road."

I nervously introduced myself and started in on the small talk. We were discussing the skiing conditions when the traffic began to back up and a policeman flagged us down. He said that a truck had overturned a hundred yards up the road, and he asked us to start diverting the traffic by turning down a road on our right. I told Jill that I would get out and walk, but she told me to sit tight because she would get me to where I wanted to go. (I was thrilled with that statement because the only place I wanted to be was in her pants!) We turned down the road and resumed our conversation.

She chuckled and asked me how I liked skiing on the mountain. Feeling kind of cocky, I told her that it had been rather dismal until only a short time ago. She laughed again, but this time I thought I noticed her squirm in her seat. This bitch was turning me on; I couldn't last much longer!

Suddenly, seeming to realize that she had just missed a turn, she stopped, backed up, and drove down another road, narrow and deserted, and I got no answer when I asked where we were. She suddenly stopped at the roadside and shut off the engine. She swiveled around in her seat and drew a curtain back, revealing our new destination—a full-length bed in the back. (I discovered a new aspect to street vans.) I removed my hat and gloves from my lap. What a development!

We hastened into the back and got out of our clothes. I almost creamed when she removed her bra, setting those gorgeous melons loose. She peeled off her jeans and slid her brief lace panties down those long, silky smooth legs, exposing her moist pussy lips surrounded by an entangled mass of pubic hair. I reached out and drew her breasts to my face. I pressed my mouth to her breast and made her moan with a butterfly flick, slashing the tip of my tongue across her huge, rock-hard nipple, while I began to run my fingers in and out of her warm, wet love nest. She grasped my fervent staff, began to stroke it very slowly, and lay down, pulling my cock into her mouth. I cupped my hands over her firm buttocks and buried my face in that thick bush of hers. I gently massaged her clitoris with my tongue, to which she retorted with long, deep moans. She slowly glided her tightly clenched lips up and down my pecker while she playfully tickled my ass hole with her soft fingertips. We could hold

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out no longer; we both climaxed. She let her hot juices flow through her box, and I shot a wad into her anxious mouth.

She quietly rolled onto her back and pulled me down upon her, guiding my brazen shaft deep into the depths of her saturated quim. After a few slow thrusts we both climaxed again and then lay in each other's arms, trembling, kissing, moaning. After some rest we started to get dressed, interrupting each other often for more kissing and petting. Then we crawled into the front, and she drove me home to my friend's house. On the way I learned that she had been just starting on her way to Connecticut but that she certainly didn't mind the delay. She drove to my friend's house, kissed me good-bye, and went on her way. I stood in front of the house, two hours late. I went inside and underwent a grueling interrogation about where I had been. It was a long time before I finally broke down and told my friend that I had gotten lost.—*L.P., Marblehead, Mass.*

Needed: new ideas

My wife and I have been married for almost seven years and are very much in love. Sex is one of the top priorities in our lives, and we do a lot of experimenting. Being devoted to one another the way we are, we do not believe in having sexual relations with other people.

Now here is our problem: we love to show my wife's goodies to men we do not know. I like my wife to be an exhibitionist, and she does enjoy exhibiting her wares, but we are running out of ideas of how to do it.

Here are some of the ways we have used that have had great results. Whenever we travel for any distance, I have my wife dress up in a miniskirt and no panties. When we pull into a gas station, we pull up her skirt a little so that the attendant can see a little of her muff when he comes to the car window. Seeing this, he can hardly wait to start washing our windows, especially on her side of the car. At this point, she nonchalantly opens her legs and gives him the full view. What a turn-on it is for him, when he knows he is only two to three feet from my wife's wide-open pussy.

Another way is to have my wife wear these same clothes and go into a department store and walk up and down the stairways or up the escalators. The view from behind is tremendous. But the best way we have found so far we call "Trying on Shoes." She dresses up in her miniskirt and crotchless panties (short shorts and no panties work fine also but not quite so well) and she goes to different stores and tries on different shoes. You should see the eyes on those shoe salesmen when she lifts her leg to insert her foot in the shoe he is holding! It is pure heaven knowing that he is seeing her entire pussy. For a little extra fun, if she sees that the salesman has a hard-on, she will always ask to try on different styles of shoes so that he has to walk around with this big bulge in his pants.

This is a fantastic turn-on for my wife and me, and I suggest that other people try it. So, if there are any of you out there who enjoy and share in this kind of turn-on, please write in your ideas so that we can try them also.—*Name and address withheld*

"I wish you wouldn't feed the dog at the table."

Semester break

I am a senior at a small private college that has a minisemester in which everyone takes only one course for a month. This practice leads to quite a lot of parties for the month of January. One night I was at one of these parties, trying to decide whether to put the make on some coed or just get really loaded. Since the pickings were slim, I opted for getting loaded.

During the course of the night I ran into a girl whom I knew casually, and I asked her why she had never stopped by to visit. Then I told her not to make a stranger of herself. Later that night I had the surprise of my life! About three o'clock in the morning I felt this tapping on my shoulder. Now my bed sits on top of the dressers and is about five feet off the ground. I reached over, turned on the light, and then rolled over so that I could see what was going on. Imagine my surprise when I looked over the edge of my bed and found a naked girl standing on my chair, looking into my bed.

She just grinned and asked if she could get in. Needless to say, I told her to get right in. As soon as she had climbed under the covers, she headed for my quickly stiffening member. She ripped off my underpants and began to give me the best blowjob I have ever had. By now I was fully awake and noticed that she was waving her beautiful ass right in my face. I took the hint and began to lick her lovely cunt. After a few minutes of sucking and licking, we both came. By this time she was dripping her love juices all over. I pulled her up to me and put her on top. She put my throbbing cock into her quivering love tunnel. I began to hump her as best I could, being on the bottom. She responded by riding my love muscle as if it were a bucking bronco.

After a few minutes we switched to the missionary position and then to doggy style. Finally, I could hold back no longer and came in a series of torrential spurts of hot come. She came in a succession of quivering moans that left us both satisfied and tired as we collapsed into each other's arms to rest up for the next session.

I must have passed out, because the next thing I knew she was back on top of me, riding my semierect cock, arching her back, and humping as if her life depended on it. As I woke up completely, I began to help her with rhythms of my own. I forgot that since the bed is so close to the ceiling, we didn't have much room. On one particularly forceful thrust she went up so hard that she hit her head on the ceiling and knocked herself out! In about ten seconds she came to and picked up right where she had left off. Well, I passed out again, and when I woke up, she was gone. I haven't spoken to her since, but every time I see her, we give

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

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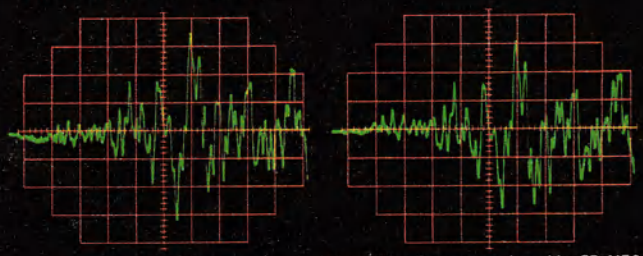

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VIVA

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

LNG: fact in the fiction

A lot of people are probably not aware of the explosive and disastrous capabilities of liquid natural gas. I had never given LNG any thought until I read the article "Time Bomb" by Peter van der Linde with Naomi Hintze (April 1978). The fictional account of the shipwreck between the *Bonnie Smathers* ,and the *Global Glory* is a very real danger that the people living in off-loading or storage cities should not be exposed to. Doesn't this country have enough problems without having to worry about the devastation of large areas of land and the loss of human and animal life because of spillages or sabotage of LNG holding tanks?—*A.V.A., Jr., Oak Harbor, Wash.*

The article "Time Bomb" was incredible, fantastic, and spectacular! Move over, nuclear power, a new and terrible giant has been born. No longer does the atom-splitting industry have the spotlight in the grim-reaper theater; liquid natural gas has taken it over! Yes, sir, it is the new whipping boy.

The story was written in the same classic manner as that used in predicting the imminent disaster at a nuclear-power plant. Start with an event that is possible, move swiftly to an improbable occurrence, and expand that into a wild and vivid impossibility. The authors of your article made some astute observations about the liquid-natural-gas industry and successfully depicted a tremendous holocaust on paper.—*Name and address withheld*

It's what you make of it

I have just finished reading "Floating in a Sea of Sex" by Richard Price (April 1978).The singles bar scene of which he writes is painfully familiar and accurate. I, too, have sat and wondered what the hell I was sitting there for, in too much noise, too much smoke, and too much bullshit, feeling pride fall before the glaring threat of rejection, all the while assuring myself that I was above it all. There must be a time when all the other patrons of these establishments wonder the same thing.

Could it be that we've all forgotten the real reason? "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here to remind you that you are all here because you're lonely," says your host. "Your loneliness is my bank account. Unfortunately, if I tell you that, you will be much more reluctant to spend your money here." Nonsense. How did he find out my secret? What? It's your secret, too? Gee, if only I had known. Maybe then we could have talked about that instead of the advantages of life in Southern California. Maybe I could tell you that I would really like to be accepted as a decent human being, that I would like to feel that I'm worth your respect, your friendship, and, if it's right, your love.

I'm inclined to think that the singles bars are composite sketches depicting the unfulfilled promises of life. We keep going back, telling ourselves that a promise can't be broken, that it goes against our childish sense of right and wrong. And then we break the promise ourselves.

Well, I must go now. There's a chance that some wonderful-looking blonde will show up tonight. I'll try my "almost famous writer" routine. Maybe that will get me her phone number.—*Doug Zellers, Cranford, N.J.*

It seems to me that the problem in the cultural phenomenon Richard Price is trying to describe lies in himself. It is obvious that he is very depressed, anxious, and self-conscious. Of course, he would have a bum trip at a singles bar. Most people do, because they are uptight and unable to relax and have a good time. It doesn't seem to matter where they are; they are able to experience life only from the outside—as a spectator, rather than as a participant.

Richard Price is mad at the world (i.e., the women in it) because they don't come running to the self-erected monument to the genius and sensitivity of Richard Price. Well, that's too bad. If you want people to respond to you, you've got to make the effort. You may well be a good person, but no one is going to know that if you sit around looking as if you're going to bite off her head.

Don't fool yourself. Lots of people have a great time living, at work and play. I'm one of them. I enjoy my job, my coworkers, and my social life. I have a great time at singles bars because I don't sit around doing the Franz Kafka personality-plus imitation. I mix and enjoy meeting people, because I have a feeling for my fellow singles, and they respond to this warmth in kind.

Life is too short to waste time and youth in fruitless mental exercises in depression, such as those that obsess Mr. Price.—*Name and address withheld*

Taxes and the middle class

"The American Middle-Class Tax Rebellion" by Jim Davidson (May 1978) is an excellent indictment of the power structure in Washington.

Many taxpayer organizations around the country are fighting tax oppression at county and state levels. They need to be organized on a national scale so that we

The butler did it.

can have a constitutional convention to limit the scope of government, to curb congressional power, to begin systematically to reduce the nation's debt to reasonable proportions, and, above all, to limit taxation so that the individual, as Mr. Davidson puts it so well, can gain some capital as well as personal independence.

Perhaps the National Taxpayers Union is just the vehicle that will bring this about.—*H.R.H., Pottstown, Pa.*

The "Advise and Dissent" by Jim Davidson (May 1978) was very interesting. Would you please provide the address of the National Taxpayers Union, so that I may learn more about it.—*T.S.G., Saratoga Springs, N.Y.*

The address is as follows: National Taxpayers Union, 325 Pennsylvania Ave. S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

Philadelphia fury

I would like to thank *Penthouse* and Greg Walter for his article "Living in Fear in Philadelphia" (May 1978).

Until recently, I had lived on Philly's west side all my life. It became commonplace to see these hoodlums in uniform, as I call them, using unnecessary force in simple situations. About ten years ago my brother was severely beaten by the police because he didn't have an up-to-date inspection sticker on his car.

I left Philadelphia the only way I knew—by joining the service.

Since I left town in April 1977, I've been quite surprised to learn that one particular inner-city problem, street gangs, has been kept pretty well under control, because people, mostly women, have been concerned and have taken action.

Why is it that so little is done about police brutality when it is witnessed over and over again? Philadelphia is a beautiful city. If President Carter would go there and raise hell about human rights and if the cops would untie the city, I would consider going back. But with things as they are now, I think I'm better off working for the army.—*Name and address withheld*

This morning I started reading your article about the police in Philadelphia and became too upset to finish it.

Why is everything going backward all of a sudden? I get the impression that these cops would rather frame someone and improve crime statistics than actually find the criminals. Something has got to be done!

The article is outstanding, and I will finish reading it after I calm down. I think these informative articles are good, and I would like to see more of them. I would also like to see those police in Philadelphia get theirs!—*Name and address withheld*

Parole: the pros and the cons

I am writing in regard to the article "The Failure of American Justice" by John Godwin (May 1978).

I am a convict presently serving sentence at Fort Leavenworth, Kans. My crimes were armed robbery and desertion from the army. My sentence is three years and nine months, with a dishonorable discharge.

Why is it so hard to believe that people who have committed crimes can reform? Most of the people used as examples in the article were murderers who did not reform. No mention is made of people who get out on parole and *are* reformed.

I go up for parole in February 1979. I believe that I am already reformed, but I'll turn down parole when I go up for it.

I am learning a great deal here so that when I do get out I will be able to adjust to society and lead a productive life. I am furthering my education and learning a trade to reach this goal.

Certainly, there are some people who cannot be reformed and just bluff the parole boards. But what about those of us who really put forth an effort to better ourselves? How can you say who should or shouldn't get parole, who is really sincere and who isn't? Certainly, there are risks, but life is full of risks. If someone's record shows that he is really getting himself together, why not give that person a chance to prove himself?

I don't know if you really understand what I am trying to say, but I hope that you publish this and someone does understand.—*Name and address withheld*

In reference to John Godwin's article about the American justice system, I would like to say that it takes a lot of class for someone to come all the way from Australia and present the American public with "hang 'em high" solutions to crime and punishment. I didn't know that experience as a crime reporter qualified someone to voice a professional opinion in the areas of penology, criminology, and judicial procedures.

I think Mr. Godwin should start out in juvenile court and work his way up to the big time.—*G.N., Lompoc, Calif.*

Succeeding with the system

Last July an employee of Northwestern Bell Telephone Company in Mason City, Iowa, discovered that his supervisor, Mr. Lombardi, had destroyed a brown paper bag that contained his favorite lunchtime reading material—including *Penthouse* magazine. The employee contacted the president of his local Communications Workers of America union, who, in turn, asked the supervisor to return the magazines. Unfortunately, the supervisor refused, and the personnel supervisor for Northwest Bell backed up management when the union filed a grievance.

Under these circumstances, the union advised the employee to file a suit in small-claims court for recovery of the full cost of the magazines. The hearing took place before a magistrate in the Iowa district court, Cerro Gordo County, on April 7,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

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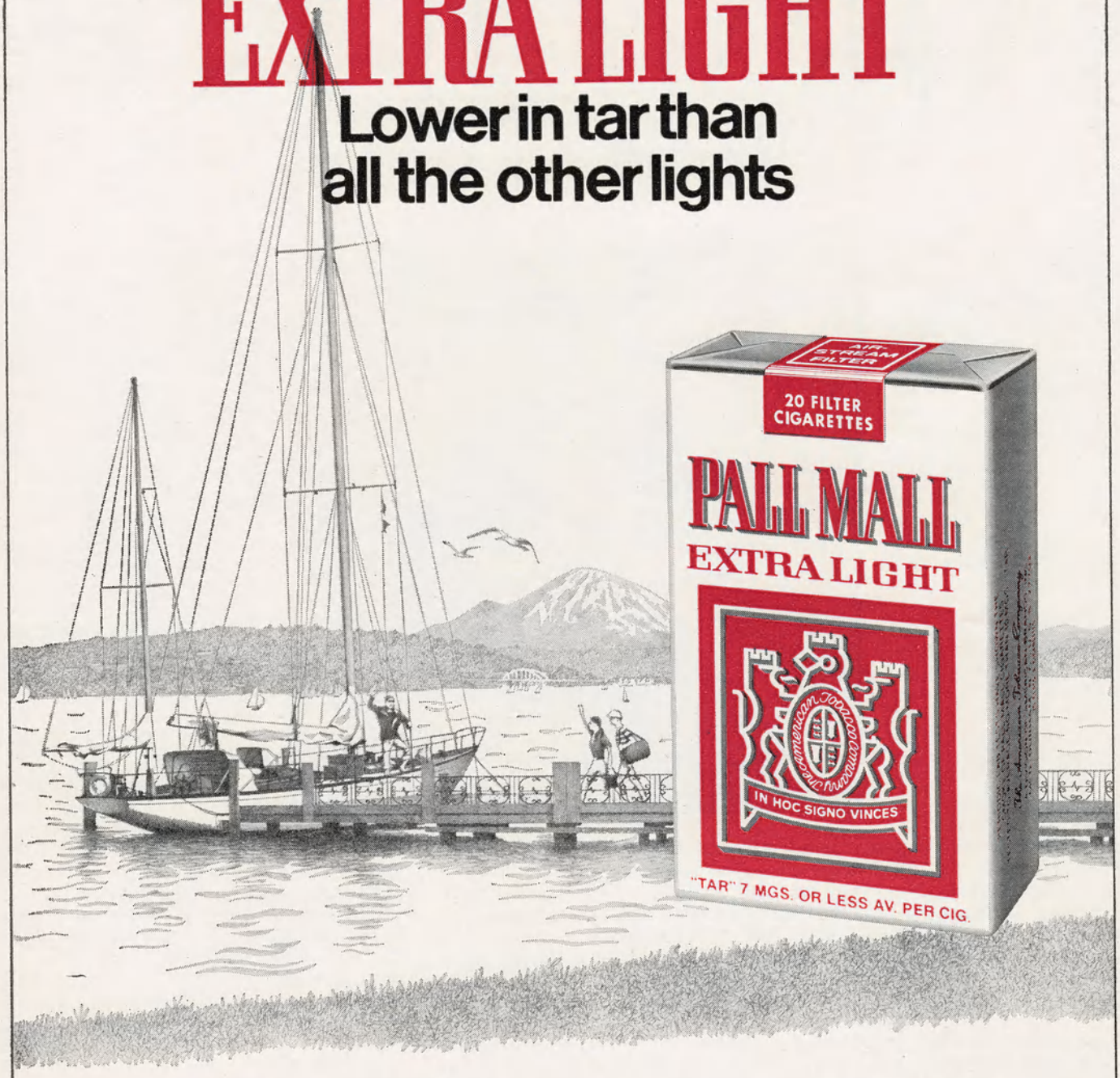

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER
OF THE MONTH

I am a successful career woman, and my work brings me into contact with many men. I always make it a point to be friendly, especially to the few, select males to whom I'm attracted. Geoff, being a handsome man, immediately caught my eye, and I began a mild flirtation. He gave me hints that he would like to become closer. So, one evening after work, I decided to find out just how close he would really like to get.

Geoff suggested a local bar nearby. The place was sleazy, reeking of beer and tobacco smoke; yet I found it stimulating all the same. I was overdressed for the place and drew a lot of attention as we walked in. I was wearing a tight skirt and formfitting blouse that displayed my figure rather well. I began to play the role of the sexy bitch, the type of woman who frequents such places. My little charade felt natural and was very exciting—and I don't mean for me alone.

In a dimly lit booth we began to drink beer, and as our conversation loosened up, I told Geoff that I liked sex and the feeling of a man's penis moving in me. He smiled and moved closer. I steadied his hand when he lit my cigarette, pressing my breast against his arm. After a long stare into each other's eyes, Geoff suggested dancing.

We began to dance slowly in the dark, smoke-filled room. Geoff moved in close, and as I felt him getting a hard-on, I pressed my body against him. My breasts were tingling, and I was sure he could feel my erect nipples. He moved one hand down and began to play with my ass very slowly and methodically. My pussy was quickly becoming wet, and I pressed tighter against him and tongued his neck and ear. By the time the dance was over, our excitement was pretty obvious. The loud music, the subdued lighting, and the dancing really turned me on.

Returning to our table, I purposely let my skirt ride up as I slid into the booth, giving Geoff a good view of my legs. Geoff began to caress my thigh, moving upward, closer to my crotch with each stroke. I felt myself getting hotter and hotter by the moment. I parted my legs slightly, enough to allow Geoff easy access. Without hesitating he began to feel up my pussy—right through my sopping panty hose. Somehow he found or managed to make a hole near the crotch and worked a finger inside. Soon his finger was roaming over my clitoris and vaginal lips. I was ready, and Geoff knew it.

I placed my hand on his lap and searched for the bulge in his pants. I began to massage his cock through his trousers, finally unzipping his pants to get to the real thing. Geoff let out a loud groan. My hand couldn't do much in the confines of his trousers, but that didn't stop him from pulling down the top of my pantyhose and stroking my pussy. With his fingers moving through my pubic hair and over my swollen and aching clitoris, I began to pant uncontrollably, like a bitch in heat. The whole scene was a terrific turn-on for me. There I was in a public bar, my skirt up, with Geoff's hand on my pussy and my hand on his dick. Even though we could have fucked in the bar and no one would have cared, I suggested to Geoff that we go somewhere to be alone and talk. We took my car and drove to a secluded spot.

As you can imagine, we wasted no time in getting into the backseat. I positioned myself in the middle, and Geoff knelt in front of me. As our tongues met, Geoff's hand went for my breasts. I began to unbutton my blouse, freeing one of my large, firm breasts. A low moan escaped from my throat as Geoff's tongue played and sucked on my erect nipple. He kept it up until he had

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me squirming like a fish on a hook.

When Geoff undid his pants, it was my turn to gasp. Between his legs were a pair of balls the size of plums and a penis that really wasn't that much longer than my husband's but that was unusually thick. I could barely close my hand around it as I stroked and licked the firm shaft. He told me he was going to screw me, and as he hunted for a rubber, I raised my skirt over my hips and pushed my cunt forward. I spread my legs over the front seat and Geoff moved forward, placing that enormous head of his penis against my clitoris. He found the opening and pushed, easing in the head of his dick. I watched with anticipation as the enormous head parted my vaginal lips and disappeared into me. I've never experienced such a sensation of fullness as I did at that moment. We began to fuck, and even though I matched his thrusts, it was clear who was in control.

I don't see him regularly, but we do keep in touch whenever we can. And even though I enjoy an active sex life with my husband, I will always remember Geoff as one of the best. I wonder how many other women who read your column have had similar experiences.—J.S.

Quite a few, I'd say, if the letters I receive every month are any indication. Most of the women who indulge in extracurricular sex, however, don't have such an active sex life with their husbands. It seems that you have the best of both worlds.

ROOM FOR ONE MORE

I'm a nineteen-year-old male. My girl friend and roommate, Robin, is eighteen and an eager partner who delights in trying new things. I have an eighteen-year-old brother, Billy, who was a virgin when he came to live with me about two months ago. Robin and I have tried to set Billy up with a few willing girls, but he's always backed out at the last minute.

Anyway, one evening Robin and I were getting kind of horny, and on the way to the bedroom I jokingly invited Billy to join us. He jokingly accepted but didn't really believe me. At this point none of us was serious about getting it on, but the joke became reality, because the three of us ended up in bed—nude.

Out of sympathy for Billy, Robin and I whispered agreement to go through with what we'd started. All we had to do was to convince Billy that we were serious.

I decided to get things rolling and started fondling and licking Robin's tit. I was on her left side and Billy was on the right, doing nothing but cracking nervous jokes, blushing, and staring. After some coaxing from Robin (she has versatile fingers) and some assurance from me that it was okay, he started sucking her tit, while she played with his cock. I started kissing my way down to Robin's pussy, and when she started moaning softly, I attacked her clit until she clamped her legs around my head and had a neck-cramping orgasm—my neck, that is. All the while Billy was still lying there just sucking her tit. All of a sudden, Robin told Billy to lie on his back, and she then wrapped her lips around his cock.

I couldn't help watching Billy's face. His expression turned from one of doubtful anticipation to one of sheer delight. For some reason, I felt a slight pang of jealousy, but it soon passed as I felt myself building up to an explosive orgasm. After Billy came (he had a little trouble but finally did), we sat up, smoked, and talked about what we had done and how we felt. Robin confessed she felt a bit guilty, and Billy and I said that we just felt sort of strange. I also made it clear to Billy that this didn't mean he could indulge with Robin whenever he liked.

Xaviera, I'm worried that maybe this shouldn't have happened. It hasn't affected my relationship with Robin (if anything, it's gotten better), but what sort of effect will it have on Billy? I hope it's true that it was a beautiful thing we did for him and that he learned from it. I would appreciate your comments.—Mel.

You have nothing to worry about. I can't think of a nicer way to have deflowered your young brother. Obviously, your girl friend was just the person he needed. Along with your considerable guidance, of course.

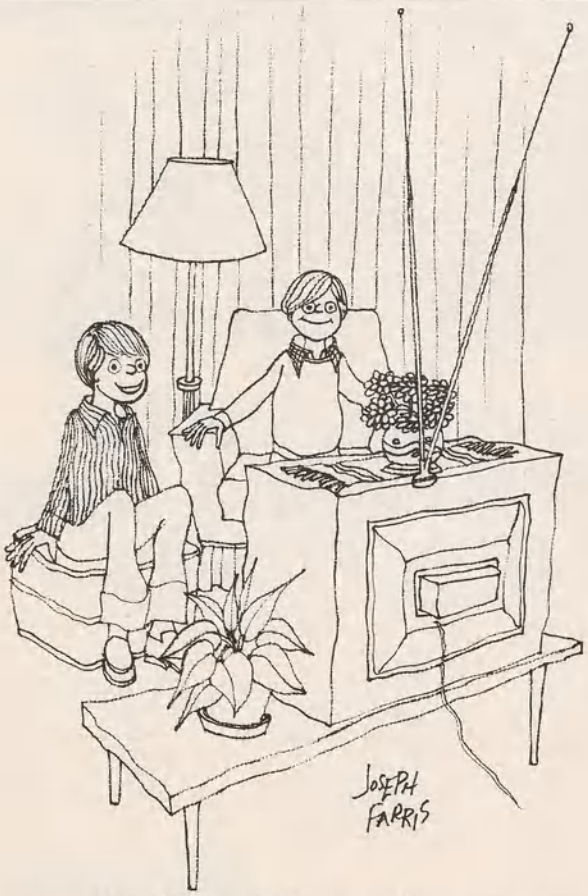
DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE

How can I go about approaching my sister-in-law with my unusual "twin" problem? My problem is that I am dying to get into her pants.

I'm twenty-two years old and married to an identical twin. Ever since I met Carrie (four years ago), I've been hoping to get her twin, Alix, in bed. I'd love to explore the seemingly familiar body, with only the mind being different from my wife's. You see, even I have great difficulty telling them apart. Every time I conjure up visions of my cock in Alix's cunt or—just as appealing—in her mouth, I go into spasms. My wife is quite adept at cocksucking, and her twin is probably just as proficient. My ultimate fantasy is getting both Carrie and Alix in bed at once.

How should I go about initiating this setup? I should add that Alix's husband, Jerry, and I virtually ignore one another. He is five years my senior and was never in my circle of friends. Nevertheless, I suspect he may also desire to sample the delights of fucking a woman identical with his wife. Please give me some suggestions.—J.B.J.

Your fantasy just might come true if you can get the three other people in a relaxed and high-enough mood. Some good wine, low lights, and comfortable dancing music would seem to be in order. Still, to get any four people to see eye-to-eye on the matter of switching sisters is no easy matter. Perhaps it's best to keep this fantasy just that—a fantasy. Unless, of course, you want to risk your marriage.



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A PERT SPURT

Recently, one of my own fantasies came true, just like the stories I've read in your column. I was in a small jeans shop one day and was just kind of browsing until I saw the salesgirl. As soon as I saw her (I'll call her Jenny), I knew what I wanted. She asked if she could help me, and I started to tell her just what I'd like to do but then decided to play it cool. Jenny was wearing a halter top and a very tight pair of jeans—it wasn't long before I had a huge hard-on. As she was giving me some jeans to try on, she noticed my swollen prick and without saying anything began to rub my crotch with her hand. Since we were all alone in the store, I was ready to whip out my pecker, but she walked off and told me to call her if I needed help. I was disappointed but went into the dressing room to try on the pants.

Just as I had gotten my pants off, Jenny pushed open the curtain and walked in. Before I could say anything she knelt down and pulled down my underwear, revealing my superhard cock. Now, I'm no Harry Reems, but from the way Jenny acted you'd have thought I was huge. *She quickly slipped out of her clothes and took my throbbing prick into her mouth, licking and sucking it like crazy. The way she pushed back my foreskin with her teeth really turned me on, and it wasn't long before I was coming in her mouth. Needless to say, it was the best service I'd ever gotten in that store!*

After a while, Jenny asked me to lick her pussy until she came. I was glad to do it, and as my tongue moved in and out like a tiny prick, she moaned up a storm. We ended this session with a fast screw against the wall, and by that time we were both exhausted. After Jenny licked the rest of the come off my penis, we both got dressed and left the room with big smiles. To show thanks, I even bought two pairs of jeans.

I also have a few questions. Guys I know or read about always describe their come as shooting and spurting all over the place during orgasm. Well, I have no trouble coming, but when I do, it just kind of dribbles out—it never shoots out in streams. I'm afraid that something may be wrong and that I may not be able to satisfy girls. Do you know if this is a physical problem, or do other guys say the same thing?

Also, I sometimes have to satisfy myself. Do you have any good suggestions for something to use to simulate a pussy? I'd appreciate any comments or suggestions.—Michael.

When it comes to sex, people rarely tell the truth. Just because some guy says he shoots all over the place doesn't mean he's telling the truth. I've noticed, however, that men do seem to have varying degrees of "ejaculatory power." Some shoot while others dribble. This may make a difference to adolescent boys in a jerking-off contest, but when the penis is inserted into a vagina, who really knows the difference?

Regarding your other question, the answer is a definite no. Nothing I know quite simulates pussy.

A LESSON IN STRETCHING

I'm a thirty-five-year-old, attractive housewife, who spends a lot of time out of town on business. Since I'm five feet five inches, weigh 115 lbs., and wear a 34C bra, I get my share of looks and approaches. My problem is that I had four children at a very young age and have a large number of stretch marks on my abdomen and breasts, as well as a scar from a hysterectomy. I don't accept invitations from men, because I feel they'll be highly disappointed that my nude body doesn't match up to my appearance in clothes, especially since they probably have many unmarred bodies to choose from. Rejection frightens me. Do you have any idea how men react to this situation?—Lucille.

I think you're creating a bit of a problem where most men probably don't see any. A good lover makes love because he's into a groovy lady, not some picture-postcard movie star.

If you're convinced of your deficiencies, however, you can have the stretch-marks removed with the help of a good plastic surgeon. Still, I don't think you really need a change of body, just a change of mind.

VIBRATORS AND CLOSETS

I'm writing to thank you for some of the suggestions and advice you have given in your columns. For the longest time, I could not reach orgasm. After being married for six years and not being able to climax, both my husband I were frustrated.

I finally decided I couldn't wait until I was an old lady to find out what I was missing. So I took one of your suggestions to heart and purchased a vibrator. Let me tell you, that baby did the trick! I came all over the place, and it was the greatest feeling I'd had in years. That same night I reached an orgasm while making love with my husband. He was so happy and proud of me, and I was pretty proud of myself. I told Gene about the vibrator, and he said if it pleases you, it pleases me. Now it's a great turn-on for him to watch me use it, and he loves using it on me.

I suggest that anyone who does not have orgasms buy a vibrator, and women who hide their vibrators from their lovers should bring them out of the closet. It sure has added a new dimension to my life. —Cindy.

I'm glad to see that your vibrator has finally taken its rightful place on your coffee table alongside my *Supersex* book. However, there are other ways to experience an orgasm. Try some masturbatory and oral sex techniques. At least with these methods, your husband can do more than just watch.

Just a few more words of advice regarding the almighty vibrator: the little machine can become addictive. No man's penis is quite so electrically charged, although I'll take Mother Nature (or Father) any day of the week. After all, what vibrator discharges such a nice, soothing cream and then deflates on withdrawal?

A PROBLEM OF POSITION

I am nineteen and have been married for two years. Three months ago I gave birth to a boy.

My problem is that my husband Gary feels that our sex life is very dull, because I can reach an orgasm only by clitoral stimulation. I have reached a vaginal orgasm only once, and that was with another man. My husband knows about this and says that he feels second-rate, since he cannot bring me to orgasm and the other guy could. Now he says he won't make love to me until I tell him what to do. The thing is, I don't know how or why I reached the orgasm with the other guy—it just happened. I haven't had much experience with men, and I really don't know whether my problem is physical or psychological. What do you think?

Gary's whole attitude toward sex is pretty negative. I am almost always the aggressor, and I can't find anything that really turns him on. I have tried a lot of different things, including a garter belt and stockings. All he did was to ask me, "What the hell are you wearing them for?" I could understand his attitude if I were fat and ugly. But I'm tall and slim and have been told that I am very attractive.

Are there many women who can't achieve orgasms during intercourse? I really need help before my marriage is ruined. —K.J.L.

Take it easy on yourself. You just had a baby, and your entire body probably needs to readjust itself.

Unfortunately, it's not uncommon for a woman never to reach an orgasm. The husband may refer to her as "frigid," but in my opinion there are really very few frigid women and lots of lousy lovers. Masters and Johnson claim that there is only one real orgasm, and that's the clitoral orgasm, although an orgasm can be achieved during vaginal penetration if the base of the penis stimulates the clitoris. So you're not so unusual after all. But there are other ways to achieve an orgasm.

Have you tried masturbating yourself by hand or with a vibrator? Have you mutually masturbated with your husband? Have you ever sucked his cock and he your twat? If not, try these. You might then try sixty-nine, whereby you each perform oral sex on the other simultaneously. Mutual orgasm can be achieved this way, and neither of you will have to feel selfish about being on the receiving end of the tongue.

Have you tried screwing in any position other than the missionary position? Try sitting on his cock. It will give you greater leverage and control for rubbing his penis against your clitoris, providing the kind of stimulation you need.

"My sermon is entitled, 'Contempt for Worldly Possessions.' "

LOVE FOR SALE

About one year ago I found myself in the sack with my girl friend's mother. This woman was tremendous in bed, in spite of the fact that she and her husband hardly made love at all anymore. I can't see the reason for this, because Maggie, my girl friend's mother, is very attractive. Nevertheless, Maggie begged me to continue our clandestine affair after our first session, which I did—with a passion.

We worked out some very interesting arrangements at times, but neither Maggie's husband nor my girl friend of three years, Joann, ever knew. In fact, Maggie said that, other than sex, things between her husband and her had never been better. Anyway, things got kind of difficult as the school year rolled on. Being in a premed undergraduate program in college is not easy, especially when an attractive woman is begging for seduction at any moment. During one of my more trying weeks last spring, I flat out told Maggie that we were going to have to chill things a bit, or I would never make my grades at school. I also told her, jokingly, that it would be easier if I got other people to do my studying while I fucked or to do my fucking while I studied. She added that it didn't sound like such a bad idea, which made me bold enough to set up a "date" between a friend of mine and Maggie.

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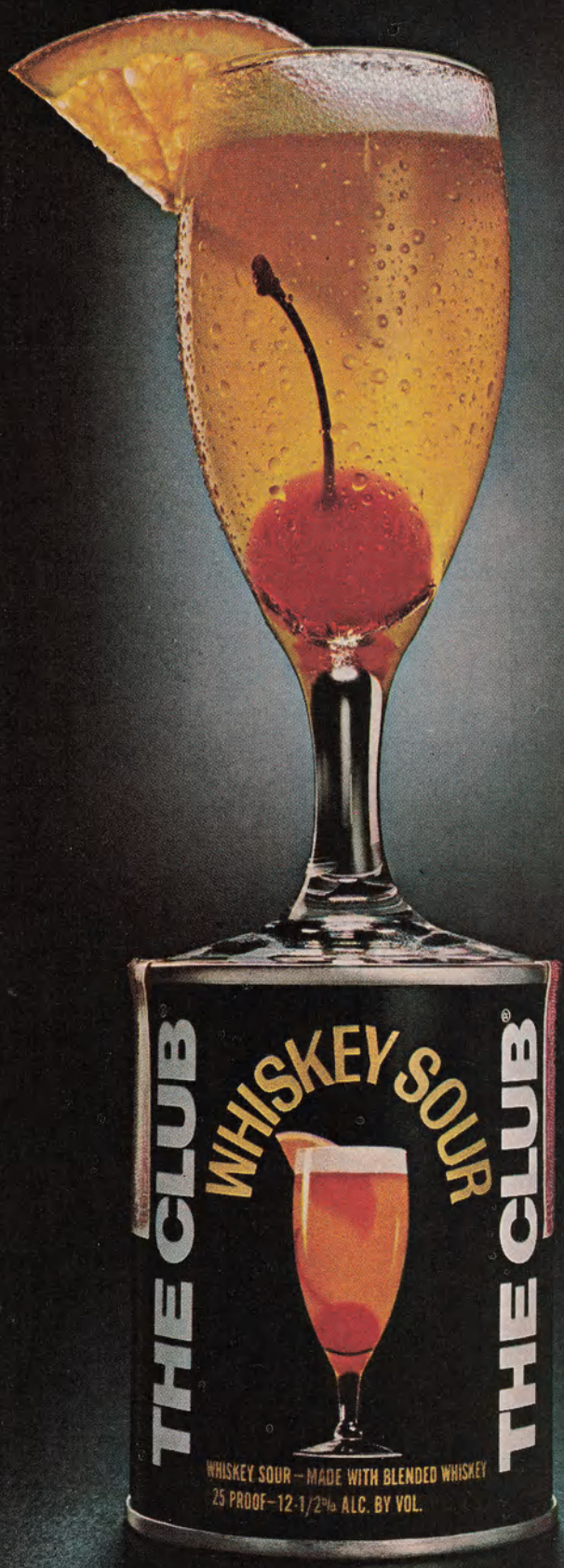

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Things moved quickly from there. I began arranging more and more dates for Maggie, and when one of my buddies offered to pay for the services, we were in business. I quietly but effectively spread the word around. Soon Maggie was having the time of her life and getting paid besides.

Acting as her pimp, I bag over fifty dollars a week for answering the phone and seeing that Maggie is treated kindly by her customers. I am very good at karate and own a handgun just in case, but I'm pleased to say that I've never been forced to use either to protect Maggie. She is enjoying college life tremendously. This year alone, Maggie has been at fraternity parties, dormitories, backseats of countless cars, and several campus orgies. Once, when her husband was away for the weekend on business, she hired herself out to three guys in an apartment to be their "servant" for two days. She has also had several female lovers, who found out about her from their boyfriends.

The problem, Xaviera, is that I'm afraid her husband will find out and her marriage will break up. I've known these people for three years, and I wouldn't want to see anything destructive happen. Maggie doesn't want to stop her fun—she even feels she has been helped in her family life by her experiences. But I feel that it's my fault that she's doing what she does, regardless of how much pleasure it may give her. How can I end this thing, or at least gracefully bow out, without putting Maggie in danger by forcing her to do her thing without my protection?—A.K.

Maggie obviously has acquired the taste for extramarital fucking. If I were you, I wouldn't be too concerned about her behavior. She's old enough to take care of herself. As far as pimping is concerned, stop that part of the game and let her make her own contacts. Of course, it will be quite difficult for her to use her own home telephone, but then maybe she'll be a bit more selective. If Maggie is the great woman you say she is, I'm sure she'll just get fed up with it all and eventually feel rather ridiculous about her present behavior.

A HOLDER IN THE HAND

We've all heard that there are supposed to be as many fetishes as there are people, but I've got one I've never heard of anyone else having. It really blows my mind to watch a foxy chick smoke a cigarette with a cigarette holder. A lot of women who smoke won't use a holder, because they think it makes them look like a whore. But in my opinion a cigarette holder gives any woman a very sexy touch of class. That's probably why actresses, hookers, and other women who smoke and also have a reason to look chic use them.

My girl friend, Karen, always uses the holder I bought her before we have sex. She sits on the side of the bed and slowly fits a cigarette into her holder, lights it, and takes long puffs. This really turns me on and makes me want to ball her. Sometimes Karen leans over and blows smoke on my hard cock.

I have read before that a smoking fetish is quite common among men. What I'd like to know, Xaviera, is whether you have ever heard of anyone else who had a cigarette-holder fetish. If you've got a fetish, it's nice to have a girl who shares it with you.—Roger.

A cigarette holder is obviously quite phallic. And a long, elegant pipe surrounded by a sensuous mouth and assisted by long, clawlike nails to hold and maneuver the pipe can give the woman a sensual and sadistic look.

Cigarette holders are a turn-on not only for men but for women as well. I love watching pipe smokers. Merely looking at their sucking motions turns me on. How to find a woman who shares your fetish? Easy. Next time you frequent a singles bar, approach only those women with cigarette holders. They have mouths to match their minds.

THE POWER TO PENETRATE

Could you please define the term impotence? *Is it mainly the inability to have an erection? I always thought it meant that a man could not reach orgasm.*

All this has to do with my problem. My boyfriend and I are both in our mid-twenties. When we first started sleeping together, Ron didn't want to have intercourse, because he was afraid I might get pregnant. I would bring him to a climax by either oral or manual sex. But I soon realized that even when Ron was really excited, his penis wouldn't get really hard—it got longer, but not harder.

Recently, I started using birth control. Last night, even though we both wanted to screw, Ron could not get his penis hard enough to enter me. After trying for a very long time, we finally gave up, although I did bring him off orally. I have been to bed with other men; so I know how hard the penis should get, and Ron is definitely lacking. In the foreplay area, he is the best. He'll do anything to give me pleasure.

My question is, Where do we go from here? Is his problem physical or psychological? I definitely want to talk with him about it but am at a loss as to how I should handle it without angering or hurting his feelings. Should he see a doctor or a sex therapist? I'm really in love with Ron, but his inability to have sex has made me scared and frustrated.—S.P.

Impotence is the inability to have an erection that is sufficient for penetrating the vagina. A man's inability to achieve an orgasm is called "ejaculatory incompetence." So much for mere terms.

I'd suggest your boyfriend see a psychiatrist, and perhaps you should accompany him. Generally, impotence is not just a man's problem. It takes two to tryst.

"Now, do you see the man who raped you?"

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THOSE LITTLE DEVILS

BY MARILYN STASIO

While Broadway crowds are sobbing sentimentally over *Annie*, the musical theater's most manipulative piece of emotional blackmail since *The Sound of Music*, audiences at Joseph Papp's cabaret theater are going bananas over the brutal truthfulness of *Runaways*, another new musical about children. The brainchild of composer Elizabeth Swados, who conceived, wrote, and directed the show, *Runaways* is a fiercely unsentimental collage of songs, dances, poems, and monologues about kids who have run away from home and taken to the streets of the city jungle.

Like *Hair* and *A Chorus Line*, which also emerged from workshops at Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival theater, *Runaways* is another musical groundbreaker. But more important than its pulsing, street-flavored score and offbeat structure is the show's vision of urban childhood and adolescence. Although it has the viewpoint of a compassionate, older observer, *Runaways* translates life through the eyes of the street kids who live it. The show actually talks back for kids.

It couldn't have come along at a better time. Right now, the theater, along with the rest of the entertainment industry, is going through a very curious phase in the way it presents children for "artistic" consumption in the popular arts. The film companies are treating us to movies like *Taxi Driver* and *Pretty Baby*, in which beautiful, prepubescent girls serve as adult sex objects. Popular fiction has developed an extensive new genre of "child monster" novels. Television, like Broadway's *Annie*, is still back in the daydream world where kids are marketed as amusing variations on toys. But, as many child psychiatrists are quick to point out, even this apparently innocent sentimentalizing of the child can be an inverted form of fear and dislike.

Not since the heyday of the child star, back in the 1940s, has American popular culture been so obsessed with children. But never before has this obsession surfaced in such an exploitative and emphatically hostile fashion.

Runaways shapes up as a refreshing antidote to the swarms of demon infants, child prostitutes, and killer kids infesting the popular culture these days. For all its grimly realistic vignettes about street kids who steal and prostitute themselves to survive, the show treats their rage and the pain behind it as the justifiable emotions of young human beings. Whatever indignities these runaways perform to stay alive, they perform them as children, not as villains, freaks, avengers, or supernatural monsters.

For a sharp contrast, take a long look at the way infants and children are depicted in some popular paperback fiction of the past season. Traditionally, children appear in fiction as symbols of innocence or as romanticized mirror images of the writer's and reader's own egos. Nowadays they seem to stand for our repressed fears and forbidden urges to violence and lust. In ages ranging from infancy to adolescence, the little monsters slither across the pages of current popular fiction, terrorizing their helpless adult victims.

In the tradition of John Wyndham's *The Midwich Cuckoos* and Ira Levin's *Rosemary's Baby*—but with little of their predecessors' art—many of the devil-kids are the progeny of supernatural agents. Some are themselves reincarnated demons. The murderous kiddies in *The Omen*, *God Told Me To*, and *Satan's Love Child* are the devil's own offspring. The title character in *Lupe* might be the devil himself—he's at least one of his henchmen. The children in *Damon* and *Suffer the Children* are clearly possessed by evil supernatural forces. The infant monster of *Demon Seed* is born of a mortal woman impregnated by a machine, while the destructive infants of *The Godsend* and *It's Alive* are the mysteriously spoiled fruit of human loins.

Whoever gave birth to them or inhabits their bodies, the little killers often possess paranormal powers. There's a witch in *Elizabeth* and a ghost in *Julia*. The girl in *Carrie* is telekinetic, and Lupe is a psychic. And the little kid with *The Killing Gift* sure didn't get it from the pope.

Although there may be respectable literary traditions behind this flood of monster-children novels, there doesn't seem to be much of a tradition, let alone a respectable one, for the strong sexual overtones to many of these books. Gene Thompson's *Lupe* descends into outright pornography in its story of a woman seduced by an eleven-year-old boy-devil. The child in C. Terry Cline, Jr.'s *Damon* is also sexually possessed, although slightly less repellently so than Lupe. In *Suffer the Children*, one father lusts guiltily for his ten-year-old daughter, while another dad rapes and murders his eleven-year-old along with a rabbit. (Actually, he only kills the rabbit; he doesn't rape it. Sadism, too, has its boundaries of good taste.)

Ron Chironna

Several books in this crop have already been made into movies—*Carrie*, *The Little Girl Who Lives down the Lane*, *The Omen*, *It's Alive*, and *Demon Seed* among them; *Lupe* is scheduled for production soon. Future books will undoubtedly receive film treatments as well, popularizing this chilling vision of

childhood in two pop-art genres at once. To these add the enormous impact of *The Exorcist*, which broke box-office records by giving us a devil-inhabited little girl to haunt our dreams.

The current obsession with children and infants as horror subjects has its antecedents in such legitimate, if disparate, cultural forms as Edward Gorey's creepy-kiddies illustrations, Henry James's *The Turn of the Screw*, and Hammer Films' *Curse of the Werewolf*. These, in turn, reflect adult fears and fantasies about children that have persisted from earliest times—all the way back to the time when parents bound their children in swaddling bands and then beat the hell out of them to keep the (literally!) "little devils" out of mischief.

Stories about super-intellectual children without human emotions—including such novels as *Children of Light*, by H. L. Lawrence, and Wyndham's *The Midwich Cuckoos* (which were made into the films *The Damned* and *The Village of the Damned*)—are surely the imaginative illustrations of a parent's subconscious fear that his child doesn't love him. William Golding's novel *Lord of the Flies*, in which adolescent boys revert to savagery, and the Lindsay Anderson film *If*, in which schoolboys avenge themselves on their cruel teachers, are the guilt trips of politically conscious adults.

Even that literary masterpiece of horror *The Turn of the Screw* reflects an adult's irrational obsession. According to Edmund Wilson, James's great ghost story, along with his half-dozen other novels about children, reveals a guilty "preoccupation with immature girls who are objects of desire or defilement."

Other horror tales concerning children are based in ancient superstitions. Hammer Films' genre classic *Curse of the Werewolf* draws on the old Greek and Roman notion that children born on Christmas Day become werewolves and vampires because of their mothers' presumption in conceiving on the same day that the Blessed Virgin did. Original sin is a religious belief that is still taken literally in some cultures, and the exorcism of "devils" from hyperactive and autistic children is still practiced in so-called civilized societies.

Superstitions grow out of submerged fears, and many modern child psychologists (especially those who treat abused and runaway children) argue that we hate and fear our children. Some say that we regret and resent the adulation given children by our youth-worshipping culture. Youth, they say, reminds adults of their mortality. Fantasizing children as demons is also a psychological gratification, a way of penetrating the baffling language and customs of the child's private world.

Because children also reflect the parents who gave them life, our obsessive fear and loathing of fictionalized children may also be the projection of self-hatred. It could also be a convoluted way of releasing secret childhood hatred of our own parents. Some women might also argue that hostility toward children is a variation on male hostility toward women, now projected onto children because they are more vulnerable and less formidable than the new and liberated woman.

Whatever adult needs are gratified by the current exploitation of children as horror subjects, they are surfacing in an extremely disquieting entertainment trend—one that must surely be related to the growing obsession with children as pornographic subjects, curiosities, and scapegoats. And one that might even be linked with the proliferation of criminal child-abuse practices. Whatever the nature of these secret fears and aggressive urges, it is genuinely horrifying to see them infiltrate what we call the "amusement"arts.

Springer/Bettmann Film Archive

Children from The Village of the Damned: *super-intelligent but without emotions.*

SCENES

ELVIS CLONED

Nearly a year after his death, Elvis Presley's star continues to rise. For many, the records are not enough. They want to see him one more time, feel him up, squeal, and tear his clothes. Hence we have a new baby boom in the Presley clones.

It isn't the first time Elvis imitators have come along. In 1959 and 1960, while Presley was in the army, we had Ricky Nelson, Fabian, Frankie Avalon, and Tommy Sands. But these guys had separate, if homogenous, identities and performed their own songs ("Hey Vee-nus . . . O Vee-nus"—remember?). The new Elvises, however, perform Elvis songs for the most part and aim for facsimile. And something else is different: there are hoards of them.

By all estimates there are over 300 Elvis acts currently on the boards—including at least one marionette, complete with high, studded collar. Earnings range from the meager to the six-figure. The Presley clones perform at Holiday Inns, convention centers, high-school gyms, municipal auditoriums, and state fairs ("the swine judging will also be tonight"); in clubs with penumbral names like Dirty Helen's, the Poison Apple, and the Three Coins; and in hotels like the Hyatt Regency in Nashville and the Fontainebleau and Tropicana in Vegas. They get coverage in the *Midnight Globe* and the *National Examiner*.

Most are as crazy, fat, and untalented as you'd expect. Most, but

not all. Take **Elvis Wade**, for example, whose ten-year-old Nashville-based act is the longest running of all the Elvis shows. "My boys can do anything," he says. "We'll do a few bars of Beethoven's Fifth just to show 'em we're not a bunch of mullets." And despite the calculated hokum of Wade's publicity, which actually flaunts Vegas-style lighting effects, a $12,000 wardrobe, and his "exposed chest," he *is* a good showman, whose act is less an imitation than an *homage* to the King. Over the years he has tried to edge the Presley material, which first crept into and then took over his act, out again, and he is now considering dropping the "Elvis Wade" moniker in favor of his real name, Wade Cummins.

"I did all the hip shakin' and everything, thinking I'd get a laugh," he says, "but they gave me a standing ovation. The next night they kept me on the dance floor for about forty-five minutes, and I did every Presley song I knew, and from that night on I packed that club out." The other top-notch Elvis imitators, Rick Saucedo in New York and Johnny Rusk in Seattle, tell similar stories: Elvis started as a joke or a vague idea and then ate up their act.

It started for **Rick Saucedo** when he was seventeen and playing guitar in a small club in Chicago. One night he went into the washroom during a break, threw some water on his hair and slicked it back, and came out singing "Hound Dog." It's five years later, and he's still singing it—only now as the star of *Elvis: The Legend Lives*, backed by the Jordanaires and Elvis's drummer of sixteen years, D. J. Fontana. His stardom is real. Little girls will wait for him for hours at the stage door. He can sing and he's got the moves. ("Where'd you get 'em?" he is asked. "Imagination," he says.) One night there was a girl in the front row who had seen his show for the sixteenth time. She was screaming, "Oh, I want to fuck you, *fuck* you, Rick!" Later Saucedo said he was glad he didn't hear her. "It would have thrown me." As

Rick Saucedo on Broadway.

it is, he has to pick up all those flowers, panties, slacks, and bras they toss onstage. Ray Walker of the Jordanaires admits that Saucedo is a bit compulsive about it. "Some nights he looks like a cleaning lady," he says, laughing.

But the performing Elvisians are all looking for a way out again. "I would never quit this," says Saucedo, "unless people were tired of it. But eventually I want to get back into my own music." **Johnny Rusk**, who used to operate rides at Disneyland, is more plaintive, more existential. "The bottom line," he says, "is that I've always wanted to be Johnny Rusk." It was easier for Rusk to be that at Disneyland.

Rusk has just cut an album of non-Elvis material. So has Saucedo. Elvis Wade already has an album out, expensively produced and furnished with Nashville sidemen and with Bergen White, Presley's own arranger, handling horns and strings. The material is all original, and the album's best tunes were written by Wade himself. His single, "Memories of the King," recently made it to number six on the country charts. Of all the Presley sing-alikes, Wade has best integrated Elvis's sound with his own, aided by a three-octave range and a steady, powerful baritone. The music suggests Presley's *baroque* but not unacceptable rock.

The fourth big-money Elvis, **Alan Meyer**—a former NASA electronics technician from Seattle—is a lot less acceptable, which is strange because this boy does his homework. He really *studies*. His down-to-the-letter impersonations show an uncanny memory for the inflections and fillips of the Presley style, and even his arrangements are careful approximations of the originals. But perhaps because the voice is weak, Alan (he bills himself as "Alan," à la Elvis) just sounds grotesque and silly and comes off like a kid decked out in daddy's best clothing. Unlike his peers, Alan does only Presley standards. "If I ever drop the Elvis material, I'll get out of the business altogether," he vows. His devotion to the King cannot be faulted—he has been known to weep at the mention of Elvis's death—and obviously that devotion has paid off. His manager, former Dick Clark aide Chet Actis, says Alan grossed $1 million last year. Well, maybe. But as regular headliner for the Tropicana in Vegas, and despite the competition from four other Elvises there, he's topping his salary in cryptographic communications.

All the top imitators claim to be longtime Elvis fans except Rick Saucedo—it was his *brother* who had the ducktail. Meyer talks strangely about singing along with Elvis records at such an early age that his vocal cords developed into "an exact replica" of Elvis's. Elvis Wade grew up poor in rural Tennessee, where his daddy made moonshine and farmed a weak patch of land at Watts Hill. He remembers singing Elvis tunes in bars for a quarter. "My uncle was kind of alcoholic," he says. "He'd take me into bars, and I'd do some songs. Used to make good money back then." He says Elvis saw his act once, in later years, returning a favor for all those years of fandom. The King sat at the bar in a floppy hat and fake beard and watched him, and then ducked out before the finale.

These Presley impersonators resent the younger guys in the business. "I'm thirty-five," says Johnny Rusk. "Grew up during that period. What do these kids know about the backseat of a '57 Chevy, things like that?"

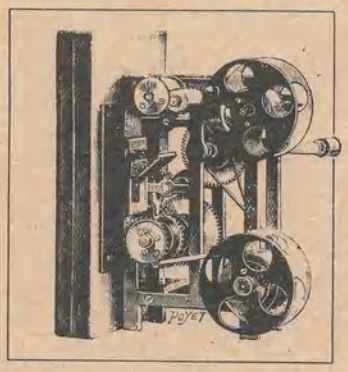
What, indeed. Saucedo excepted again, the younger Els bear him out. **Dennis Wise**, a twenty-four-year-old car salesman from Joplin, Mo., is typical. Typical, that is, if you forget his plastic surgery. It's the surgery that's distinctive—a loony, quixotic attempt to carve a singing idol out of a pile of bent fenders. Financed by manager

Alan Meyer: aping Elvis.

Danny O'Day, and on the basis of a couple of public performances and "a lot of singing in the shower," Dennis Wise underwent a series of operations that remodeled him to look like Elvis. His cheekbones were lifted. His nose was broken and reset. His chin was opened up through the mouth, straightened, and then implanted with silicone. To give him a fuller lower lip, the surgeon pushed the lip out and curled it over. He had his teeth capped, and (all by himself) he adjusted his crooked smile from the right side over to the left just like Elvis ("I was completely backwards," he says.) Trouble is that now he can barely smile at all, because of the lip. To watch Wise grin is to see the vultures at Prometheus' liver. "Why did you want to put yourself through all that *pain*?" asked Mike Douglas on Dennis's March 29 television debut. "Well, sir," he stammered in his polite and practiced Tupelo drawl, "it's just a true devotion to Elvis, sir." Sure. Like Carol Doda's true devotion to tits.

Wise's act is prodigiously awful. On the Douglas show he began "Heartbreak Hotel" in the wrong key and stayed there, like so much rancid cheese. He had the white jump suit, the studded collar, the yellow scarf, the belt with the huge silver buckle. But there were no moves, no voice. Just an awkward, sad parody. You wondered why he bothered. When Douglas brought on Jack Kahane, Elvis's long-time warm-up comic, right after Wise, Kahane provided part of the answer. Speaking of Elvis's immense and ultimately cruel isolation, Douglas asked him, "Could Elvis ever go out in public and just walk in the park?" And Kahane said no, that people loved Elvis, but that if he wasn't careful they'd "kill him with kindness"; they'd mob him down. He talked about a time once in Houston and how they'd nearly got him then, "grabbing, pulling. . . ." Suddenly, the camera switched over to Wise. The kid was smiling. As big and happy a smile as his jerry-built lips would permit. Grabbing, pulling . . . he loved the idea. That's all right, mama. Any way you do.—*Dallas Mayr*

FILMS



GRAND FINALE

Because almost everything about ***The Last Waltz*** seems a little unusual, including its excellence, you should know that in one respect the film is terribly usual and even a bit old hat. *The Last Waltz* is a rock-concert movie and comes at a time when we should have been through with rock-concert movies, long after their vogue (if, discounting *Woodstock*, there ever was such a vogue except in the dreams of some producers), when the rebellious young superstars who inhabited those movies are beginning to muse over stock options and corporate pension funds.

But in a way, being out of date is the greatest advantage *The Last Waltz* has, dressing it up with a difference and providing its occasion—the farewell concert on which the film is based. Most of the people in it made their reputations ten or a dozen years ago—which means they can now look forward to turning forty. A few can even look back at having turned forty from the rocky road beyond. All that really says is that they are at the peak of their powers, mature but not yet old, survivors more for their musicianship than for their skill at public relations, and with experience and memories that have not had time to soften into the hyped nostalgia of the show-biz exploitation of the previous years, the 1950s.

The Last Waltz takes its start from a final concert given by The Band late in 1976, at Winterland in San Francisco. Some of the footage, some of the loveliest, was shot in the studio afterward, and some was shot offstage entirely in an interview between members of The Band and Martin Scorsese, who directed the movie. It is, then, documentary—low-keyed documentary in the interviews, which are amused and informative after sixteen years of the group's playing together on and off the road, and quite brilliant documentary during the numbers by The Band itself, or with an added horn section, or accompanying artists like Joni Mitchell ("Coyote"), Neil Diamond, Paul Butterfield, Muddy Waters, Emmylou Harris ("Evangeline"), Eric Clapton ("Further on up the Road"), and Bob Dylan. The Dylan material—he sings "Forever Young" and "Baby, Let Me Follow You Down," and he joins everybody else in "I Shall Be Released"—is the best, the most intense, and the least pretentious treatment of Dylan I've ever seen on film.

It's tempting to praise *The Last Waltz* for everything it doesn't do, for all the mistakes it doesn't make, for all the embarrassments it keeps us from. There is no colorizing. There are no giddy zooms, no audience reaction shots (though there usually *is* an audience), no phony heating up of the event beyond what heat the event seems actually to provide. Every time the camera moves, the movement means something. Because the film is so modest in its effects, it looks like simplicity itself. Actually, the filming is fairly complex, with seven directors of photography listed, including such impressive names as Michael Chapman, Laszlo Kovacs, and Vilmos Zsigmond. But here the complexities result from directorial decisions rather than from indecisions, as in most rock-concert movies. And so the apparent simplicity is really a kind of lucidity and assurance about what to do and when and how to do it.

Robbie Robertson of The Band.

Because *The Last Waltz* is designed to serve its music and its performers, it may not seem like a director's triumph. But I think that even compared with *Mean Streets*, *Taxi Driver*, and *New York, New York*, all of which I admire, this may be Scorsese's best film—certainly the one in which his own personality is most completely integrated with his material. There are no cinematic statements, none of the expressive extremes for which Scorsese is known. Instead there are a series of precise, economical choices that carry the force of a moral conviction about the strength and the beauty of the music at hand.

F.I.S.T. stands for the "Federation of Interstate Truckers" which in turn stands in for the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, whose mixed history and missing leader are the basis of the new movie coauthored by and starring Sylvester Stallone. More than thirty years of fictionalized labor-union history have been loaded onto this vehicle, and though you can appreciate the ambition behind it, there is no way to approve what that ambition produced. In a sense, *F.I.S.T.* wants to be a complicated *Rocky*, a story that combines both decent aspiration and deadly corruption in the same superhuman hero. But at bottom it is even simpler than *Rocky*, although seemingly a lot more elaborate and without any of the brash innocent's charm that made Stallone's last film fun for some of us and a cult object for many.

At least half the trouble with *F.I.S.T.* lies with Stallone himself,

Sylvester Stallone: a problem in mechanics.

who, to put it bluntly, isn't a good actor. At the beginning, as a poor young man organizing truckers, he is a study in the discarded mannerisms of Robert DeNiro. And toward the end, as an old man, surprised that the multi-million-dollar union he sold out is now controlled by the mob (he seems to grow stupider as he grows older), he is a sort of deep-voiced Marlon Brando out of *The Godfather*. He does age very meticulously, as does everybody else (by the end of its second hour, *F.I.S.T.* seems to have been taken over by makeup consultants and costume stuffers), and he finally achieves a real facial resemblance to Jimmy Hoffa. But like the rest of his characterization, that is a problem in mechanics. It isn't why most of us go to the movies.

Every intended surprise, every dramatic reversal, in *F.I.S.T.* is telegraphed—from Stallone's youthful capitulation into behaving nice and bringing his girl friend flowers to his ultimate assassination—so that the film looks even more deliberate and knucklehead than its story strictly demands. I suspect that that was somebody's decision, either Stallone's or his director's (Norman Jewison, who has made some good movies and some rotten ones); and though it is a mistake, it is at least a highly consistent and interestingly risky calculation. To produce an epic movie that so directly announces itself as "epic," not only by its scope but also by its foursquare stolidity, takes guts—or nerve, or ego, or maybe just heroic lack of imagination. But the story of a man whose pride and ambition carry the seed of their own destruction has many life models. Perhaps Stallone can simply make his next movie about himself.

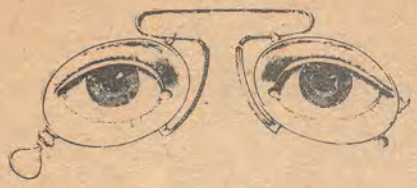
Ivan Passer's ***Silver Bears*** and Philippe de Broca's ***Dear Detective*** have nothing much in common except that both are mystery-comedies, both fail, and both were directed by filmmakers who at one time seemed among the brightest lights of international cinema.

At the start of his career, Passer made *Intimate Lighting*, perhaps the richest of all the films from the brief flowering of Czechoslovakian cinema in the mid-1960s. De Broca made *The Love Game* and *The Five-Day Lover,* among the happiest of the early French New Wave movies, before he became slick and—with *King of Hearts* (1967)—rather famous.

Silver Bears employs an all-star cast—Michael Caine, Cybill Shepherd, Stephane Audran, David Warner, and more—in a story of international fraud and financial intrigue that runs from Las Vegas to London to Iran and especially to Lugano, Switzerland, which looks like an animated picture postcard, the way such places used to in the trans-European caper movies that went out of style ten years ago. The plot is vacuous, the ideas are nasty (supporting murder, theft, and sexual betrayal in ascending order of hilarity), and the performances are a kind of sleepwalking—especially from Michael Caine, a wonderful actor with a special capacity for showing when he's not interested in what he's been hired to do.

Ivan Passer left Czechoslovakia in 1969 because of the Russians. His work since has been mostly in the United States—and mostly downhill. Philippe de Broca has stayed in France, and whatever succeeds in *Dear Detective*—not its cutesy-comic story and not its style—owes a lot to the country, and specifically the city of Paris, behind it. For its first half hour or so, the movie looks like the old De Broca, funny, tender, and ironic by turns. Eventually, that ambience disappears in a lot of farcical business. But before it vanishes, it provides us with some feeling for Paris—for the lives of its middle classes, for some of the gilt-and-marble official Paris, for parts of the Left Bank near the old Church of St. Julien the Poor—that is as evocative and as accurate as anything I can recall. And the whole thing opens with what amounts to a brief documentary on the sales room of a proper Paris *patisserie*, which may convince you, as it almost does me, that a display of cakes and cookies in living color is excuse enough for making a movie.—*Roger Greenspun*

Ivan Passer's Silver Bears: *a study in postcards.*



WORDS

ON THE BEACH

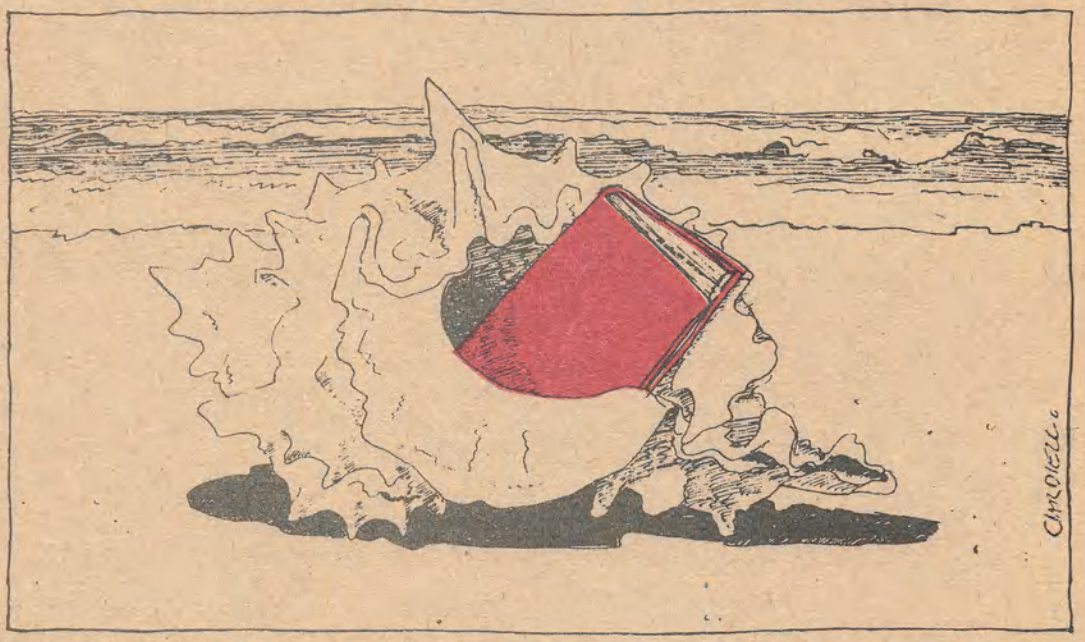
Your belly upon the sand, the sea breeze curling across the small of your back, you gaze at the phalanx of warm, shaved legs marching toward their saline source, and you wonder: what ever became of Peggy, the cheerleader?

Henry James used the word *estivate*, that British term that makes summertime fun sound like a hideous glandular dysfunction. I can picture him, knee-deep in the Atlantic, grave and perturbed in the pursuit of estivation. "Decidedly moist," he says to himself and then splashes perfunctorily. I can imagine sharing a beach blanket with Goethe. He scowls; he whines. "I want to go home. There is too much light, and I fear my shadow will be devoured by the sun."

Summer is not a season for dark-souled men and their fine-wrought prose. What match is William Faulkner's most magnificent parenthetical exegesis against a single heaving, sea-drenched tit? The true literature of summer is what is referred to in the fall, winter, and spring as trash. Surf's up, Goethe.

As Herman Melville is reputed to have said to Nathaniel Hawthorne on an afternoon that smelled of wine, "Given the choice between romance and fellatio, I should choose the latter. Given the choice between romance and reality, I should choose the former." In those summertime moments of dalliance between fellatio and reality, one could do worse than turn to the romance of Anton Myrer's ***The Last Convertible*** (Putnam, $10.95), a sultry intermingling of love stories that contains within its purply prose World War II, Harvard, fast cars, illegitimate brats, Cape Cod, Jack Kennedy, and broads who go all the way.

Charles Panati's ***Links*** (Houghton Mifflin, $8.95) tells of a romantic triangle formed by a psychology professor, his fiancée, and a graduate student who are involved in mutual-hypnosis experiments. The author is the science editor of *Newsweek*, and his passages on hypnotism are impressive. His prose style, however, is somewhat less than immortal, and we are asked to be swept away by the likes of "While she prepared dinner, he finished painting the ceiling." It is not revealed how long it took the paint to dry, or if our hero and heroine watched it do so.



Romance, Los Angeles style, is found in Sheila Weller's ***Hansel and Gretel in Beverly Hills*** (Morrow, $8.95) and Jill Robinson's ***Perdido*** (Knopf, $9.95). Weller's novel is a tale of love and assignations beneath the hair dryers. Horsey divorcées and rebelling daughters abound. Jill Robinson is one of those writers who seem to believe that the essence of art is trendiness. She previously gave us *Bed/Time/Story*, one of the silliest, most pretentious titles of our day. *Perdido* tells of a teenage girl in Hollywood who unknowingly falls in love with her father. There are adolescent tribulations and Revlon tropes enough to make your flesh crawl with the sheer exhilaration of reading time ill spent.

To the south of romance lies adventure. ***Newsdeath*** (Atheneum, $8.95), by Ray Connolly, is an amphetamine-rhythmed thriller about investigative journalists and bomb-loving terrorists. A willing suspension of disbelief is certainly called for here (I don't know a single investigative journalist who has done anything more exciting than to grow a pointed beard), but the guns are hot, the dialogue tough, and the panties wet.

Dirty politics in depression-era New York supply the intrigue in ***Billy Phelan's Greatest Game*** (Viking, $9.95), by William Kennedy. There are a bit too many tedious descriptions and a bit too much freeze-dried angst, but any book that combines bowling, graft, and kidnapping plots is all right by me. (And this is as good a place as any to step forth with courage and ask: why do we not yet possess the great American bowling novel?)

Mario J. Sagola's ***The Manacle*** (Macmillan, $7.95) is a beautifully simple book about a handcuffed hood who seeks protection in the Little Italy apartment of an elderly man and wife. We are told that the author of this crime-pulp *Beyond Good and Evil* is "a well-known writer of novels" who has here chosen to use a pseudonym. I think it's either Samuel Beckett on Valium or Charles Bukowski with the aid of a thesaurus.

Lovers of historical novels will find much to savor in Fred Stewart's ***A Rage against Heaven*** (Viking, $12.95). With its more than 600 pages of international violence and lust *circa* 1860, written in a style as strong and majestic as its subject, this could be just the book to carry you through to that September day when the last sea-drenched tit vanishes from your field of vision.

Summer is also a splendid time to partake of that literary genre known as *weird*. Toward this end, Paddy Chayefsky, who through his screenplays and prose has done more to perpetuate 1956 than any other living creature, has given us ***Altered States*** (Harper & Row, $8.95). Chayefsky now seems to have stumbled upon the 1960s, and his novel is one of hallucinogenic experiences and consciousness expansion. One eagerly awaits from Mr. Chayefsky a scathing indictment of the war in Vietnam.

Far weirder and far better is ***The Changeling*** (Doubleday, $7.95).

by Joy Williams, the story of Pearl, a fucked-out alcoholic who drinks and dreams as her small piece of the South recedes into magic and horror. Williams's weirdness crackles with freshness, and she wreaks that weirdness with a dark, broken-glass prosody: "She smelled the scorched grass and the children's sweat and her own. I have to have a real drink soon so I will not become confused, Pearl thought. The time had passed. One sits down to a glass of wine and the years pass. Nothing magical about that. It had taken Sam almost seven years to become almost seven. And she had been with him all the while." Joy Williams can do what most other writers of weirdness cannot—scare you with subtle caresses.

Rest assured that in none of these books will you happen upon the verb *estivate*. Go then to that wine-dark sea, where, if you wait summers enough, Peggy the high-school cheerleader will surely come.—*Nick Tosches*

UPI

Chayefsky: sixties ideas.

SOUNDS

BEST WESTERN

Los Angeles is a rock-'n'-roll town, as any visitor soon discovers. As soon as you jump into your rented car at the sprawling airport—and you'll need a car in a city where going across town can mean more than an hour of freeway driving—you find more rock stations on the radio than you've ever dreamed of, playing everything from soft singer-songwriters to heavy metal. Drive downtown to Sunset Strip, and you'll see giant billboards advertising the latest rock albums. And although they aren't as ostentatiously obvious, recording studios dot the city and its suburbs—studios where most of the albums you see on the billboards are recorded.

New York may be the bastion of American high culture, but Los Angeles is the bastion of American popular culture—movies and rock 'n' roll, which thrive there in an increasingly intimate symbiosis.

Visit a rock star at home in one of L.A.'s more fashionable districts, and you'll find that the house used to belong to Lee Marvin or Sammy Davis, Jr. Visit one of the city's more successful publicity agents, and you'll find that film and rock stars commingle on his client list; often they pay him to keep them *out* of the news. Infiltrate a corporate boardroom, and you'll hear executives talking about the latest big-box-office picture and the latest hit album in the same breath. Many film and record companies have interlocking directorates or the same conglomerate ownership, and, increasingly, top-grossing motion pictures and rock-'n'-roll hits feed on each other. Who's to say whether *Saturday Night Fever* spawned the Bee Gees' sound-track hits or whether their songs guaranteed the movie's success?

Because of East Coast media snobbery and perhaps a soupçon of accurate reportage, L.A. rock musicians have been saddled with a somewhat foppish image. They're widely imagined to be cocaine-loving layabouts who wear expensive clothes, drive around in fast cars, stay up all night penning sensitive songs of inner torment, cultivate pretensions to folksiness, and live in a plush, insulated little world of their own. Mention L.A. rock to most people, and they will think either of the Eagles' country-tinged harmonies and antiseptic soft-rock sound or perhaps of a singer-songwriter who plunges into self-examination anew with each album and comes up with a new collection of regrets, doubts, and self-pity. Like most stereotypes, these contain their grain or so of truth. But generally they are wide of the mark. Ask an L.A. rock musician what his life is like, and you'll get a different picture.

To begin with, most of L.A.'s rock musicians aren't pampered superstars. They are hardworking professional musicians who play on most of the records made in L.A.; they are the L.A. sound. Sometimes they are purely axes for hire, working by the day in recording studios and occasionally going out on the road if the money is right. Sometimes they are committed to a band of their own as well, like Bill Payne, a gifted pianist who plays on recordings by people as diverse as Bonnie Raitt and Bob Seger and also holds down the keyboard chair in one of L.A.'s best and most widely respected rock-'n'-roll groups, Little Feat.

"It's very relaxed in L.A.," Payne says, "and for rock 'n' roll we've got most of the players. L.A. has a better studio system than anyplace else does, and you have people from all over the country coming in to record, so that there's a broad spectrum of music going on all the time. I can work in a whole bunch of different styles within a single week by recording with two or three different people, and that's something I enjoy. It's the reason I moved down here from San Francisco in 1969. The popular notion at the time was that L.A. was too plastic, that San Francisco was hipper. But, musically, San Francisco just wasn't very serious. People like Frank Zappa were working in L.A. and setting the highest standards for rock musicianship."

One criticism frequently leveled at L.A. rock is that it all sounds alike, because the same clique of musicians plays on most of the albums. Payne cheerfully admits that this cliquishness exists. "But I don't think L.A. is different from New York or Nashville in that respect," he adds. "Producers and

Ebet Roberts

Little Feat: grittier and better than the rest.

Lynn Goldsmith—SYGMA

Jackson Browne: new possibilities.

musicians get accustomed to the way certain people play and go with that sound. But out here there isn't just one clique—there are a lot of different cliques. There are a lot of different sounds."

Payne is right; if anything makes L.A. rock records sound alike, it is the L.A. recording standards, generally conceded to be the highest in the world. Rock records made in L.A. have a clear, clean, luminous sound, with each instrument sharply in focus. It's almost an overdose of clarity, and it tends to homogenize everything; it can make the players sound faceless. But catch them in person, and you're liable to find them playing loud, kick-ass rock 'n' roll. **Little Feat** is a good example. The group's studio albums have always been grittier than many L.A. products, especially on the songs that were written and sung by gravelly-voiced slide guitarist Lowell George. Still, they were L.A. rock albums, well manicured and edited and with every instrumental lick firmly in place. *Waiting for Columbus* (Warner Brothers), the group's splendid live album, is another story. The blues and funk influences that tend to be subverted by L.A.'s state-of-the-art engineering standards hang out in concert; Little Feat roars. The tightness that is one of the hallmarks of L.A. rock remains, but the music is also intense and greasy. And the songs, especially Lowell George opuses like "Fat Man in the Bathtub" and "Rocket in My Pocket," are about as knowing as they come.

The L.A. Rock world has its share of resident ironists. In addition to Lowell George, there are Walter Becker and Donald Fagen—the notorious **Steely Dan**, whose music was thought to be too jazzy, oblique, and perverse to appeal to a mass audience until their album *Aja* (ABC) became last winter's surprise best-seller, with two lengthy stays in the top ten. And of course L.A. boasts **Randy Newman**, who spent years fashioning the cleverest and most mordant songs in pop only to see one of his most flippant and off-the-cuff creations, "Short People," become a number-one single.

Then there are L.A.'s ladies—the pop matriarchy. They're a diverse lot. **Joni Mitchell**'s wordy but captivating song-poems are gravitating in a jazz direction; after working with some of the city's most prominent rock sidemen, Mitchell forged an alliance with two jazz players from the group Weather Report on her ambitious and controversial album *Don Juan's Reckless Daughter* (Asylum). **Linda Ronstadt** leads all the L.A. ladies in terms of popularity with her canny mix of country, rockabilly, and straight rock and pop. **Maria Muldaur**, once the queen of L.A. eclectics and a stylist who ranged effortlessly from country and blues to swing and cabaret, has opted for a more middle-of-the-road pop-rock approach on her latest album, *Southern Winds* (Warner Brothers), which features songs by Leon Russell. **Emmylou Harris**'s music helped give L.A. one of its more improbable nicknames: Nashville West. But her personal brand of country isn't hillbilly by any means; it's as coolly alluring as Emmylou herself. **Bonnie Raitt**, one of the most talented of all the L.A. women, has yet to break through with a hit single, but her albums are models of L.A. rock in that they embrace a number of styles and varieties of material while remaining musically fresh and coherent.

Jackson Browne is the epitome of the L.A. singer-songwriter. He is a superior tunesmith and lyricist, but in the past many of his songs have been infected by a world-weary, romantic resignation that often becomes gratingly self-indulgent. Recently, though, Browne surprised his critics with his album *Running on Empty* (Asylum), his first live album to consist entirely of new songs and the first to be partially recorded in a motel room and on a moving tour bus. The title tune still threatens to wallow in gloomy narcissism, but somehow Browne pulls it off, and much of the rest of the album is bursting with a heady sense of affirmation and new possibilities.

L.A. seems to be fairly teeming with singer-songwriters who have something original to say and can say it distinctively. Of course, these hardy souls are woefully outnumbered by singer-songwriters who have very little to say and say it in a derivative manner. Nevertheless, it's easy enough to listen through recent record releases and come up with several by new artists who sound as if they could become major voices. One of the best is *Terence Boylan* (Asylum). When it was released, several months ago, the album was warmly received in critical circles but didn't make a commercial dent. **Terence Boylan** is a talented man, though. Several of his songs of bittersweet mortality and desire—notably, "Don't Hang Up Those Dancing Shoes," "Shake It"—are on their way to becoming contemporary classics, and Boylan's next album is likely to be something of a breakthrough. **Marc Jordan** is cooler—he keeps his subjects at a distance—but he has a way with words and melodies and a wry, street-wise voice that is pleasantly reminiscent of Boz Scaggs. Both Jordan's *Mannequin* (Warner Brothers) and *Terence Boylan* bring together a musical cast of L.A.'s finest, including keyboardist Donald Fagen of Steely Dan and ace guitarists Dean Parks, Larry Carlton, and Ben Benay.

Even **Allen Toussaint**, the reclusive New Orleans producer, songwriter, and singer, went to L.A. to record his latest album, *Motion* (Warner Brothers); and with stalwarts like Carlton and drummer Jeff Porcaro in the studio band and

Boylan: new talent.

with backing vocals from Bonnie Raitt and Etta James, all under the supervision of seasoned producer Jerry Wexler, Toussaint succeeded where his self-produced solo albums have generally failed to connect. *Motion* is slick, to be sure, but the Los Angeles musicians accent Allen Toussaint's individuality instead of smothering it with their own ideas. With a less forceful personality out front, this kind of laid-back playing can become faceless. But as long as the City of the Angels abounds in original talents, both resident and visiting, the city will continue to dominate American rock, and who's to say that's bad?—*Robert Palmer*

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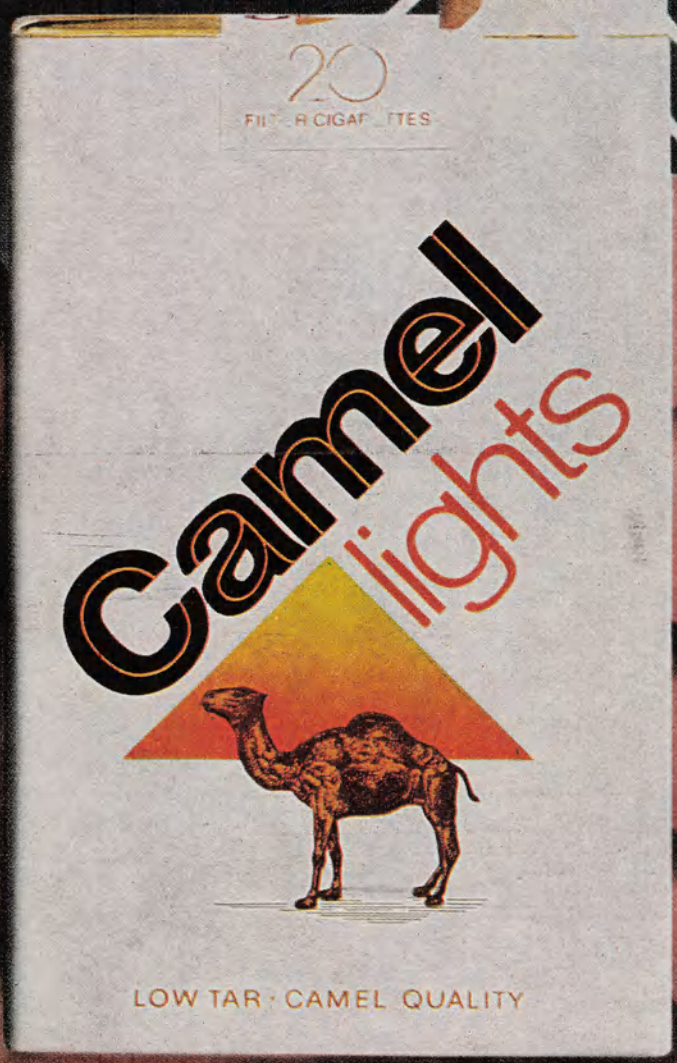

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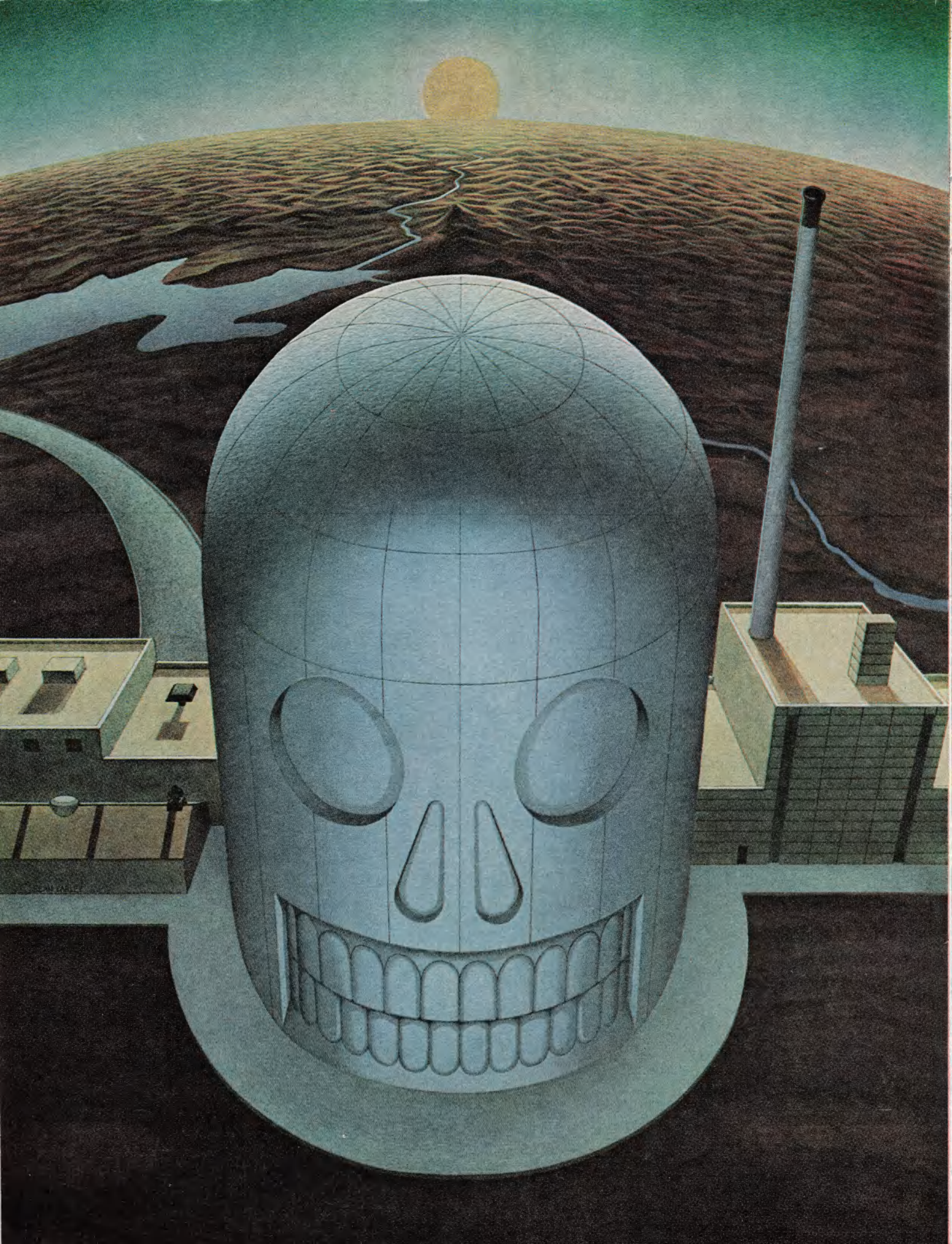


OUR NATIONAL DEATH WISH

Disregarding overwhelming medical and scientific evidence, government and business stumble blindly toward nuclear disaster.

Plutonium 239 is a murderous substance—a tissue destroyer. It emits alpha particles that are dangerous if inhaled or ingested. A microgram of plutonium can cause cancer in an animal, and a few micrograms are certain death to a human being. One pound of plutonium represents enough poison to give 9 billion people lung cancer.

Plutonium is extremely hard to manage, because its toxicity will not be reduced to "safe" levels for almost a half-million years. There is no safe or permanent way of storing it and no way of disposing of it. There is no way to get rid of it. It is here to stay, on the soil, in the water, in the air, and in our lungs.

However, officials of the United States Department of Energy in Washington, D.C., describe plutonium in terms that make you want to cuddle it: "Silvery gray and warm to the touch from the energy of alpha radiation." They claim that nuclear reactors, each of which produces some 500 pounds of plutonium annually, are necessary for the production of safe, clean, and cheap energy. They claim that the power which comes from nuclear fission is essential in the face of diminishing oil supplies, the dangerous and dirty nature of coal mining, and the lack of development of solar, thermal, and fusion technologies. They are dedicated to promoting the development of nuclear weapons and of nuclear reactors to generate electricity. They are nuclear believers.

These officials tell the public that "cancers resulting from plutonium haven't been observed," but plutonium, which is man-made, has been in existence for only thirty-six years, and it may take up to thirty years for cancer to develop. When it does, it has no label saying what caused it.

The Department of Energy (DOE) was created by President Carter in October 1977. It encompasses the former Energy Research Development Administration (ERDA), which, with its counterpart, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC), grew out of the old Atomic Energy Commission (AEC), the federal body that had operated almost autonomously since the end of the Second World War. The NRC, which was created to guarantee and to regulate the safe civilian use of nuclear energy, has remained independent of the DOE, although its history, decisions, and appointed leaders point to a close affiliation with that superagency. Barrett J. Riordan, a former NRC official, says the commission seems unable "to come to terms comfortably with its position as an independent regulatory agency" and has "done little to cultivate an arm's-length, regulator's relationship" with the DOE. Riordan points out that the NRC "has chosen on too many occasions to shut out the public with a wall of regulations and technology" and that the

BY CORINNE BROWNE AND ROBERT MUNROE

commission "craves . . . what surely must be termed moral leadership." In the nuclear industry money is mentioned more often than morals.

The DOE spends about a billion dollars per year on fission research. The department operates five nuclear facilities, leases many others, and has authorized the construction of seventy more. The NRC oversees sixty-eight commercial reactors, which represent a $68 billion investment on the part of various corporations and countless billions in the form of indirect government subsidies. The industry plans to produce 500 nuclear reactors by the year 2000, a feat that will take the dollar investment into the trillions.

Sen. Mike Gravel, former chairman of the defunct Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, described the atomic establishment as a "multi-billion-dollar alliance of government and industry, inflated with taxpayer dollars and protected by the military secrecy of the AEC." This alliance has spent billions in order to produce 10 percent of the nation's electricity at no demonstrable saving to the consumer. Fission-generated electricity, produced by a controlled atomic explosion, is one step in the nuclear fuel cycle. Each step in the fuel cycle creates dangers to all living things. The atomic establishment has shown a systematic and relentless disregard for medical and scientific findings showing the hazards of the fuel cycle to the world today and to the future.

In the course of building nuclear weapons and reactors, the atomic alliance produces substances like plutonium, called "fiendishly toxic" even by its codiscoverer and former chairman of the AEC, Glenn Seaborg. Plutonium is so dangerous that, in order to comprehend its toxicity, we are forced to think in terms of miniscule amounts of a material having the power to wreak havoc on the human race for more years than exist in recorded history.

In order to make the environmental presence of such substances as plutonium acceptable, the men at the DOE cultivate a special vocabulary—or nuclearese—aimed at making the nuclear dilemma sound like a down-home problem. An accident in a nuclear reactor is referred to as an "excursion"; a nuclear bomb is called a "device." James Schlesinger, secretary of energy, has gone so far as to call the nuclear plant a "comfortable neighbor."

A nuclear-power plant produces electrical currents, heat, and radioactive poisons. In addition to plutonium, nuclear reactors emit radiation and strontium 90 (although normally associated with atmospheric testing, strontium 90 escapes during the normal operation of every nuclear reactor). Because of its chemical similarity to calcium, strontium 90 lodges in bones and organs and is a potent carcinogen. The nuclear industry does not include strontium 90 in its analysis of radioactive release from nuclear reactors and states that its presence in the atmosphere is a result of weapons testing. The fact is that the strontium releases at nuclear plants are so high that, according to Dr. Ernest Sternglass, professor of radiological physics at the University of Pittsburgh, "for the people who live around the nuclear reactors, weapons testing has never stopped."

Radioactive waste is the monster at the end of the nuclear-fuel cycle, the problem without solution, the promise of poisoned land and water for thousands of centuries. Millions of cubic feet of this waste lie in corroding tanks, in shallow pits, and in storage pools at the sites of government and commercial nuclear-power plants throughout the country. A typical large reactor produces 10,000 gallons of high-level waste each year. Experts predict that commercial waste will increase at the rate of 1,000 metric tons per year. Three thousand metric tons of spent nuclear fuel rods are stored at nuclear sites; nearly 3,400 metric tons will be stored by the end of 1978. The government has been looking for a solution to the waste problem for years; so far the search has been unsuccessful. The federal budget that has been allotted for *the search for* storage sites is $123.5 million.

If the management of military waste is an indication of how commercial waste will be handled, the picture is indeed bleak. Ten million cubic feet of high-level (concentrated) waste and 45 million cubic feet of low-level waste (primarily contaminated equipment) reside principally at government sites at Hanford, Wash.; at the Savannah River Plant in South Carolina; and at the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory. In Idaho, on the Snake River plain, 200,000 fifty-five-gallon drums containing radioactive waste were buried in shallow pits. Now they must be dug up. Hanford is the largest waste repository in the world, topping the list with 51 million gallons of highly radioactive waste stored in old, corroding tanks, which have leaked 464,000 gallons of waste into the earth. In 1973 one tank leaked for fifty-one days before the leakage was discovered, releasing 115,000 gallons of high-level waste. Each gallon emits 10,000 curies of radiation. An area of from five to ten square miles at Hanford is so grossly contaminated that there is no hope of cleaning it up. Eight tanks have leaked at Savannah River. It will cost the country billions of dollars to make up for the military's waste-management mistakes.

One of the largest repositories for commercial waste is at West Valley, N.Y., not far from Buffalo. Although more than half the waste was sent there from Hanford, the government claims no responsibility for the 600,000 gallons of highly concentrated liquid wastes and the fifteen-acre burial site for contaminated solids. There have been numerous leaks at West Valley. Recently, it was suggested by James Larocca, New York commissioner of energy, that the federal government was threatening "nuclear blackmail" by proposing to take the $600 million burden of decommissioning the West Valley facility off the state's hands in exchange for allowing it to become a permanent nuclear-waste repository.

New Mexico, on the other hand, is the only state that has shown any willingness to store waste. A national disposal site is slated to go into operation near Carlsbad, N. Mex. Despite illusions that the waste project will create thousands of jobs for New Mexicans, the Carlsbad plant will generate only a few hundred jobs after the first five years of operation.

Although California and Maine both have nuclear reactors, they have recently, in effect, seceded from the nuclear nation. Neither state will allow reactors to be built

NUCLEAR GLOSSARY

Nuclear Reactor—an intricate mechanical complex whose function is to convert the heat released from the fissioning, or splitting, of the atom (usually uranium 235 or plutonium 239) into electricity. Steam is generated by the heat, and the steam is used to turn turbine generators, producing electrical current.

Breeder Reactor—a mechanical complex that produces plutonium 239 by bombarding uranium 238 with a stream of neutrons. When the uranium 238 absorbs a neutron, it is transformed into plutonium 239.

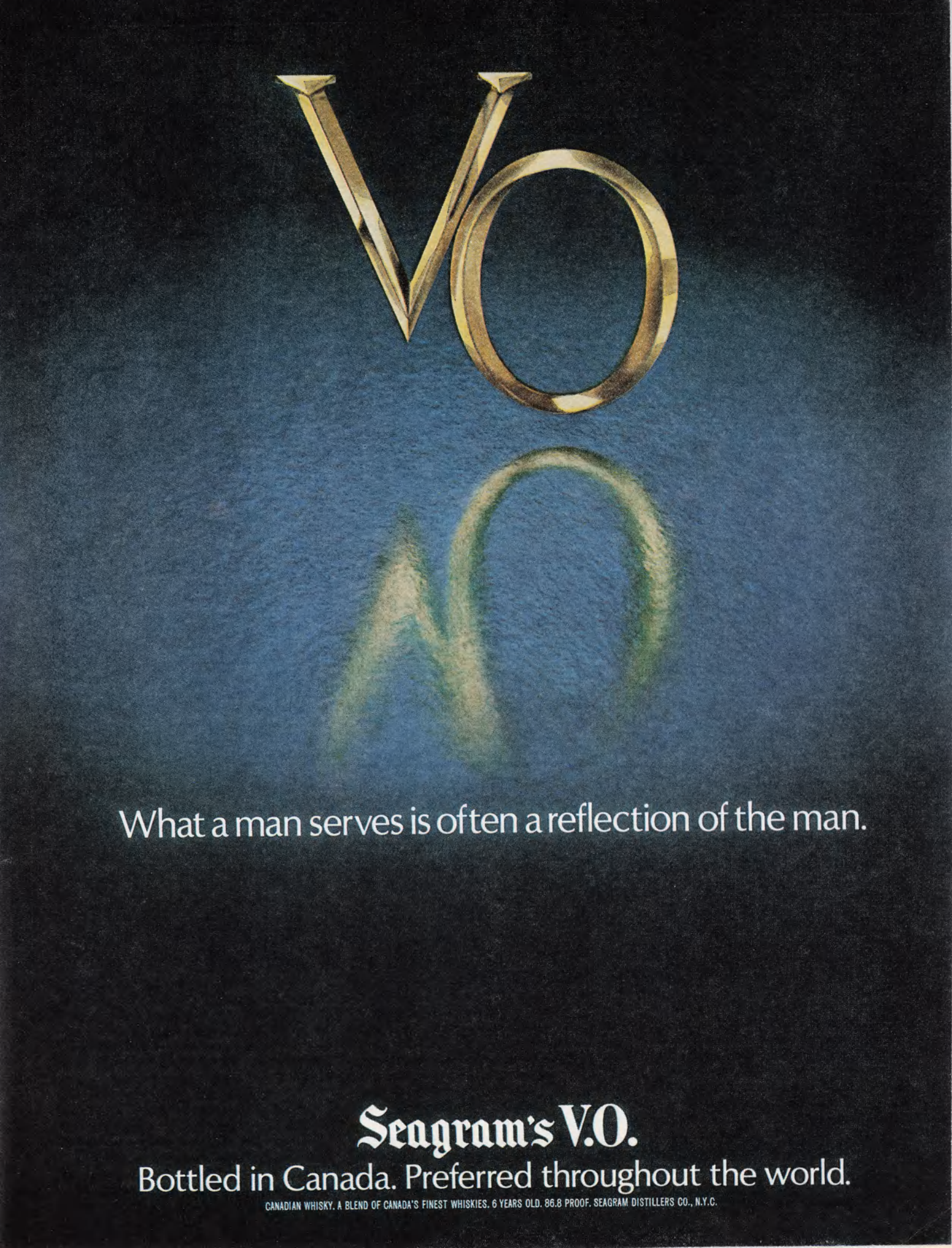
Fission—the process occurring when an unstable atom is struck by a neutron so that it emits two more neutrons, with each of those neutrons striking two more atoms, and so on—a chain reaction.

Uranium—the heaviest of the naturally occurring elements—atomic number 92, atomic weight 233–238. Its two most common isotopes are U-238 and U-235. It is the isotope 235 that is the more rare and is used as a fuel in nuclear reactors.

Fuel rods—pencil-thin rods of U-235. Forty thousand such rods (weighing 100 tons) may be found in the core of a reactor.

Alpha particles—those emissions associated with plutonium and other radioactive materials. These particles have very low penetrating power, but if inhaled or ingested, they can be lethal.

Reactor-core meltdown—if the core of a nuclear reactor is deprived of coolant, the fuel rods would begin to melt in a matter of minutes. The rods would then melt through the stainless-steel reactor vessel, mixing with the remaining coolant and resulting in a tremendous steam explosion. This explosion could rupture the concrete containment shell, releasing lethal fission products into the lower atmosphere.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until the federal government can prove that radioactive wastes can be safely disposed of. New York, Ohio, New Jersey, Wisconsin, and Washington are considering similar actions.

California, under the leadership of Gov. Edmund G. Brown, has on its books an unprecedented nuclear safeguard law. It requires three things before a nuclear-power plant can be built in that state: the state's energy commission and the federal government must prove that there is at least one safe method of disposing of radioactive wastes; the state energy commission must convince the legislature that it has found the federal government's regulations concerning the construction and operation of nuclear reprocessing plants to be sufficient for assuring the safety of the public; and the state energy commission must complete its study requiring the placement of all new reactors underground.

This law has caused a sharp reduction of nuclear-power plant construction in California. The average cost of a plant is $1.6 billion; the reduction is equivalent to the investment loss of twelve reactors. The governor has come under heavy attack by the utility companies as well as by the corporations involved in constructing reactors.

The record for safety of nuclear-power plant sites in California is dismal. The Humboldt Bay reactor is situated in a fault zone; because of pressure brought to bear on the NRC by Jerry Brown and by citizen groups, the plant has closed down. A recently discovered geologic fault runs just offshore from the twin reactors at Diablo Canyon, and in all likelihood the plant will not be put into operation.

Speaking last summer before a group of solar-energy proponents, Jerry Brown said, "My highest priority is to avoid nuclear plants. We don't need more of them up and down the coast." Brown's opponents view his position as a stand against growth. His backers see it as a battle for the health and safety of his constituents.

In addition to poisoning the land, from 1946 to 1970, the United States dumped more than 28,000 fifty-five-gallon drums of low-level military and commercial waste into the Atlantic and 47,000 drums into the Pacific. The military and the nuclear industry continue to generate vast amounts of radioactive waste. Federal officials say that there will be no solution to the waste-disposal problem before 1988, and that even that date cannot be guaranteed.

Dr. Nathan Barr, director of the technical oversight division of the DOE, is an expert on the long-term effects of exposure to radioactive materials. When asked about the effects of exposure on plutonium workers, Dr. Barr smiled reassuringly and said, "We all have more plutonium in our lungs than do the people who work with it." Dr. Barr's nuclearese means that the entire population of the United States carries more plutonium than do the approximately 17,000 people who have worked at facilities that handle that substance. Dr. Barr's trick statement is calculated to make us smile and feel better. One finds cold comfort, however, in learning that plutonium exists in trace quantities in the lungs of every person on earth.

In its role as nuclear kingpin, the DOE has been the prime mover behind the development of the $2.1 billion Clinch River breeder reactor. Breeder advocates say that we will run out of the uranium necessary to power reactors and that the nuclear industry will collapse without a method for producing plutonium in a reactor, which is what the breeder does. But the breeder produces more plutonium than it uses.

In 1972 the AEC projected that by the year 2000 the United States will have produced commercially 10 million pounds of plutonium. Today's plutonium stockpile is already unmanageable, and the atomic establishment is plagued by the facts of its short-history. In 1976 the GAO reported that tens of tons of weapons-grade material—plutonium and enriched uranium—were missing at thirty-four facilities operated under contract to ERDA.

> The atomic establishment has deliberately underestimated the exposure of workers to radiation by from 500 to 2,000 times.

Recently, it was discovered that 8,000 pounds of weapons-grade plutonium and uranium are missing from the NUMEC nuclear facility at Apollo, Pa. It would take only twenty-two pounds of plutonium to assemble a weapon large enough to sentence tens of thousands of people to death.

The Carter administration's greatest fear in allowing the reprocessing of spent nuclear fuel rods has been the relative ease with which terrorists or even governments might divert plutonium from the reprocessing cycle. To combat such possibilities, American and British researchers have announced a new way of fabricating nuclear fuel from spent fuel rods. The method is called "CIVEX," and it is said to make diversion virtually impossible. It does so by leaving large amounts of radioactive wastes in plutonium. The resulting product is so radioactive that anyone handling it is doomed to death in a matter of minutes. The CIVEX plant would not be capable of removing the last 20 to 25 percent of these lethal fission wastes from used fuel rods. If plutonium has any advantage, it is that it emits low-energy alpha particles which are easily stopped by a piece of cloth or skin. This "protection" is eliminated in the CIVEX process. Sections of the plant would be so radioactive that the release of even a fraction of the radiation would be a major catastrophe.

The containment record for plutonium is dismal. In 1969 soil samples near Denver, Colo., were found to be contaminated with plutonium, which had entered the earth by way of leaks, spills, accidents, and fire at the ERDA-owned, Dow Chemical–operated weapons plant nearby at Rocky Flats.

The GAO found physical-security measures—guards, warning and safety systems—to be sorely lacking at ERDA facilities and reported "repeated violations of ERDA's own standards." This finding is particularly disturbing, since between 1969 and 1975 there were 175 *known* threats and acts of violence directed against nuclear facilities in this country.

Now that President Carter has made the proliferation question a point of national policy, the breeder proponents concede that they may have overlooked the proliferation problem. Until now they have been able to argue that the breeder would not contribute to proliferation because foreign governments would be unlikely to use low-grade—or reactor-grade—plutonium for weapons, since it makes unreliable explosives. On September 15, 1977, Senators Barry Goldwater and Mike McCormack, both staunch breederites, wrote that "no nuclear weapon has ever been made from the nuclear-energy fuel cycle anywhere in the world." On September 14, 1977, it was disclosed that, in 1962, the U.S. government detonated a nuclear bomb powered by low-grade plutonium. ERDA had known for fifteen years that reactor-grade plutonium could be used to make atomic weapons, but that information was withheld from the public. Goldwater tried to cover himself with a typical breeder-proponent statement to the *Los Angeles Times*: "We shouldn't destroy an energy resource over our concern with proliferation."

Proliferation is not the only "concern." Nuclear believers must be willing to risk the safety and health of people who work with radioactive materials, of the population at large, and of future generations.

Dr. Karl Z. Morgan, considered by many to be the father of health physics, presently at the Georgia Institute of Technology, has said, "All radiation exposure must be considered potentially harmful to the cell and to the individual." Between the years 1969 and 1974, the total exposure of American radiation workers has more than doubled. This means that more and more radiation is being spread among more and more workers. Atomic workers, who are allowed from ten to thirty (depending on the kind of radiation) times greater doses than is the public, are at the mercy of the atomic industry. Neither OSHA nor the EPA have the authority to protect them. The Oil Chemical and Atomic Workers Union, which represents some 40,000 atomic workers, can only petition on their behalf to the NRC, which regulates health and safety stan-

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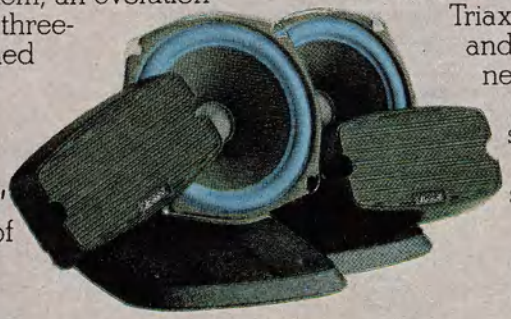

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dards in commercial reactors, and to the DOE, which monitors those standards in government-contracted facilities. The Oil Chemical and Atomic Workers Union feels that the present maximum acceptable radiation exposure of workers of 5,000 millirems (a measurement of radiation exposure), as established by the NRC, is *10* times too high, and, in the case of pregnant women, *100* times too high.

Health studies sponsored by the Canadian government, released in March 1972, and conducted by Dr. Abram Petcow indicate *maximum cellular damage* as a result of *constant low-level radiation exposure*, precisely the type of radiation exposure experienced by atomic workers. Ten years ago the AEC sponsored a study of radiation workers at the Hanford, Wash., nuclear facility, the government's largest operation. The paper, "The Study of Lifetime Health and Mortality Experiences of Employees of ERDA Contractors," which was released in September 1977, arrives at conclusions that are shocking even to severe nuclear critics and will have to be faced by the atomic establishment.

Drs. Thomas Mancuso, Alice Stewart (one of the world's leading experts on low-level radiation and former head of epidemiology at Oxford University), and George Kneale, the study's principal investigators, concluded that the typical average radiation doses accumulated by *those workers who contracted cancer* was *100 millirems* per year. The radiation level allowed *around* nuclear facilities is *500* millirems per year, *five* times the average dose of the average industrial cancer victim. This means that people who live near reactors may be and often are receiving five times the amount of radiation that has been established as one of the primary causes of industrial cancer at Hanford. In light of the received doses of radiation to workers, the high incidence of cancer in that occupation is more horrifying than surprising. The fact is that the atomic establishment had *deliberately underestimated* worker exposure by from *500* to *2,000* times.

The DOE claims that no workers have died in commercial reactor accidents, and it is quick to point out that there are fewer accidents in the entire nuclear industry than there are in the coal industry. However, accidents to nuclear workers can have terrible consequences. People who know the story of the AEC reactor SL-1 at Idaho Falls, Idaho, cannot forget the details.

SL-1 was a small reactor belonging to a gigantic AEC testing station that covered an area nearly as large as Rhode Island. Three men, all in their twenties, were manning the reactor on the night of January 3, 1961. For several months the reactor had been having internal problems, and the crews had been ordered to perform regular safety tests on the control rods. Some of the rods had been disconnected, and others had been sticking. It was up to the three young men to perform the rather tricky job of standing on top of the reactor vessel and pulling up a rod that, if raised too high, could send the reactor out of control in less than a second. They had performed the test before, however; and it didn't seem to present a problem.

At 9:01 P.M. a radiation alarm sounded at the AEC fire station and at security headquarters. Two health physicists, a fire brigade, and security crews raced to the reactor, where they confronted deadly silence and enough radiation in the atmosphere to make their meters go off the scale. The reactor was so severely irradiated that men had to enter in turns, trying to stay for short periods of time so that they could not receive too much exposure. The entrance alone registered 500 rads and was a burned wreckage. Inside, their meters hit 1,000 rads—double what it takes to kill a person. One man was dead, and another died in the ambulance. Their bodies were so contaminated that they had to be packed in water, alcohol, and ice and then deposited in the radiation-proof vault at the chemical processing plant. It took the searchers a while to spot the other victim. Finally, they saw his body, impaled one story above the reactor floor. A reactor control rod had run through his groin and out his shoulder. It was six days before the body could be removed from the building. Twenty days later the three corpses were still in the vault. The heads and hands were so radioactive that they had to be cut off and buried with the rest of the "hot" waste. They will be radioactive for years—a grim signpost for the future.

> Federal officials say that there will be no solution to the problem of nuclear waste-disposal before 1988, and that even that date cannot be guaranteed.

What happened to the men who cleaned up the radioactive wreckage? The DOE says that no record of the workers was kept. What happened to the ambulance? the clothes, tools, rags? What happens to them in the minor accidents that occur at reactors all the time? This kind of low-level waste is generally stored in deteriorating containers in shallow trenches, which are neither safe nor final resting places. Scientists have found that low-level waste is much more dangerous than was previously believed, and in many cases the cellular damage created by continuous low-level exposure is more extensive than the damage created by periodic exposure to larger doses.

No matter how many precautions are taken, low-level waste escapes from nuclear plants. It is not possible to trace it all, and much of it finds its way into our everyday lives. A plant worker wears a "hot" shoe home; the baby plays on the floor where he walks; the dog licks the floor and, later, the child's face. The ramifications are limitless, and this kind of accident is common.

After an earlier accident at Idaho Falls, Walter Reuther had brought a suit against Detroit Edison to try to prevent the construction of Fermi I, the country's first and only commercial breeder reactor, near Detroit. Even in the early sixties, Reuther had records of forty potentially grave reactor accidents and the example of SL-1. He said, "It is clear that thousands of people would have been overexposed to radiation if the SL-1 had been built in a populated area." Reuther lost the suit, and Fermi I was built for $80 million. It experienced a fuel element melt-down accident soon after it had begun operating, however, and had to be shut down and was never operated again. The plant is still being decommissioned at enormous cost. Had the Fermi I accident occurred even under slightly different circumstances, it could have killed 60,000 people.

Neither the Fermi I story nor the record of the experimental breeder reactor EBR-1 in Idaho, which exploded in 1955, are happy precedents. In fact, no breeder has operated successfully in this country. Breeder believers go to great lengths to gloss over such frightening information as the fact that the breeder, unlike light-water reactors, could have an accident that would cause a nuclear explosion. The industry's term for such an explosion is "core disruption accident" or CDA. Among breeder supporters is Sen. Frank Church of Idaho. One might suppose that two major nuclear accidents in his state would have given him pause for thought, but the DOE is the biggest employer in Idaho, and Church rationalizes: "We have let the plutonium genie out of the bottle, and it is here to stay."

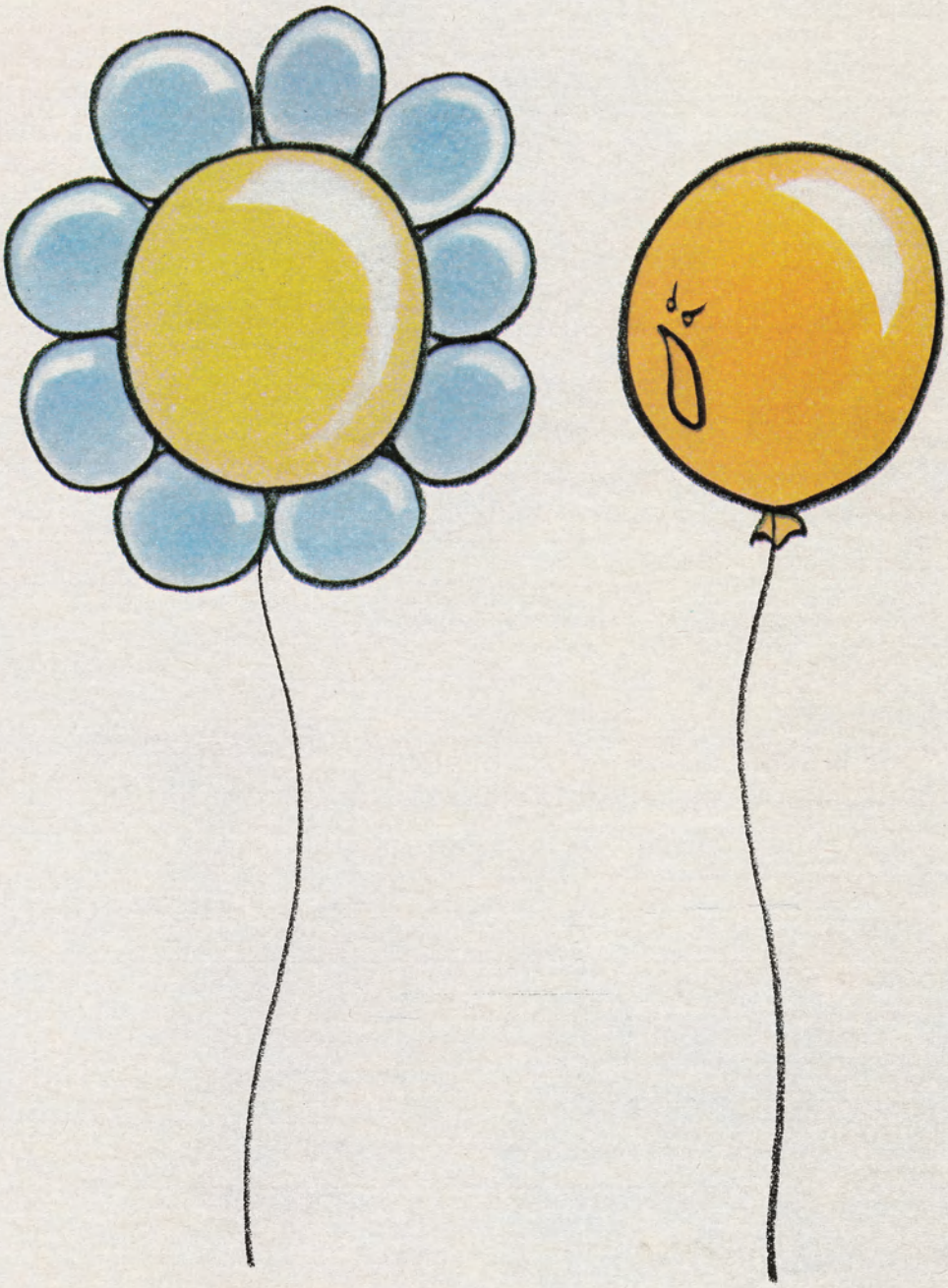
If plutonium is here to stay, so are reactor-made poisonous emissions, such as strontium 90. When James Schlesinger says, "I would sleep right near the nuclear plant; there is no question about that," one hopes that he is ill informed, not ill intentioned. Dr. Sternglass has conducted a report that has recently been released. It deals with the Millstone Reactor in Connecticut and discloses the following facts: in Waterford County, where the reactor is located, between 1970 and 1975, the cancer rate rose *58* percent; in New London, five miles downwind from the reactor, cancer increased *44* percent. Lest Mr. Schlesinger assume that he can live safely upwind of his "comfortable neighbor," New Haven, some thirty miles upwind of Millstone, experienced a *27* percent increase in the cancer rate. (The national cancer increase for the same period was 6 percent.)

Millstone management is quick to point out that the radiation present around the reactor is no greater than it is elsewhere in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"For starters, why don't you stop talking to the goddamn plants?"

Dixie Ann has no intention of ever leaving Alabama.
"This is where my family has lived for generations, where most of my childhood friends are, where I have my roots."
She doesn't understand why people go north to live in big cities. "It takes away that feeling of belonging to something that you get only in a small town." Now twenty-one, Dixie is attending a nearby college.
Until last year, she had thought about becoming a teacher, but an art elective in pottery changed her mind.
"The moment I first felt that cool, damp clay in my hands, I knew it was for me."

Dixieland Delight

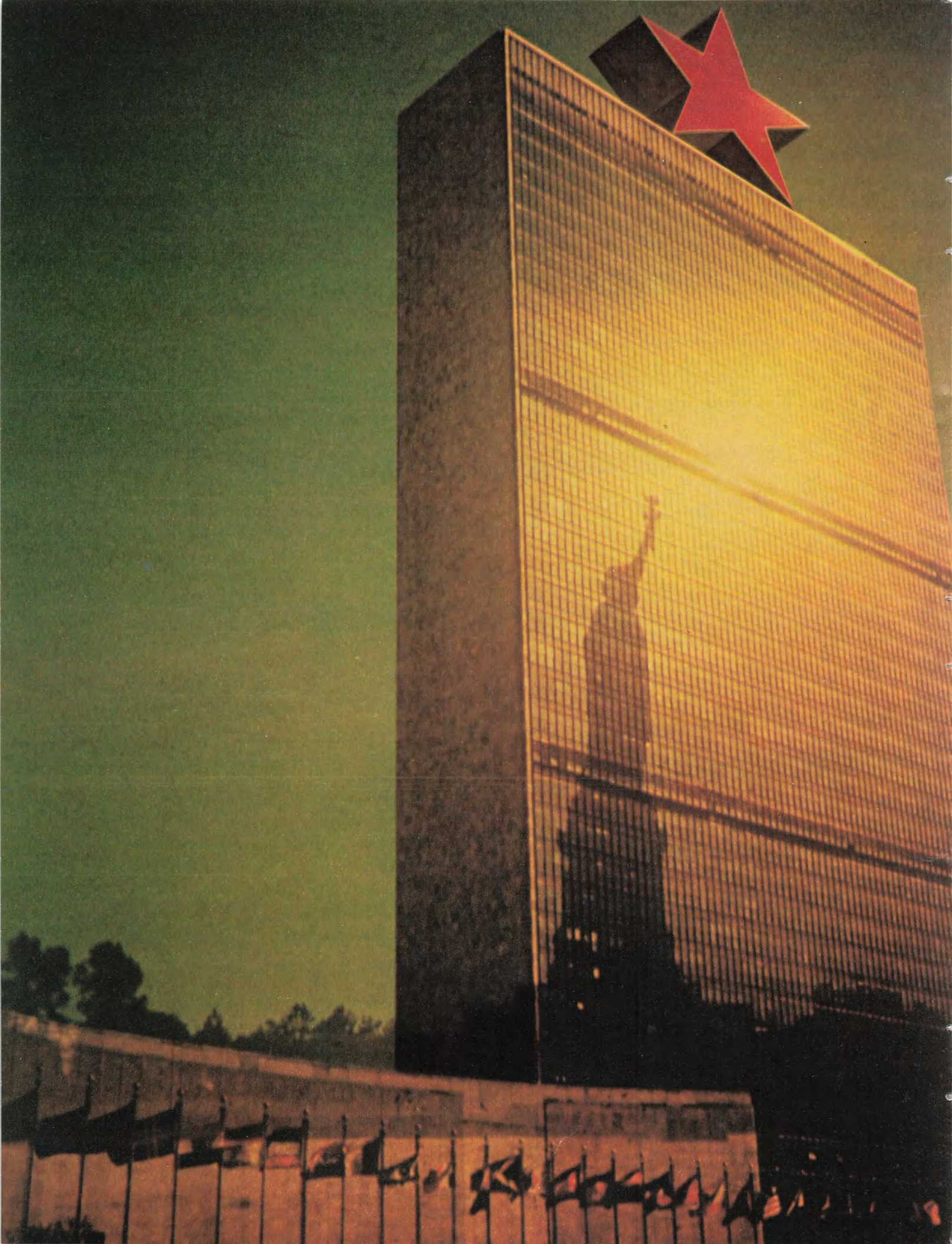
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTER FLODQVIST

"I'm not saying I have any special kind of talent . . . just that I really feel comfortable with clay. When I'm turning that wheel and just letting my hands work almost on their own, somehow I create something beautiful, it makes me feel more powerful and more fulfilled than nearly anything else."

In bed this perfectly molded 36-23-36-inch delight likes to reverse that role. "I like feeling compliant and malleable. I'm the clay, and I want the man to have the power, as long as he's tender and loving." Out of bed, Dixie also wants the man to take the lead.

"I want to help my man with whatever career or pursuits matter to him, and I want to look the way he wants me to look. My last lover asked me to let my hair grow long, because he thinks long hair is more feminine. I'll never cut it short again." Does she resent the stereotype of the southern belle as a notorious flirt? "Well," she says, smiling, "I'm afraid I'd personally have to plead a whole lot more than guilty. I love to flirt, and I love to get all dressed up and walk past a group of men who whistle at me. Of course, I pretend to hate it . . . that's only natural."

And her future plans? "Well, when I graduate, I'm going to open my own ceramics store. And, of course, I want to settle down with one man someday and raise a family. I know that he'll be very masculine and probably very dark and mysterious, maybe of Mediterranean or Spanish descent. Maybe it's the contrast between them and me, since I'm pretty fair, but men like that really make me feel like a woman." Anything else? "Well, I'd never live in a home that wasn't positively *flooded* with sunshine. It really brightens my days." As, we assume, Dixie will have brightened yours.



Some 200 Russian agents are working under United Nations cover to destroy our country. The United States pays 25 percent of their salaries.

KGB IN NEW YORK: THE UNITED NATIONS SOVIET SPY BASE

BY JOE TRENTO AND DAVE ROMAN

The Soviet Union's international secret police—the KGB—is operating at an unprecedented pace and scale in the United States today. A six-month-long investigation by this magazine reveals that the KGB—the largest, best-trained, and best-paid intelligence service in the world, consisting of approximately 500,000 employees—is now basing all American operations out of the United Nations complex in New York.

More than 200 Russian KGB agents work under U.N. "cover" as employees at all levels of the U.N. Secretariat, which handles all administration and programs for the world body. These agents act in obvious contravention of their U.N. oath not "to accept instructions . . . from any government or other authority."

Furthermore, American citizens, who pay some $118 million each year to the United Nations, are literally financing 25 percent of the KGB agents' salaries.

Penthouse also learned:

- There is no efficient security check conducted to make certain that U.N. employees are not affiliated with foreign intelligence services or that they do not have other questionable backgrounds.
- Because the most knowledgeable and expert CIA counterintelligence officers were forced out of the agency in 1975, the KGB and other foreign intelligence agencies now have a free rein within the United States.
- A large percentage of the KGB force operating from the United Nations are known officers in Department V—the KGB elite specializing in murder, terrorism, and sabotage.

During its investigation *Penthouse* interviewed former top CIA and FBI counterintelligence officials and several Soviet agents and reviewed U.N. personnel files. It learned that KGB agents are currently concentrating their major efforts on the following vital areas:

- The CIA computer system at Langley;
- The Nevada Nuclear Test Site, where highly accurate MIRV warheads are tested;
- The recruitment of fired CIA officials, embittered over their treatment by CIA director Stansfield Turner;
- The Trident Nuclear Submarine Program.

"The KGB is made up of top professionals, who are dedicated and well rewarded for their efforts," James Jesus Angleton, the former head of CIA counterintelligence, told *Penthouse*. Angleton confirms the U.N. activities by the KGB and says, "Diplomatic access and immunity make the United Nations a spy nest." He told *Penthouse* that the "key" figure in all of the Soviet Union's U.N. activities is Vassili V. Vakhrushev.

At fifty-five the urbane Vakhrushev is at the height of his profession as both a U.N. and a KGB administrator.

Since 1975 he has been acting director of the United Nations Information Center in Moscow. But one set of duties that is not in his U.N. pledge is the one that he conducts for the KGB. According to FBI officials, Vakhrushev is running the KGB operation in the United States.

Angleton has a high regard for Vakhrushev's abilities as an agent and a KGB officer: "He is a top man. He gets the best of everything because he has proven himself to the KGB, and their system of rewards and promotions is much less bureaucratic than our own."

Vakhrushev's post has traditionally been held by a KGB official. But in 1975, when Vakhrushev was approved as the new "acting director," the appointment was made with the understanding that he would supervise the KGB's U.S. operation from the safety of Moscow. When he needs to come to the United States, his diplomatic immunity allows him to do so as often as necessary.

His hiring at the United Nations was orchestrated with the smoothness that one would expect from an international organization. Two high U.N. officials, W.H. Tarzi of Afghanistan and A.S. Efimov of the Soviet Union, arranged for the contract. Soviet aid to Afghanistan was one lever the KGB pushed to get their man approved.

In addition, the Soviets are allowed to call Vakhrushev "acting director" no matter how long he holds his post. This provision allows the KGB to move him to another post without any U.N. investigation.

As one U.N. spokesman put it, "It is a political thing. We have fifty of these U.N. information offices, and the Soviets enjoy this title business by themselves."

One of Vakhrushev's predecessors in the U.N. job had been Mikhail Mikhailovich Antipov—a Department V officer who had saturated the United Nations with KGB operations during the 1960s.

Vakhrushev's secret employment file, which was examined by *Penthouse*, reveals that not even a cursory investigation into his background was made. He first caught the eye of Soviet intelligence officials during his wartime career in the Red Army. In postwar Russia he was lifted out of obscurity and sent to the International Relations School at Moscow University. The KGB sponsored his education. His on-the-job training was begun in the Foreign Ministry in Moscow in 1948. His knowledge of

Photography by Bill Rubens/Image Bank

other cultures shone, and Vakhrushev was assigned to the KGB's disinformation branch at the Foreign Language Publishing House in Moscow.

Listed on his 1975 U.N. application is one V.N. Pavlov. This reference would be more suitable if one were looking for a job as a political hit man. Pavlov is today an administrative officer in Department V. He was tossed out of Canada during Expo 67 for his operation of a terrorist unit there. Vakhrushev had worked under him in Canada.

Another famous reference on Vakhrushev's application is Yakov A. Malik, former Soviet representative to the U.N. Malik had been deputy director of all clandestine services abroad for the KGB during the transition period after Stalin died.

Also listed as a character and job reference is one of the few KGB agents with full ambassadorial rank—S.A. Vinogradov, who oversaw KGB operations from his diplomatic post in Egypt during Nasser's romance with the Soviets.

(According to CIA sources, these operations included the murder of U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld in the Congo in 1961. These sources indicate that the Russians murdered Hammarskjöld because of his opposition to their scheme to install a "troika"—a three-man tribunal—to run the United Nations. A secret report prepared by the CIA for President Kennedy in 1962 stated: "There is evidence collected by our technical field operatives that the explosive device aboard the aircraft was of standard KGB incendiary design." The CIA sources say that Kennedy kept this information secret because its publication would have destroyed any chance for agreement on a nuclear test-ban treaty with the Russians in 1963. The United Nations rejected the "troika" proposal after an emotional appeal by Kennedy in 1961; he asked the nations of the world to honor Hammarskjöld's memory by turning down the Russian scheme.)

The rest of Vakhrushev's background is, according to Angleton, typical of a KGB official. The KGB put him through advanced training in history and in communications. He became fluent in English, French, and Spanish for his assignments.

But it was his ability to get along with Westerners that brought him to the attention of the KGB's top brass on Dzerzhinsky Square in Moscow. In 1959 Vakhrushev was assigned to be the interpreter for Averell Harriman on the latter's trip to Russia in connection with the blossoming cultural-exchange program with the United States. In a book that Governor Harriman wrote, he thanked Vakhrushev for his company on the trip. According to one former Angleton staff member, who asked not to have his name used, "This caused Vakhrushev's stock to soar. He made a real breakthrough with winning Harriman's confidence. From then on he had a role in selecting false Soviet defectors to feed disinformation to the CIA. Vakhrushev was considered to be an expert on the American mentality."

Before his hunting-accident death last fall, former FBI Security Director William Sullivan told *Penthouse* that "Vakhrushev is a refinement of the Soviet intelligence process. Installing him was a stroke of genius, since he could use the U.N. sanctity to send U.S. military and political secrets through the U.N. diplomatic pouch."

Among the papers that *Penthouse* obtained concerning Vakhrushev is a special order naming him "diplomatic pouch certifying officer." According to CIA counterintelligence officials, this position allows Vakhrushev to send secret transmissions safely back and forth.

Vakhrushev's position with the United Nations involves running the U.N. information center in Moscow, one of fifty such centers around the world. His duties include promoting U.N. activities within the Soviet bloc, recruiting Soviet-bloc citizens for U.N. jobs, and handling all secret U.N. correspondence within the Soviet bloc. This job allows him access to U.N. conferences and permits him to travel freely on a U.N. passport to the United States.

> More than 200 Russian KGB agents work under U.N. cover as employees at all levels of the U.N. Secretariat.

Vakhrushev's real duties—those with the KGB—involve not only running U.S. operations for the KGB but also overseeing the entire Western Hemisphere, with special emphasis on Canada, Mexico, and the Caribbean. Day-to-day KGB communications from the United States are sent through the Soviet embassy in Washington, D.C. When major decisions have to be made, reports are sent to Vakhrushev via the diplomatic pouch. (According to *Penthouse* sources, Arkady Shevchenko, the Soviet U.N. official who defected to the U.S. in April, was not part of Vakhrushev's KGB operation in the United Nations.)

The CIA's central computer system is perhaps the KGB's most important American target. The implications of the system's being breached are enormous. Angleton is certain that a breach has occurred. In 1972 a CIA counterintelligence memo warned the CIA itself that "the lack of an in-house repair capability and the problem of breaching the computer system through electronics signal devices from the outside present a dire security question. As of now, the system cannot be protected, and no technology exists to guarantee the integrity of the system, and none will exist in the foreseeable future."

Speaking to *Penthouse* recently, Angleton said that his worst fears had been proved right. "Everything in the CIA archives is now in the CIA computer, and over the last five years the computer has been breached from the outside. The threat to the national security from that computer is a tremendous one." Angleton's staff discovered that an employee for a large computer company that serviced the CIA computer had been recruited by the KGB. He explained how the Russians worked: "We engaged in game theory. We played with programming the computer—as we got information, we fed it into the computer and we learned how the CIA operated."

Another area Vakhrushev concentrated on was the U.S. weapons program, specifically the MIRV program and neutron bomb project being tested at the Nevada nuclear test site.

Penthouse learned that the KGB had agents posing as newsmen on the site and in active test tunnels as recently as six months ago. The Russians also have agents working for a construction company at the site. These agents, who were cleared by the American government, were working in test preparation.

Perhaps the most frightening aspect of the KGB's U.N. operation is one of the United States' own making. The CIA, under the orders of Adm. Stansfield Turner, its director, has ordered almost a thousand veteran CIA clandestine-services personnel fired. Many of those being fired are just short of retirement. Many are considered to be brilliant. Politically, the group is slowly banding together. James Angleton's Security and Intelligence Fund, which was formed last year, has been a rallying point for many of the fired operatives.

Penthouse spoke to a man who had directed much of the cooperative effort with multinationals in Latin America. He told a bizarre story of KGB recruitment.

"They came to me through a CIA guy who was axed last summer, after eighteen years with the agency. He was a photo interpreter. He told me that all I had to do was to describe the energy-monitoring program of the agency and I would find myself with $30,000 in my bank account.

"I asked who wanted to know, and he told me it was information for a U.N. official. I asked him why he had sold out; he said he needed the money. They had cut him off without a nickel of retirement, and he had an invalid child at home. I couldn't turn him in," the former CIA official told *Penthouse*.

"The danger of some of these people being recruited is real. The agency has left some of them emotionally raw. The overwhelming amount are pros, they will survive, and they are patriotic, but the agency will never be the same," Angleton said.

Angleton's own personal experience gives his words a bitter veracity—he himself was a victim of one of Henry Kissinger's most devious schemes.

"Try not to think of me as an ordinary elephant, but as a rather large circus person."

Angleton had long been a thorn in Kissinger's side. Although the counterintelligence expert continually expressed concern that Kissinger refused CIA briefings on how to avoid trap questions by Soviet officials, Kissinger continued to meet alone in Washington with high Russian officials. In such meetings it is standard CIA practice to brief the diplomat to make certain that a pattern of questioning is not developing that would lead the diplomat to reveal U.S. secrets. Angleton said he was worried that Kissinger might be inadvertently giving the Russians valuable information about the U.S. nuclear strategy.

After CIA Director Richard Helms was replaced by William Colby, the buffer between Kissinger and Angleton was gone. As Angleton explains it, "Politicians were running the CIA with Colby and his people."

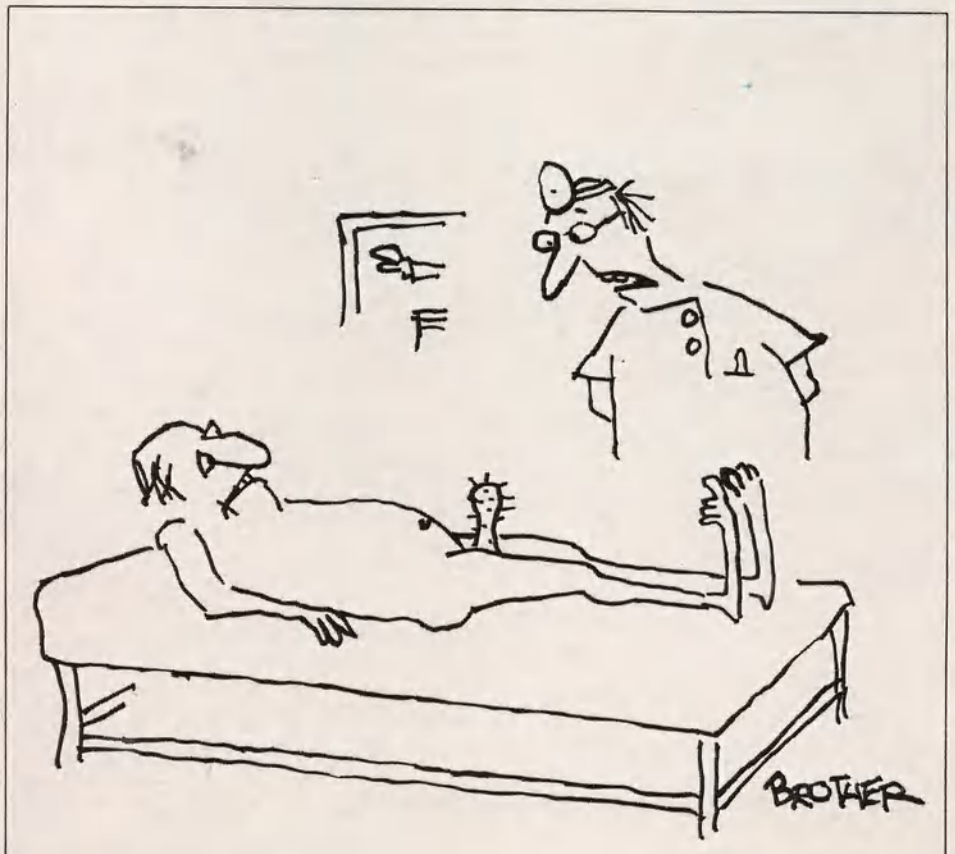
Kissinger asked Colby to do anything he could to force Angleton and his entire staff to resign. In 1974 Colby provided Kissinger with information about an illegal mail-surveillance program that Angleton technically supervised. In point of fact, the program was a counterintelligence tool.

Through Colby, Kissinger released the story to the press. Then Angleton and his staff were summoned to Colby's office. According to Angleton, Colby said that because the story was out, the counterintelligence team would have to resign for the good of the agency. They all did.

"With that intensely political act, the counterintelligence shop we had built for thirty years was destroyed," Angleton says.

Angleton is not alone in feeling that, with the destruction of an effective U.S. counterintelligence, the Soviets have been given carte blanche. (In fact, there has been much speculation recently that the American intelligence community has been infiltrated by a Russian agent—or "mole"—at the highest levels.) One FBI inspector told *Penthouse* that counterintelligence at the FBI has become "a routine of tailing diplomats and electronic surveillance. But when it is done through the diplomatic service, you need a CIA operation to control this kind of activity. It just isn't working very well anymore. We once had hundreds of agents assigned to covering the KGB. But, hell, the mounties in Canada do a better job now."

What angers Angleton most about the U.N. operation is the irony of the United States' funding 25 percent of the salaries of all 374 Soviet citizens working in New York. The United States pays the highest assessment for the U.N.—some $118 million for 1978. Angleton estimates that between "40 and 65 percent of the employees that the Russians have at the United Nations are KGB operatives." As a professional, Angleton admires the U.N. operation. "How could you do any better? You travel in the highest social and economic circles. It is a perfect place to recruit, to blackmail, and to gain access to information."



"Too many dry martinis."

It's simple for KGB officials to be hired by the United Nations. The United Nations takes potential employees at their word. According to U.N. spokesman William P. Powell, "We have working here a group of international civil servants who have sworn to uphold an oath. We take them at their word. We require no security clearances."

Powell dismissed reports of previously expelled U.N. officials as KGB agents as "just newspaper stories" and confirmed that Vakhrushev's contract does not expire until 1979.

One area that does concern Department of Justice officials is the blatant operation of Department V teams in the United States. "We know the Soviets have trained saboteurs working in teams in California and the Midwest," one FBI official said. "But if we try to do something about it, people will call us paranoid."

"The FBI is paralyzed," Angleton says angrily.

According to one member of Angleton's former team, working as a congressional adviser, "It is not just the United States the KGB people target on. They go for their own defectors. They seek out and blackmail and kill defectors. Recruiting back a defector is valuable for them, and they can do that rather easily if the defector has a family in Russia."

Some of the methods used by the KGB are very heavy-handed. Indiscreet congressmen have been blackmailed by the KGB. "The use of sex is very popular as a tool by the KGB," says the congressional aide. *Penthouse* learned, for example, that the KGB tried and failed to blackmail former Illinois Congressman Kenneth J. Gray. The KGB threatened to reveal Gray's relationship with Elizabeth Ray, who worked for him in 1972 and who was later to accuse Gray and other congressmen of sexual misbehavior. Gray rejected the KBG threat and announced his retirement from Congress in 1973.

Another method of gaining information is through unsuspecting American journalists. According to Angleton: "They are always looking for a story," and "sometimes a KGB agent, posing as a news source, will feed a reporter a story. I know it happened, because the CIA used to make certain the KGB had phony stories, too." Once the reporter gains confidence in the source, information goes back and forth between them. Vakhrushev's résumé, not so incidentally, reveals that he is a member of the Soviet journalists' union.

At the bottom of the dozens of pages of Vakhrushev's U.N. file is the oath he signed when he accepted his position: "I solemnly swear . . . to exercise in all loyalty, discretion, and conscience the functions entrusted to me as an international civil servant of the United Nations, to discharge these functions and regulate my conduct with the interest of the United Nations only in view, and not to seek or accept instructions in regard to the performance of my duties from any government or other authority external to the organization."

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Some of New York's mighty drug lords
are too short to see over the steering wheels of their Cadillacs.
But if you're fourteen years old and are
making $200,000 tax free, you can just hire a chauffeur.

BY BOB HERBERT

A fourteen-year-old boy emerges from a Times Square movie theater on a hot July afternoon. He is black, somewhat stocky, and wears a white hat with a wide brim. He has just seen *The Deep* but was not impressed. He prefers occult films or animated sex movies. He lights a reefer, inhales, and holds the smoke in. The sudden change in temperature from the coolness of the air-conditioned theater makes him perspire. He pulls a red handkerchief from his jeans and wipes his forehead. The handkerchief matches his sneakers. His shirt is also red, and so are the bands on his hat and his watch. The boy's name is Donald, and he always color-coordinates his clothes and accessories. He has an image to maintain. He's a rising star in New York's narcotics underworld.

Three policemen go by as Donald finishes the reefer. He checks his watch and then walks the few blocks to the lot where he has parked his $22,000 silverblue Mercedes. He tips the attendant ten dollars, drives west to Eighth Avenue, and then north toward Harlem. The car is air-conditioned. A tape is playing the latest in soul-disco, and the marijuana has started a buzz. In a few minutes Donald will be in the abandoned apartment that he uses as a headquarters. He will inventory the drugs on hand and count the cash that has come in since morning—about $3,000. Then he will issue instructions to his lieutenants about the rest of the day's operations. The apartment is guarded on a twenty-four-hour basis by armed teenagers on the lookout for rival gangs, junkies, and burglars.

Business is particularly good for Donald these days. For all practical purposes, the war against drugs in New York is over. The primary battleground was supposed to have been Harlem, the city's heroin-distribution center, and law enforcement authorities moved in a few years ago with the heaviest of weapons—the nation's toughest antinarcotics laws. Violators were threatened with life imprisonment, and a bounty was offered to anyone who would help catch and convict a pusher. Dealers were expected to flee the streets like vermin from a burning tenement. Instead, they adjusted. For example, street sales, to a large extent, were turned over to children, who were exempt from the harsh penalties. More important, the authorities were ill prepared to fight the war that they claim to have started. Court calendars were further clogged, and the city's fiscal crisis forced severe cutbacks in narcotics-enforcement funds and personnel. Today, five years after enactment of the laws, it is easier to buy drugs in some sections of New York than it is to pick up a loaf of bread.

Donald started dealing two years ago, after a high-paying apprenticeship as a drug holder and delivery boy. He is now known as a Fleetwood Kid, the innocuous-sounding nickname given to teenagers (and even younger kids) involved in the most lucrative and dangerous aspects of street crime in New York. According to Sterling Johnson, Jr., New York's special narcotics prosecutor, these kids are already playing a major role in the city's narcotics underworld. "They are the wave of the future in the drug business and related industries," he says; and by related industries, Johnson means murder, kidnapping, extortion, and armed robbery—not just in Harlem but citywide.

The kids were nicknamed Fleetwood because of the expensive cars that have become their trademark—Fleetwoods, Eldorados, Mercedeses, Rolls-Royces. Some of the kids are too short to see over the steering wheel, but this is a minor matter for youngsters handling hundreds of thousands of dollars. The really little ones hire chauffeurs.

"It's ironic," says Johnson. "The average drug trafficker has gotten younger, but the younger kids are much more vicious than the older dealers of a few years ago. It's a whole new world now. There was a case where a teenager had a drug operation going and another kid ripped him off for a small amount of money—one or two hundred dollars, which is chump change to these kids. But in this business if somebody rips you off, you have to punish him, and punishment means you have to kill him. A couple of weeks later the teenager spotted the guy who ripped him off. So he pulled out his gun and marched the guy to a nearby park, where he made him sit on a rock and then calmly blew his brains out."

Donald is fairly typical of the ghetto teenager striving for success in the realm of narcotics. He hasn't gone to school since he

Letterforms by Ray Barber

was ten. At first, he spent most of his time playing basketball, gambling, and snatching pocketbooks. "Then," he says, "this dude asked me if I wanted to make some heavy money." That was the beginning of his apprenticeship, and by the time he was eleven Donald was making from five to six hundred dollars a week. He saved his money until he had enough to buy a couple of kilos of heroin. Then he staked out a sales territory and went into business. He now heads a small group of teenaged entrepreneurs who supply the heroin for a four-block-square pocket of Harlem just north of 125th Street. He's not choosy about his customers, however. Drug buyers from downtown, as well as from New Jersey and Connecticut, have been seen purchasing the little glassine packets at curbside in Donald's territory. The cars have been photographed and filmed by the police, but Donald hasn't been arrested.

"I've never been arrested," he boasts. "The cops tried to get me, but they can't. My lawyer says I'm cool until I get sixteen; then I got to worry."

Donald claims that he makes about $200,000 a year, and undercover police officers say that sounds about right. His ambition is to hit the big time, like Leroy "Nicky" Barnes, who was the most powerful drug dealer in the city until he was sent to jail earlier this year. "I wanna be bigger than Nicky Barnes," says Donald in a voice that is disconcerting because it sounds like that of a fourteen-year-old. Watching Donald operate, you tend to think of him as older.

Donald's personal style is a mixture of drug world clichés and adolescent foolishness. For luck, he carries $5,000 with him at all times. For protection, he carries a 38-caliber revolver. All of his clothes, including jeans, are custom-made. His "main" girl friend is eighteen, and he keeps a portrait photograph of her in his wallet. He recently bought her a Jaguar. Both his Mercedes and the Jaguar are registered in her name. Donald says that he doesn't like Cadillacs, which most of his friends drive, because Cadillacs aren't cool. "Foreign cars are what's happenin'," he explains. "They got class."

Donald lives in a seven-room apartment on the fringe of Harlem. He has a housekeeper and a maid, and there is always a variety of girls around. The apartment is luxuriously carpeted but haphazardly decorated. Donald's taste is erratic. For example, huge imitation African masks are mounted on one living room wall, while directly opposite are framed pinups from *Penthouse*, *Hustler*, and *Players* magazines. He has a $3,000 circular, canopied bed but eats at a card table, which he also uses for poker games with extraordinarily high stakes.

A cop who knows Donald claims that his underworld success cannot last. "His operation is protected by an older, more established dealer," the cop says. "But this kid is too flamboyant. He handles too much paper. He operates too openly. Somebody is bound to take him out. It happens all the time."

There are thousands of youngsters running—or driving—around the city, chasing this ghetto version of the American Dream, trying to live like Donald or even Barnes. Although it is a dangerous chase, the chances of a kid's hitting it big in the drug world are better now than they have ever been. The tough New York State drug laws, enacted in 1973 during the administration of former Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, work in favor of younger criminals. Many older dealers are quite content to have boys and girls do the legwork that is the final link between drug distributors and drug consumers. And, as with Donald, the "heavy" amounts of money to be made give the kids the opportunity to make wholesale purchases of their own, thus boosting them up the dealership ladder.

Also working in favor of the kids is the tremendous size of the New York heroin market. A major purpose of the Rockefeller drug laws was to reduce heroin consumption and thereby decrease the amount of drug-related crime. By all accounts, that aspect of the law has failed.

Johnson says, "There is more dope on the streets now than at any time since the late sixties or early seventies, when we had an epidemic going. We've got another epidemic, but it's more critical this time because of the fiscal crisis in the enforcement area. They've slashed my budget by more than 50 percent. And these kids are outrageous. They're involved in everything—murder, kidnapping. They've even got hit men and, believe it or not, hit women."

Johnson refuses to concede that the war against drugs is lost. But he does not try to hide even the most discouraging facts. For example, he says: "In some New York communities, narcotics and related activities are the biggest industry. What can you say to a kid in an area where unemployment is approaching 60 percent and he learns he can make $500 a week just holding dope? The young kids are rarely caught. The traditional enforcement method against dope is for undercover police to make buys as they infiltrate higher and higher into the organization. Since the fiscal cutbacks, it's the youngest officers who are laid off, the ones who could do the infiltrating.

"The kids know what's going on. They know all about the drug laws. We had one tell us he was going to make his last sale on the day before his sixteenth birthday and then retire."

Johnson emphasizes the violent aspects of the Fleetwood phenomenon. "The kids are kidnapping other peddlers and holding them for ransom; they're ripping each other off, killing each other. They are definitely more violent now, and I think it's a reflection of young people as a whole. This is an incredibly violent society."

One man who had a frightening en-

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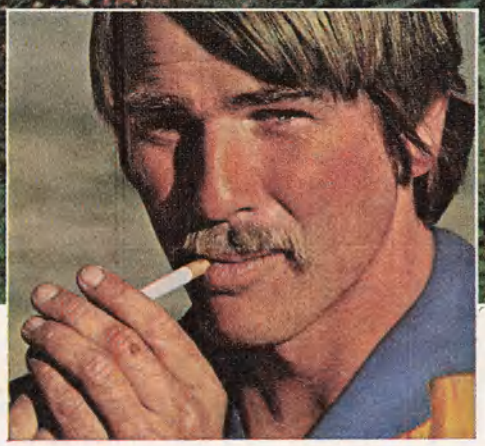

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counter with the violence of the Fleetwoods is Donnie Kendall, a twenty-seven-year-old undercover cop. Last year Kendall was a member of a street team known as the Seven-Ups, a group of seven police officers who constituted the only all-black undercover unit in New York. His job was to infiltrate an organized band of hotheaded young dealers and find out who was supplying their dope.

About 8:00 PM. last March 1, Kendall and a confidential police informant were approaching the infamous intersection of 147th Street and Eighth Avenue. Kendall was supposed to make a drug purchase from a young thug named Fat Jimmy. The informant was nervous. He knew better than Kendall the recent history of the intersection. Since January there had been at least twenty-three shootings at 147th and Eighth. Neighborhood residents live in perpetual fear, scattering at the merest hint of trouble. The Yardbird Suite tavern is on the northwest corner. It's owned by Wesley Diggs, whose wife, two sons, and two daughters were shot to death in their suburban Teaneck, N.J., home two weeks before Christmas 1975. The mass execution still has not been explained. Then Diggs's brother Arnold was wounded in the face in a shooting at the bar.

As Kendall and the informant neared the corner, they were stopped by two young boys, who offered to sell them some heroin.

"Damn," said Kendall. "These kids aren't any older than nine or ten."

"They got no respect," grumbled the informant. "In the old days there weren't no kids involved."

Kendall told the kids that he wasn't interested, and they took off. Within minutes two older youths came dashing across the street, and one of them leveled a gun at Kendall's eyes. Just as he was about to shoot, the informant smacked his arm and the bullet whipped past Kendall's head. Kendall yanked out his service revolver and emptied it at the two assailants, shooting both of them, although not fatally. The entire frantic episode lasted only a few seconds, and it was only after it was over that Kendall remembered he had been wired for sound. The attack, which Kendall claims was simply a street-corner holdup attempt, was recorded on tape.

Kendall, who grew up in New York and was never naïve about the streets, admits that he wasn't prepared for the scene he encountered when he began his undercover work. "At first I couldn't adjust to the fact that kids this young were involved. Their goal is to become a big-time pusher or a pimp. One time I went into a hallway to make a buy, but my contact didn't have any dope with him. I said, 'Okay, man, I'll come back later,' but he said to wait a minute, and he called a little girl over, who was about eleven or twelve years old. She rolled up her shirt sleeve, and she had bundles of heroin strapped to her arm. I was shocked.

"And the influence of these young kids is vast. People are scared of them. They terrorize the neighborhoods to the point where residents are afraid to go outside, even to go to work."

Kendall points out that a crucial aspect of the Fleetwoods' influence is the seductive lure of their life-style. "Other kids see what they've got, and they want it, too. Big cars. Piles of money. And most of their women are superstars. They catch some of these girls at fourteen or fifteen, the best-looking ones, and they buy them cars, fur coats, diamonds. They go on shopping sprees at Bloomingdale's. Sometimes these guys hit the clubs with two girls at a time, trying to make themselves look good. They order magnums of champagne and flash big money all night long. It's unbelievable. They're so young."

The Fleetwood Kids are patterning themselves after the older black dealers who have made hundreds of millions of dollars from the sale of drugs in New York since the outbreak of the Vietnam War. The key development was the discovery, by black servicemen, of the opium-rich Golden Triangle of Laos, Burma, and Thailand. As Johnson explains, "Until then, white organized crime had a monopoly on the drug trade because of its links with Europe. The Golden Triangle provided blacks with their own link, and they made the most of it."

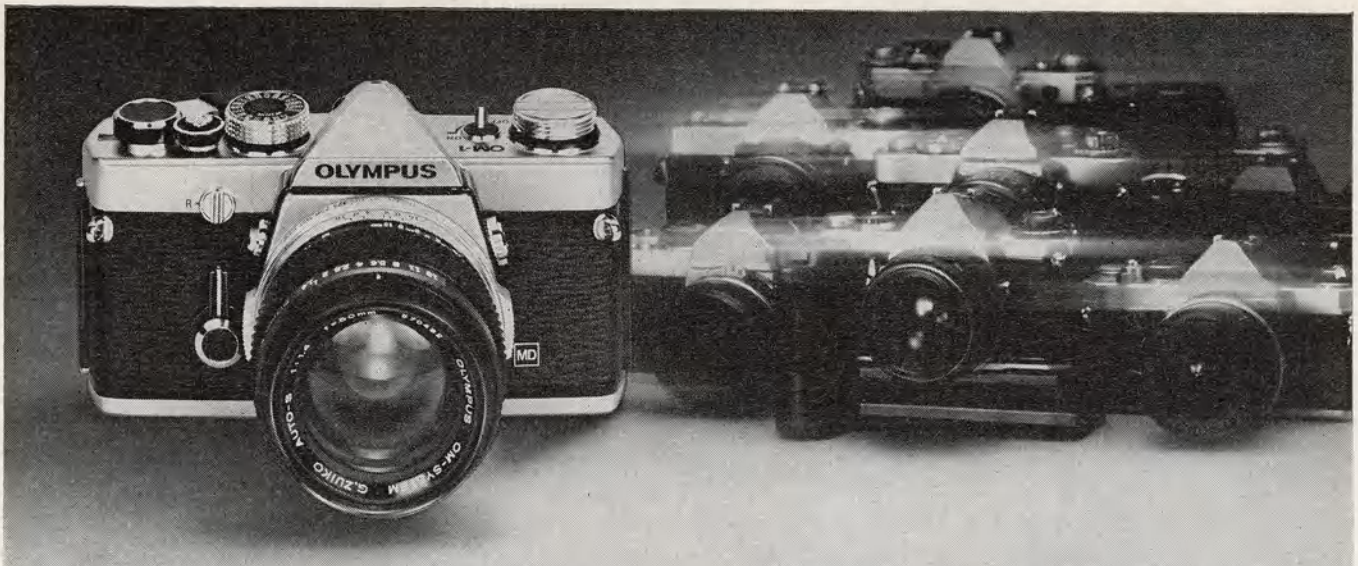
To the amazement of established white dealers, blacks began employing slick Madison Avenue marketing techniques—such as the use of brand names, symbols, and slogans—to enhance their product. Suddenly, neat little packets of heroin, about the size of a Sweet 'n' Low, began showing up with elaborate designs and brand names like Good Pussy, Be Fatal, Temptation, and Revenge. The junkies loved it. More than 300 different brand names of heroin are now being sold on the streets in New York.

Before long the dealers recognized a very curious trend. Although drug sales were steadily increasing, hardly anyone was getting arrested. The dealers became bolder and bolder. Sales that previously were made in vestibules were now being made outside. More and more dealers were willing to sell to strangers, no questions asked. Sellers moved from the middle of relatively quiet blocks to the major intersections. Sales continued to grow. People began to speak of the "outdoor drug supermarkets" along Eighth Avenue, between 111th and 147th streets. By the end of last year, the sale of hard drugs in New York had become so wide open that it was an embarrassment to public officials. And the most flagrant dealers of all were the Fleetwood Kids.

On one occasion, on a walking tour among the outdoor sellers, Johnson was accompanied by Harlem Congressman Charles Rangel and former Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton. Said Rangel: "These goddamned guys are so arrogant, so bold, that even after they recognized we were public officials, they said, 'Man, we're taking care of business. If you

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

"My parents still think oral sex is what guys talk about after intercourse."



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But She Was Not Mirabelle

Konrad Vost expected to find
his daughter in the school playground.
He was confronted, instead, by an
irresistible child-whore.

FICTION BY JOHN HAWKES

In retrospect he was not able to discover the source of the well-being he felt that day or of the realization, upon him once more, that again the day had arrived when, as many times before, he would devote his entire afternoon to his daughter, Mirabelle. But there it was: the good feeling, the benevolence, the exhilaration of seeing the day through a sheet of ice, and the determination that he would now refuse the ordinary demands of his daily life in the pharmacy and undertake the long, familiar walk in order to greet Mirabelle at the end of her day at school. The satisfaction attendant on this decision was immense: the students would emerge from the several gray buildings behind the wall on the top of which were strung the long strands of protective wire; the students would fill the sandy compound with the life of their bodies; he would be there; the moving students would remind him of Gagnon's birds; he would see Mirabelle, he would stand and wave; Mirabelle would return his greeting, surprised, happily understanding that once again her father was taking the trouble to walk home with her from school. Arm in arm, they would set off together as they had done less and less frequently in these five surprisingly bearable years since the death of the mother.

He was breathing exactly the same clear cold air as would soon fill the lungs of the dispersing students. He was alone and walking eastward into the shadows of exactly the same street he would soon be traversing westward into pale, fading light with Mirabelle. It was the route of the small, infrequent trolley cars, those doorless vehicles of gray, riveted metal, and the sight of the narrow rails embedded in a field partly of cobblestones, partly concrete, and of the sagging overhead cable and of the tin-roofed shelters where waited no passengers, no parents with children in hand: the sight of this thoroughfare on which he alone was proceeding could only evoke, as he strode along, the sound of Mirabelle's voice at his side and the vision of the entire schoolful of students swarming toward him suddenly with arms in the air and shoes and boots clattering on the empty stones.

He reached the landmark of the fountain, an amateurish replica in concrete of a dolphin from the mouth of which trickled not a drop of water. He turned the familiar corner, where now, as always, he was both vindicated and offended by the smell of sewage pumping upward through an iron grate in the stones; he approached within sight and hearing distance of the low, darkening school. But he heard nothing. He saw no one. He quickened his pace. With misgivings, with the utmost of disappointment, he entered the sandy square intended for recreation and calisthenics. But it was empty, except for a single girl who was walking listlessly in his direction and who was not Mirabelle. The impossible had happened. He was too late. Nevertheless, he decided to speak to the girl, who evidently meant to speak a few words to him.

"I am looking for Mirabelle," he said, "the daughter of Konrad Vost. Is she here?"

He inclined himself slightly from the waist, he relaxed his face, he assumed a pleasant quizzical expression, all in order to put at ease this girl who, except for her clothes, was strikingly similar to the girl he was seeking. The same rather large size, the same dark hair cut to shoulder length in imitation of an adult style, the same unformed quality of the face that still belonged to a child. Of course, instead of wearing skirt, blouse, shoes tied with laces, this girl was dressed in pants of faded blue denim and, clinging to her torso, a thin, white collarless and sleeveless shirt that was like a sweater. Across the front of the shirt and conforming to the shape of this child's womanly bosom was printed in block letters the message *we aim to please*. He noted the boldness of the letters but did not understand the pathos of the double meaning, since the message on the shirt was couched in that language he

had never learned to read. He noted, too, the wooden sandals on the bare feet and the goose flesh on the arms and upper chest. Mirabelle would not approve of such a costume. And she was perhaps too shy to stand this close to a stranger in the lengthening shadows of an empty school yard. But the incongruity of the lone girl was appealing, as was the directness with which she was looking up at his face, so that he found himself bending again from the waist and attempting to disregard the tightness of the pants, the shirt.

"Well," he repeated, knowing the uselessness of the question, "and Mirabelle? Is she here?"

"No, she's already gone," said the girl, inclining her shoulder vaguely and drawing still closer. "If you want Mirabelle, you must come earlier. But I'm available. And I can give you more than she could. And for less."

He waited. She said nothing more. He listened intently. And was someone else—someone very like himself though with briefcase, topcoat, cane, face in the shadows—now approaching this same empty place to pause at the gate, to draw back, to stand quietly watching a tall, middle-aged man already conversing with the obscured figure of the very person he, the imaginary stranger, had come to find? Had he visited this same school yard weeks in the past? Had this same girl been waiting? For a moment longer, he, the actual man, the living father, he who had come on his innocent mission, stood darkly within this institutional enclosure, creating a dream, escaping a dream, clinging as best he could to incomprehension. But then his entire world fell from him, like a facing of ice from an immense cliff, so that he was left with only defeat instead of disbelief, with the intolerable pain of sight after blindness, with the feeling of young fingers on the sleeve of his coat. So the school was in fact visited by men who were not at all the fathers of the concerned students; so she who was now waiting beside him meant what she had said and did not know or care who he was; so in an instant he had discovered the true uselessness of inquiry about Mirabelle, who was already the genie who knew how to escape from the bottle. He was cold. He felt annulled. He was able to think of nothing but an armful of corsets. He was inflamed. He was annulled.

"Now," said the girl at his side, recalling him to the young fingers and the voice he would never forget, "now, are you coming?"

He nodded. She requested his billfold. He complied. After she had transacted her business, alone, impervious to the fading light, oddly considerate of the man who possessed a steel tooth and who had made her friend her competitor, she stepped around his rigid figure and led the way out of the sandy enclosure and through the cold streets toward the building that concealed the shuttered room in which he knew she would again confront him with what he had hardly thought of since Claire's voice faded and the deathbed contained only her still form.

Between the school yard and the shuttered room there were only the determined, clattering sounds of the wooden sandals and the cold, blanketing knowledge of himself as a single anonymous older man in pursuit of the illicit services of a girl who was in fact still a child. Within the caverns that were now himself, even this knowledge was a form of oblivion. The girl made no attempt to conceal their passage together. He found that he was neither alarmed nor dismayed at the loudness of the sandals that protected her bare feet from the stones.

But it was precisely the sandals that she removed first in that small room with its single, shuttered window and its empty walls of whitewashed concrete. One narrow door opened into the cubicle that was the toilet, which the girl now used, while the other opened into the cubicle containing the stove, the iron bottle of gas, the meager tins of food, the outmoded refrigerator on the top of which rested the radio of blackened Bakelite. In one corner of the room stood a table and two upright chairs; along one wall was the sparsely padded couch that obviously folded out into the bed for both mother and daughter; from the corner opposite the table and chairs, and positioned so that it bisected the corner exactly, there protruded the shockingly incongruous sight of a gaunt, narrow chaise longue, which, with its gilded lion's feet, its gilded frame, its upholstering material stitched with the enormous brown heads of flowers in bloom, might have been dragged from an abandoned chateau that existed only in the pages of a moldy volume bound in green leather. Clearly, this shabby, overly rich piece of furniture, situated in concrete and emptiness, represented the unattainable taste and vision of the mother; here she rested whenever she returned from work in the bakery, the dry goods shop, or the laundry—rested in poor splendor while the girl, no doubt, played the radio in the cubicle that was filling with the smell of meat boiling in a steel pot on the stove.

He felt the girl's fingers flicking loose the tongue of his leather belt and unzipping and pulling wide the mouth of his trousers.

No sooner had the toilet flushed than the girl reappeared, zipping her trousers, disregarding him where he stood fully clothed between the chaise longue, the bare table, the couch. Through the slats in the shutters the light entered the room as through the skeletal ribs of an animal long dead. He had not moved since entering this place of nakedness, and when the girl returned from the cubicle of the kitchen, bearing a small glass filled to the brim with a clear liquor, he found it difficult to raise his arm, extend his hand, seize the glass. But he did so, while the girl stood watching him, and at the precise moment that he coughed on the last of the liquor, the girl, in an easy gesture, and with both hands, pulled the white shirt over her head and free from her body. He coughed, he felt the burning in his nose and throat, the wetness in his eyes, and in the midst of this condition induced deliberately by the girl as preparation for the sight of her nakedness, he attempted not to think of Claire but instead gave himself the full benefit of what in his lifetime he had never seen: the thick and womanly breasts of a young girl.

She took the glass from him and replaced it, not in the kitchen, but on the bare table, so as to keep him in sight. The room smelled faintly of garlic and bottled gas; in the puckering of the naked waist he saw a scar that might have been inflicted in the fury of some childhood beating. Through the open door he could see the black-and-white toilet, stark and waiting like an instrument of execution and still wet and noisy from the girl's use. Around her neck was a thin chain bearing a small, golden heart for a pendant. Why had he not seen it before?

Then, taking his hand in hers, she directed him, as if he were a walking invalid, not to the couch as he had expected, but instead to the anomaly of the chaise longue, which extended into the room like an ornate tongue, like the narrow prow of an entombed boat, like the reclining place of a courtesan with feathers and painted skin. He could hardly bear to stretch himself out on it. But he did so, as she directed, allowing her to straighten his legs and, with her hand on his brow, to push his head gently backward into the cushion. She did not remove his shoes or spectacles; against his forehead her hand was as dry and naked as the bare feet, the bare breasts.

She remained at the head of his half-seated, half-prostrate form, retaining the single childish hand on his brow, until, patient, unhurried, staring down at him, she extended her other hand and touched him behind the ear, on the back of the neck, and then inserted two fingers between the collar of the turtleneck shirt and the skin of his neck and slowly, in gestures that were now circular, now probing, worked the fingers downward as far as she could comfortably reach. He felt that those fingers were exalting his bones and flesh and buried spine. Fully clothed, hands at his sides, he felt himself imperceptibly reaching upward with the top part of his body toward the upright heaviness of the girl at his side. Her breathing deepened: the fingers probed, he allowed his head to incline gently to the

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right so that through half-closed eyes he could see the armpit, the surprising hair, the shape of the ribs like curves of light beneath the skin, the rounded bottom of one large breast. Hearing the girl's breath and his own, he allowed himself to raise and maneuver his right arm and hand so that his forearm was extended between her legs and the hand was clutching the tightly denimed weight of the girl's leg and thigh. The zipper was half-open; the thigh in its skin of cloth was hot.

He felt the fingers withdrawing from the neck of his shirt; he felt the bareness of the girl as she leaned over him and, with the fingers that only moments before were on the pulse of his neck, began to massage his chest and abdomen through his black shirt. He was not moving, and yet in his entire upper body, from his hips to his head, he felt himself straining to arch his back. Without looking, he was aware that the girl's trinket, the small, golden heart, was sliding in little fits and starts down the black expanse of his shirt, and he knew that the girl's spread fingers were working insistently into the secrecy of his hard chest.

Slowly, she dislodged his hand and arm and momentarily disappeared from the darkness in which he lay. He waited; on the chaise longue he was like a man fallen to a narrow ledge; never had he known what he now recognized as the beginnings of the state of ecstasy. Then with relief, with anxiety, he realized that the girl was kneeling at the foot of the chaise longue and was gripping his ankles in her two hands and pulling apart his legs so that he had no recourse but to comply, to bend his spread legs at the knees, and to allow both feet to drop to the floor on either side of the flat, narrow, bedlike portion of the chaise longue. The position—that of lying backward with legs wide apart and feet on the floor, like a survivor upside-down on his back and awkwardly straddling in reverse stance some enormous, wet, black beam of a ship—exposed him suddenly, unmistakably, to the total mercy of the nameless, young, half-naked girl who was herself now straddling the flat, narrow portion of the chaise longue where his outstretched legs had lain.

For a moment he looked down the partial length of himself and into the eyes of the girl. He confronted the steady eyes, the hanging hair, the naked breasts, the tight, fat triangular area where the strain on the girl's spread thighs was causing the zipper to creep increasingly open of its own accord. Then, as she moved closer and leaned forward and reached for him with her two hands—the small, golden heart swinging free of her naked chest like a plumb line—then his entire person underwent a moment of brief, spasmodic revulsion, which, in the next instant, collapsed and gave way to a wave of trust and desire. Even before he closed his eyes, he felt the girl's fingers flicking loose the tongue of his leather belt and unzipping and pulling wide the mouth of his trousers.

His eyes were shut; he gripped the edges of the chaise longue; his breath was short and helpless in his mouth. The girl's fingers were inside the now-invaded clothing of his loins, which were flat, rigid, tumultuous in both concealment and accessibility. In his darkness he could feel the belt no longer buckled, the shirt pulled free from the trousers, the sensation of unexpected air. He could not have felt more naked if she had removed altogether the black trousers and the severe and modest underpants. But he was clothed and unclothed at the same time, and the girl's fingers—gentle, warm, cool, always in motion—seemed to be multiplying inside his clothing and next to his skin. Somehow he was aware of the fingers all together and individually, detecting now the careful circumvention of a tight seam, now a smooth, endless tickling or caressing sensation in the most vulnerable portion of his anatomy, now a rushing of all her fingers together inside the private tangle of his groin. In the midst of this pleasure, suddenly he became aware that the girl was pushing one of her fingers into his rectum, and he gasped in a silent cry of joy and humiliation. How could he have been so ignorant of this experience? How could the girl have the knowledge and daring to do what she was now doing?

It was as if her head had become suddenly the head of a young lioness nuzzling at the wound it had made in the side of a tawny, still-warm fallen animal.

But then—as he knew by the sudden pressure and the profusion of hair—then the girl's face was buried in his disheveled groin. It was as if her head had become suddenly the head of a young lioness nuzzling at the wound it had made in the side of a tawny and still-warm fallen animal. Her face, her head, her mouth, her tongue, and suddenly he was confronted with his own unmistakable flesh—flaccid, engorged, he could not tell—aroused and moving in the depths of his clothes, in the mouth of his open trousers, in the mouth of the girl. Bright blood, golden hair, and now the girl's head swerved once in a large circle of violence, tenderness, and then abruptly stopped, became fixed and rigid so that all her determination was concentrated in the now-fierce sucking activity of the hot mouth. The rectal pressure was increasing, the sound of breathing ceased, in the midst of his shock and pleasure he was now refusing what he knew was inevitable inside himself, fighting the greedy mouth as the child fights his bladder in the night. But then it began, in darkness and in the midst of what sounded like distant shouting, that long uncoiling of the thick, white thread from the bloody pump, that immense and fading constriction of white light inside the flesh. Whom could he thank? How could he admit what had happened? He wanted to breathe, his head had fallen to one side, for a moment he did not even know whether he, like the poor child, had soaked his clothes in the futility and brightness of that emission that was now, finally, at an end.

He could not move. His eyes were closed. But then—after how long and how soon before the mother would turn the corner and approach the silent building that housed this room?—then he felt the girl stirring and lifting her head from his lap. But she continued to move, not climbing indifferently to her feet, as he had expected, but moving forward, keeping her body close to his own, until suddenly he felt her two hands pressed gently to the sides of his head, turning it, straightening it, and felt her mouth pressed against his own in the kind of protracted kiss he could not have expected and had never known. Then, as she continued kissing him with lips, tongue, jaw, slowly into his exhaustion, his joy, his mortification, there came the realization that now the girl was returning to him the gift, the taste, of his own seminal secretions, his own psychic slime.

When he finally reached the doorway, adjusting his clothes, attempting to stand at ease, he could think of nothing except that the discoloration between the girl's buttocks had reminded him shockingly of a blown rose, and that the girl had in fact removed his spectacles and hidden them safely in the right-hand pocket of his black coat, where he now found them.

In the doorway and clothed again in pants and shirt, the girl spoke to him at last.

"I've never done it before with an older man," she said, as his age and station came thundering down upon him once again. "But this is just the beginning. I promise you, just the beginning."

In the dark street there was no sign of the returning woman, the deceived mother, as rapidly and with set face he turned his back on the scene of his awakening, his degrading, at the hands of a dissolute child, and walked away into the night. The streets were empty; yet everywhere he heard the sound of clattering sandals.

He knew exactly where he was going, and he walked on as swiftly as possible until at length he arrived at the prefecture of police, where, blinding himself to raised eyebrows and faint, leering expressions and the disrespect of open tunic collars and kepis tilted backward on heads of thick, greasy hair, he, Konrad Vost, formally reported his own daughter for prostitution.

When he returned to the empty streets, he noticed immediately that he no longer heard the cheerful or accusatory sounds of the sandals.

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FLEETWOOD KIDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

ain't buying, get off the fucking corner.' "

Sutton added: "Something is wrong when public officials and undercover policemen can walk into crowds of drug pushers and users on the street and hear them singing out a litany of names of drugs for sale. They are so confident they won't be arrested that they will come to the corners with their shopping bags and, in sight of all, pull out and sell packages or decks of heroin by their brand names."

Clearly, the situation is out of hand. Former Mayor Abraham Beame turned to Washington, asking the federal government to underwrite the costs of narcotics enforcement. "At minimum," said Beame in a letter to the Justice Department, "the cost of operating the city's police narcotics division and other functions of the criminal-justice system dealing specifically with drug-related crimes should be borne as a federal-funding responsibility."

Beame also said, "According to our best estimates, the city of New York has between 35 and 40 percent of the nation's narcotics addicts. Ironically, however, the city receives perhaps 3 percent of the federal funds earmarked for treatment, prevention, and enforcement."

In response to Beame's request and at Rangel's urging, the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control traveled up from Washington for a first-hand look. The committee members were astonished, even those from New York. Said Queens Congressman Lester Wolff: "This committee had a vivid and horrifying illustration of what unchecked drug trafficking can produce. As we drove along the streets in an unmarked police car, street pushers literally thrust themselves through our windows and offered to sell heroin, cocaine, marijuana, and a variety of drugs at prices as low as five to seven dollars. These pushers knew we were surrounded by police, and they didn't care. Their contempt for the consequences of the law were that great." Wolff noted that during the tour "we saw kids getting out of cars with license plates from Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Ohio."

Rep. Morgan Murphy (Dem.-Illinois) was outraged. "At least chase them indoors," he said. "In Chicago they do it clandestinely. They are not at State and Madison."

And Rep. Peter Rodino (Dem.-New Jersey) commented, "Understanding what I have heard and seen today, I think that if the federal government was to assume a greater share of the responsibility, we would be giving money to put more men on who are not going to make arrests because arrests don't mean anything."

Rodino was referring in part to the testimony of Donnie Kendall's boss, Sgt. Alvin Ingram, who said that he had seen uniformed police officers drive by the outdoor sellers daily, and, to his knowledge, nothing was done. When asked by the committee whether there existed "any type of policy that would prevent uniformed police officers from making arrests when a felony is being committed in their presence," Ingram responded: "I have been informed that there is not a written policy per se that arrests will not be made, but that they are discouraged from making them, basically because they feel that the courts would not be able to prosecute most of these cases."

Ingram was then asked whether the flagrant trafficking at any given site would stop if an arrest was made, and he said, "No, sir. The sales will go on. If an arrest was made . . . they will come right back. A replacement will be right there."

The committee's report was damning. It charged that:

- Drug trafficking is occurring on the streets of New York City without substantial enforcement of either state or federal drug laws. While New York has the most severe antinarcotics laws in the nation, these laws do not act as a deterrent and have had little or no effect on traffic and drug use.
- A "no-arrest" policy regarding street drug sales exists in New York, whether explicit or implied.
- Drug law enforcement is not a high priority of the city or of the police department as reflected in budget figures and resource commitment.
- The criminal-justice system in New York City is in almost total collapse. The narcotics court has a backlog of from 1,200 to 1,500 cases; and even if street enforcement were vigorously pursued, there would be inadequate prosecutory and court facilities available to give speedy trials to the accused.

Soon after the publication of the report, Beame and then Police Commissioner Michael Codd suffered further embarrassment at the hands of the young dealers. All along, Sutton, Rangel, and Johnson had been prodding the mayor, telling him that something had to be done, that the street situation was just too bad. The committee took a look; the members said that the city officials should take a closer look themselves. So another tour was arranged, this one in a van with two-way windows. Sergeant Ingram drove. Another cop was in the back with a walkie-talkie. The passengers were Beame, Codd, Sutton, Rangel, and Johnson. They weren't on the street long before a young man came right up to the van and stuck his offering through the window. Beame watched open-mouthed. Ingram snatched the dope and told the seller to get lost.

"What about my dope, man?"

"Don't you know who I am?" said Ingram.

The kid caught on. "Yeah," he said. "The police."

"Get out of here," said Ingram.

As the dealer left, Beame turned to Codd and said, "My God, we've got to do something." Then he looked down at the deck and noticed the brand name on the dope. The package read: "No Respect." ○+—■

"Hey, mister! Can I see that hamburger when you're done with it?"

JENNIFER

"I want my body to stay in perfect tune, just the way I want my mind to be."

PERFECT HARMONY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OLIVIER FERRAND

Sometimes opposite forces can reside in perfect harmony, even within the same pretty girl. Jennifer Zane, a comely and very contemplative Pet, sees no conflict between her two ruling passions—acting and meditating. She realizes that the former involves externalized make-believe while the latter deals with deeply internalized reality-seeking, but she feels that her private and public selves are perfectly compatible. "I've been meditating, along with the rest of my family, since the age of thirteen," says she. "It's a very relaxed state of awareness, and it makes me feel unified. On the rare days when I'm not able to meditate, I feel totally disoriented, separated."

"Having sex the same way every time would be boring. A man has to have a lot of imagination in bed to keep my interest."

"I was sick a lot as a child and had some difficult times, which made me ask a lot of whys before most young people do," she confides. "I've thought a lot about life, the last few years especially, and transcendental meditation has helped me find some answers." Meditating gives Jennifer a strong sense of her own identity, so she finds it easy to take the risks and deal with the rejections all young actresses face. It's especially fortunate right now, since her career has just taken a giant step forward.

"I was taking acting lessons at the Burbank Actor's Studio," she recalls, "when my acting coach recommended me for a part in a film she'd heard about. I auditioned the next day and was called back five more times to do readings. Finally, they called me and told me I had... the starring role!"

But despite this upturn in fortunes, Jennifer intends to continue her classes. "I know I have a lot to learn about acting, and someday I want to handle truly difficult parts." In her first film she will appear in the persona of a Russian scientist's daughter. It's a spy thriller called *Code Name: Blood Fire*.

She'll be costarring with another promising young beginner, Jim Mitchum, the son of actor Robert Mitchum. Does he look like his father? "Oh, yes," she says, "especially those piercing, sensuous eyes." If she had a choice, would she prefer the father or the son? "Well, I have a decided preference for older men," admits our precocious twenty-two-year-old. "As for men in bed," she adds, "I'm a strong advocate of variety. It's not just the spice of life. It's the main course! Besides, having sex the same way every time would be boring. A man has to have imagination in bed to keep my interest."

Jennifer believes in being good to her 34-23-35-inch body in other ways, too. "I meditate every single morning, and then I jog at least two miles to keep in shape. I want my body to stay in perfect tune, just the way I want my mind to be." As for her typical day... "There is no such thing! I try to keep variety in my daily routines, too. I alternate days between acting classes, doing scene work, sewing and designing clothes for myself, dancing classes, and just having fun or seeing some of the men in my life." She is cool, sophisticated, and—to use a more contemporary phrase—eminently together. Doesn't anything ever shake that composure of hers? "Well," she confesses, "I have to admit when I heard I'd been chosen Pet of the Month, I jumped up and down like a kid. I was thrilled." Every bit... one assumes... as we are.

"As for men in bed, I'm an advocate of variety. It's not just the spice of life. It's the main course!"

MISS JENNIFER ZANE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Vietnam veterans who fought in the jungles and mangrove swamps, advised the Montagnards, maintained helicopters, or even went for a stroll down Highway 1 outside Saigon may be suffering from deadly chemical poisoning.

The poisoning comes from a molecule called dioxane, which is a contaminant in "Herbicide Orange," the most "popular" of several herbicides used by the United States in Vietnam between 1961 and 1970. The purpose of the U.S. herbicidal operation, popularly known as Operation Ranch Hand, was to defoliate the land. The military reasoned that destruction of the forest canopy would make the enemy more vulnerable to bombings and other firepower actions. Destruction of food crops could also starve the Cong and force peasants to migrate to government-controlled "protected" areas. Ten million gallons of Herbicide Orange were eventually spread over 5 million acres of Vietnamese land.

There were several problems with the defoliation program. One of them was that it exposed the United States to charges of chemical warfare—which Ranch Hand, of course, was. Another problem: the Vietnamese bitterly resented defoliation, because it killed farmyard animals along with the plants they relied on for sustenance and comfort. More serious, it gave human beings horrible skin rashes, created abortions and mutations in newborn children, and induced a wide variety of physical illnesses, including cancer (especially liver tumors). In some cases, it drove victims mad.

> Thousands of veterans may be suffering from deadly chemical poisoning induced by the American defoliation program in Vietnam.

By 1969 antiwar protesters in the United States and elsewhere propagandized against the defoliation of Vietnam. In the face of growing adverse public opinion throughout the world, the United States terminated defoliation.

The Defense Department never told anybody—least of all the troops—that one reason why the defoliation had been stopped was the mounting scientific evidence that dioxane in Herbicide Orange caused cancer.

The files on this wartime ghost would have remained closed had it not been for Maude DeVictor, a claims officer at the Veterans Administration's benefits office in Chicago. In early 1978 DeVictor began to notice a remarkable similarity of symptoms in some claims coming into her office: numbness or tingling in the extremities, constant exhaustion, skin rashes that couldn't be explained, joint problems, acute chest pains, irritability, and mental illness—and cancer, especially of the liver or abdomen, which grew and killed with ferocious swiftness. Some of the men were impotent or sterile, and others had children with birth defects. All of the veterans had been exposed to Herbicide Orange in Vietnam.

DeVictor did some research and learned, among other things, that dioxane may be the most toxic substance known to man. At five parts per trillion, it either causes or promotes cancers in laboratory rats. At 500 parts per trillion, it murders monkeys, causes their fingers to drip away with gangrene, and aborts their infants.

On March 23 of this year, a Chicago CBS-TV special about how veterans are threatened by dioxane generated a storm of publicity. The local VA office received several hundred calls almost immediately. Veterans and their families documented symptoms almost exactly the same as those cited by the first victims who came to DeVictor's attention. The number of dioxane cases could ultimately number in the thousands, once veterans across the country learn that the illnesses bothering them aren't the product of their imaginations, as they so frequently have been told. The open question is whether the VA and the government are going to admit that Vietnam vets may have been poisoned by Herbicide Orange. That admission could cost hundreds of millions of dollars in past and present benefits.

So far the answers are mixed. The VA in Chicago is accepting claims and is willing to help. In Washington, however, the VA may not pay claims—on the grounds that veterans can't *prove* they have been poisoned. Congress has at least begun to investigate the situation, with Illinois Rep. Abner Mikva in the forefront of those who are calling for formal hearings.

Veterans who get no help from the VA but have symptoms should have a body-fat biopsy to determine whether dioxane is present. If no treatment is known, it's at least helpful to know what is behind one's illness. Unfortunately, the absence of dioxane doesn't prove that a man hasn't been poisoned. Dr. James Allen, the dean of American dioxane researchers, says that, under the right conditions, exposure to a single molecule of dioxane could cause cancer.

Dioxane and Herbicide Orange have brought the war back home in a way nobody expected. The body count may have just begun.—*Brian Boyer*

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ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION

Peter W. Ladve

BY KARL HESS

The author, a former speechwriter for Sen. Barry Goldwater, lives in West Virginia, where he works as a writer and a welder. His book Community Technology will be published next year by Harper & Row.

"DON'T MESS WITH ME!" THE NEW AMERICAN REVOLUTION

None dare call it the beginning. Yet today there are more signs of a genuine American movement toward revolutionary social change than there have been at any other time in this, our half of the century.

Miners, defying the entire military, industrial, and political power of the nation as well as defying the officials of their own union, have turned a strike into history—despite a knife in the back from a U.S. president who is himself a symbol of decaying authority.

Farmers who had never before been militant stormed the capital city and, what is even more surprising, began to cooperate with other working people.

And every single sampling of American public opinion reports a deepening, baffling, burning resentment of—and disillusion with—big government, big business, big labor, big education, big cities, even big religion.

It is *people* who are restless and on the prowl—not parties, not sects, not factions, just people.

Left-wing sects and cults are alienated from the working class (which is actually the American middle class) and are gorged with hatred of America, their mouths gagged by crazy foreign slogans and the worship of every dictator not supported by the CIA. The doctrinaire Left can't call it a beginning. Leftist politicians distrust movements of people; they want only the movements of parties, parties they can control or coalesce into. The ideologues of the Left see change as coming only through a new elite of revolutionary leaders—who most Americans realize are just another bunch of bosses.

Right-wing leaders can't call this the beginning either, because their eyes are turned backward to the glories of empire, to Our Canal, to putting the universal gooks in their place, and toward preserving privilege, toward their goutish old dream of re-creating the British aristocracy in Connecticut and Virginia and California with Bill Buckley as feisty Essex and Ronald Reagan as Lord Kitchener or Clive.

The press, filled with its own pomp, pumping its own irony, pontificating when it should be listening and looking, vaguely hears a rumbling but describes it as merely a conflict between a wounded, imperial president and an opportunist, baronial Congress. The press can never see people, only headlines and headquarters.

Democrats are busy getting defense contracts. Republicans are busy getting tax credits and higher prices, busy at business as usual. And the small-minded millionaire who is supposed to preside over it all, James Baines Fitzgerald Milhous Carter, does his job by smiling like a choirboy and lying like a thief.

> The press and the politicians keep ignoring the fact that Americans of all sorts are fully, finally, flat-out fed up.

We count the lies in every press conference of the man who said that he would never lie to us. The press presumably counts, too, but reporters and columnists by and large are too polite, dumb, or scared to call them lies.

Reduction of the office of president to villainous buffoonery with Nixon and tacky buffoonery with Carter is just another sign of the sort which, if we saw it in some other land, we would call "significant."

Out here in the coal fields, near where I live and where I do ordinary work as a welder and sometimes not-so-ordinary work as a writer, the sense of something beginning, of slow, rumbling, grumbling change, is as sharp as a weather sign. You can feel something, even if you can't fully explain it. You know it, even though you can't say exactly what tomorrow will bring. Change is what you feel.

The feeling was clear, for instance, on the day when Jimmy Carter shoved it to the miners in his press conference on the strike. It wasn't that he lied. That's no surprise. It was that he lied in a subtle, special way that laid down a clear line dividing all the people like Carter from all the people like the rest of us.

The way he did it was to present the strike in purely money terms. The miners had been offered a generous wage increase, he said. His bureaucracy began worrying about its even being inflationary! (In fifteen previous years, while mine wages rose from $3.11 to $6.20 an hour, coal *prices* went from $4.69 to $18.75 a ton and coal profits rose steadily; and now, even with wages at $7.80 an hour and with $2.35 more coming under the latest contract, prices and profits are both still zooming.)

The truth is that the coal strike was not a money strike. The money matter had been settled long before Carter called it so generous. The mine owners had agreed to it; the miners had accepted it. (And why not? Some nonunion mines were paying as much as $125 a *shift* during the strike and making money hand over fist.) No, money wasn't the issue.

The strike wasn't even the sort of national emergency that Carter said it was. Coal supplies were never cut by more than half. Much of the struck coal was for steelmaking anyway, not for power generating.

By acting as though a national emergency and money *were* the issue, Carter lined up against the miners, lined up with the hope that they would be thought greedy and unreasonable, and lined up with the owners and their steadily rising profits, which have yet to draw inflationary moans from Carter's mouth.

But what is more significant is that he dodged the real issue, which neither Carter nor any of his pals wants to face frontally, in the hope that it will go away. That issue is the rising sense, among Americans of many sorts, that they must take their lives more fully into their own hands, because their leaders have let them down. The issue is resonant with the discontent that millions feel. The issue is the thing that the polls keep scratching at and the press and the politicians keep ignoring. The issue is, in its simplest statement, that Americans are fed up, fully, finally, flat-out fed up.

What it meant to miners was that there was something more important than money and more important than general working conditions, something so important that the chicken press and the frightened president couldn't even talk about it.

The fiercest part of the reason for the strike was the insistence by rank-and-file miners that they retain freedom to engage in wildcat strikes. This is the way they maintain *their* independence, the way they avoid absolute control by the bosses of the mine union, the way they can keep some control over their own lives locally, not in some abstract, civics-book way but in concrete terms, right where they work. It is the miners' version of neighborhood control, of community, of bringing things home—where more and more people say things belong.

Every small businessman who is pushed to the wall by federal regulations and Big Business bullying should know what the miners had in mind. Every factory worker bullied by a foreman and forgotten by the international union should know. Every parent bullied by federal textbook pressures but wanting to preserve local values should know. Every inventor and engineer who dreams of independent work but who may be ground underfoot by corporate schlock should know. Every craft worker bullied by remote regulations and hiring-hall bosses should know. Every homeowner bullied by runaway taxes and remote bureaucracies should know. And, of course, every farmer bullied by other bureaucrats and hemmed in by agribusiness distribution networks should know. Every taxpayer bullied by a bloodsucking IRS and watching money locally earned going down distant ratholes should know what the miners had in mind.

The miners simply did not want to give up what they felt to be their last power to stand up for themselves where they live and work. They wanted to retain the right to strike when they, and not someone else, want to call the shots.

And that is the very mood that is seething and boiling everywhere in this country today. It is a good, old-fashioned American mood at that. Americans, by and large, are competent, skilled, cooperative, and charitable people. They can run their own lives, working things out with their neighbors. What

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Off On Thursdays

She had to start at the bottom, but the top looked awfully promising. Besides, even servants live high at the Madison Avenue Penthouse. Clarissa barely spoke as her handsome new employer delivered his detailed instructions. "Your skirt should be shorter, your stockings darker, and your blouse a little tighter," he commanded. Of course, he added en passant, she was to get off on Thursdays. Clarissa proved a fastidious servant, filled with the impeccable devotion of a novice. But on Thursday, while dusting his study, she recalled her master's injunction.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN-LOUIS SIEFF

Stretching out on the chair, she thought of him,
her absentee master, of his cold,
prepossessing manner that only made her warm to him more.
Soon her thoughts drifted into fantasies.
He'd find her in the gleaming study and sweep her off her feet.
She'd serve him in intimate ways,
performing her sensuous duties devoutly.
Soon she'd be mistress of the house.

Imagining his bold caresses, Clarissa translated his exciting finger movements through her own hand. Picturing their dreamed-of union, she found herself damp and trembling. Imagining his touch, his kisses, and his final aching, pneumatic thrust, she bid the afternoon adieu in a shower of orgasmic sparks. After all, she reasoned, she was only following orders. Just as her master had instructed, she got herself off on Thursdays. Who says you can't get good help these days?

ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

they miss more and more is any chance to do so. Cradle-to-grave federal programs give them a number at birth and a bed along some gray wall at death. Corporations, which skip the country for the cheap labor of Lord-knows-where at the drop of a profit penny, leave them stranded, high and dry in the rubble of production that tries to turn strong Americans into weak-minded robots. And everything starts to turn to shit, no matter how hard one works, no matter how fanatically one tries to believe in all the recruiting posters and the speeches.

The point is that the restless people today are not college kids worried about the draft or dopers worried about their vibes and visions. They are the grown-ups this time, the people who drive the trucks and design the trucks, the people who operate the lathes and milling machines, and the people who design the parts and pieces. Now it's nurses and cops, grocers, geometricians, and garbagemen. And these people really can't be bought off. The politicians have nothing to offer them. These are the people who pay the bills to fund the programs that get the politicians elected. These are the folks whose work makes the rich richer. These are the workers and the creators; the hustlers and the doers and the Big Bosses have brought them damn near to bankruptcy, even while the chic radicals condemn them for wanting to hang on to *anything*. And the rich can't even see them.

Mark this well. Yippies running stoned in the streets and blacks burning down their own homes were just Sunday strolls compared with what could lie ahead if the sleeping giant of working America rises and is resisted. Farmers can't and won't take the abuse forever. Miners can't and won't take it forever. Truckers, factory-machine operators, men on loading docks, women in hospitals, can't and won't take it forever; nor will equipment operators, maintenance people, masons, carpenters, electricians, mechanical engineers, civil engineers, plasma physicists—you name it—who may have to sell their homes because property taxes double and then triple. Who isn't pressured by it all? Sure: David Rockefeller and his chums in The Trilateral Commission, like Carter and a gaggle of his advisers. They *never* deal with people, just with managements and nations, kings and commissars.

Yet the people build it all, design it all. The owners have the money. The politicians have the power—and a lot of the police. But the people have the brains and the muscle. We make the system run. They make it a mess—or, at least, that's exactly the way it seems to a lot of us.

One day during the coal strike, for example, in the West Virginia town nearest us, more than a thousand people, responding only to a small newspaper item, came to the local shopping center on a Sunday and filled a line of trucks with food for the striking miners. There were members of many unions. There were also nurses, professional people, kids, craft workers—all sorts of people. A couple of weeks before, the striking farmers had loaded a caravan with food in Missouri and sent it to feed striking miners in Central City, Ky. Farmers and miners getting together! You bet something's coming down and going on.

The irony is that when the mine-union bosses tried to sell the first contract to the rank and file, a contract that sold out the right to local strikes, they wanted to hire the country singer Johnny Paycheck to do commercials urging ratification. Paycheck's biggest current hit is "You Can Take This Job and Shove It!" When was the last time Americans sang about shoving a job? I guess that's the way they talked to the British in the 1770s.

Who knows where it all is going? The big talkers and the big bosses don't even want to discuss it, except to put it down. Here's what a columnist in the superliberal *Washington Post* had to say about the striking miners and the fact that they actually voted on their contract: "The mine union has been democratized to the point of anarchy." Even democracy is seen as threatening—and why not? For people like that columnist and the established power he represents, the idea of democracy, of all the people finding their voice and sounding off, is too terrible to contemplate. So they shut the sights and sounds out with snide remarks about anybody who thinks that people *are* capable of taking over their own lives.

But the sights and sounds go on. People mutter. Some move. Then more move. And this, our half of the century, moves, too. And I don't have more than a foggy notion of where it's all going to end, but I know a lot of the people who are muttering and moving. They're good people, and they're tough people. They're competent, and they are tired of being shoved around. And where they go this whole world eventually will go, because this land of ours is still the compass for this planet. Whether it sputters or not, it's still a beacon, and I've got a feeling that the old fire will get very bright again.

But above all it's the people, the good, hard-working, inventive, creative people. The Americans.

I know that the bosses and the politicians, the racketeers and the regulators, are used to most of us being obedient, law-abiding, and long-suffering. We are. But there are limits. Read the Declaration of Independence or listen to that Johnny Paycheck song or another song that Sam Adams and Davy Crockett probably would have loved as well. It's about the people who are muttering and moving right now, and this is what it says to the people who'd like to put them down: "You'd sooner sandpaper a tiger's ass than fuck with me!"

Amen, brother. And now let's *hear* from you!

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

DONALD WOODS

> Our newspapers have suddenly become inconvenient for the government—that is why actions have been taken against me and my colleagues. We were beginning to hurt the government.

Last New Year's Eve, South African newspaper editor Donald Woods, an outspoken defender of South African blacks and a critic of the repressive policies of his government, dyed his sandy hair black and donned a fake mustache. He then crouched on the floor of the family car, curling up his six-foot frame as his wife drove past observing security police.

Let out on a highway at 6:00 P.M., Woods hitchhiked 185 miles and, before dawn, swam and waded across a flooded river separating South Africa from the black nation of Lesotho. The journey took seven hours—"the most frightening seven hours of my life," says Woods. That same morning Mrs. Woods and the couple's five children crossed into the neighboring country of Transkei. Reunited, the family eventually flew to England and then to New York.

In late January of 1978, Woods became the first private citizen to address the United Nations Security Council. In the name of "the voiceless and voteless blacks of my country," he asked the United Nations to expand its arms embargo against South Africa to include complete economic sanctions.

Who is Donald Woods, and why did he do what he did?

He is a forty-four-year-old fifth-generation South African of British descent. Woods attended the University of Capetown Law School, but he quit at twenty-three to become a reporter and ultimately editor of South Africa's *East London Daily Dispatch*. In the past twelve years, his newspaper's pro-black stance resulted in Woods's being prosecuted four times for violations of South African press laws. He was never convicted.

Then, on October 19, 1977, Steve Biko, a young black leader and Woods's close friend, died in prison. Widely regarded as the founder of the nation's black consciousness movement, Biko had been jailed under South Africa's security laws, which enable the minister of justice to detain any citizen for any length of time without evidence, formal charges, or trial—and without any legal recourse for the detainee. Biko's death was the twenty-first of twenty-four cases of blacks' perishing in detention in the past two years. The government claims his death was accidental; Biko's friends and supporters say it was murder. His death brought a storm of international protest and condemnation of South Africa's police and prison system.

In the wake of these protests, the government cracked down on Woods and on forty-nine other outspoken public figures. Woods was officially "banned." Banning, in South Africa, is a punishment under which dissidents suffer house arrest and the loss of the rights of free speech and assembly. Woods was forbidden to write for five years (at which time the ban could be extended), could not leave his district, had to sign the police register each week, and could not be in the presence of more than one other person at a time, except for his immediate family. He was also warned that security police might enter and search his home without warning at any hour.

The South African tragedy is enormously complicated. The country's multiracial population of 25 million is composed of four groups of people: whites, accounting for 17 percent of the population, descended from Dutch, English, French, and German settlers; blacks, 71 percent, divided into ten ethnic groups; "coloreds," 9 percent, descended from indigenous people and early European settlers; and Asians, 3 percent.

The white group of so-called Afrikaans controls the Nationalist party, which has ruled since 1948. The government has at its disposal a whole network of regulatory laws to ensure separation of the races. These laws are considered by opponents of the Nationalists to be the most racially oppressive in the world.

Only whites can vote for the all-white parliament, whose electoral college names the chief of state. Every year about 400,000 blacks are convicted of "pass law" violations; these laws require blacks to carry special passes and forbid them from working, traveling, or residing in certain areas except as approved by the authorities. Under the Industrial Conciliation Act, jobs above a certain level are reserved for whites. Under the Group Areas Act, members of each race can live and operate businesses only in areas assigned to them, often resulting in forced relocation. The University Education Act of 1959 closed many universities to nonwhites and established separate universities for each ethnic group.

In response to international pressure, the Nationalists have evolved a complicated political plan. They have designated approximately 14 percent of the land as constituting black "nations," divided according to eight groupings. These so-called black nations would theoretically be independent, but their work force—on which South African industry depends—would largely live in South Africa, with

Photograph by Gavin Robson

the citizens' lives and movements controlled through passports and documents issued by their "own" black governments. Coloreds and Asiatics would be included in the white South African government, but there would be three separate parliaments, with the whites having a 4-2-1 edge (based on the ratio of populations). Each of these three parliaments would have a cabinet. A president of the state would be elected to preside over all.

This putative political reform and a desperate effort to establish at least an economic détente with other black African nations constitute white South Africa's two-pronged plan for the survival of its separate society. Opponents insist that this is simply a clever way to continue the present division and exploitation of the black majority and to stave off the day when blacks will achieve political, as well as economic and social, democracy in South Africa.

Woods's insistent views are fast becoming known to the world. Invitations for speaking engagements have flooded in from five continents. After his escape, he was almost immediately awarded a coveted Nieman Journalism Fellowship at Harvard University. Paddington Press has published his book, *Steve Biko*.

Richard Ballad obtained this exclusive interview earlier this year, when Woods was in Washington to testify before a congressional committee and to consult with Carter administration officials.

Penthouse: A South African embassy spokesman told us recently: "Mr. Woods was not banned as a journalist. He was banned as an agitator." What is your comment?

Woods: If that statement were true, why did the South African government not openly charge me in a court of law and make specific accusations for what I am alleged to have done? Why didn't it give me an opportunity to respond?

Penthouse: This spokesman told us he could not give the specifics of why you were banned but suggested that you could tell us, since you had received a copy of the banning order.

Woods: Yes, I received a copy of the order. It reads: "Whereas I, James Thomas Kruger, minister of police, am satisfied that you, Donald James Woods, are furthering, or are engaging in, activities calculated to endanger the safety of the state, you are hereby banned," etc., etc. The authorities added that I could apply to receive the reasons for my banning. So I applied. And the reply was: "Thank you for your letter of so and so. The reason for your ban is that I, James Thomas Kruger, am satisfied that you are engaging in activities which endanger the safety of the state." So you can see fairly well the sort of mentality I am up against.

Penthouse: Had the South African government brought charges against you prior to this ban?

Woods: I was charged and prosecuted four separate times, and I was actually sentenced to six months in prison about two years ago. I had complained to Minister of Police Kruger about his security police's harassing Steve Biko; so he had a subpoena slapped on me to name the source of my informants. I refused to tell him, and I was convicted. I appealed the decision and won—which is one good mark for the South African judicial system.

You know, they have more than twenty laws to constrict freedom of the press and freedom of speech. On one occasion they charged me with printing a statement by a banned person. We had received a letter to the editor, and while the letter was being set in type, the man was banned. When our paper hit the streets we were, in effect, printing the words of a banned person, and that was against the law. Technically, we were guilty, but actually we had not known he was banned; so they couldn't make the charge stick.

Penthouse: Why were you banned only in 1977 and not earlier?

> Every facet of a black man's life is covered by segregation laws: his social life, sports, education, and political activities.

Woods: The situation has recently worsened for the South African government, and it can't afford to brush off criticism, as it has in the past. I suppose I had gained a certain amount of authority and credibility through the years and hence had become a more important target. I had recently been very open in my criticism of the government regarding its treatment of Steve Biko. I was calling for more facts about the death. I kept going around the country, making public speeches and saying that the minister of police must hold an inquest. I kept putting questions to them about Steve's death. His death affected me very strongly. The government found this a severe embarrassment. His death was a terrible mistake for the South African government. They created a martyr. They know this now.

Penthouse: When did you first meet Steve Biko?

Woods: It was about 1974. I had been critical of some of his postures, because I felt he was converting the black resistance movement against apartheid into a black consciousness program wherein the blacks' position was: "We must act alone. We must not depend on white allies." I saw this as racism in reverse.

But mutual friends kept pressing me to meet Biko. Because he was banned, I had to go to him; he couldn't come to me. Anyway, we met and became very close.

Penthouse: What was Biko like?

Woods: He had a wonderful sense of humor. When I first knew him, he was the only member of his group of black friends who had never been jailed; he had been banned but never imprisoned. I asked him once, "Why haven't you ever been detained?" He answered, "I think the bastards are trying to discredit me!"

Directly after our conversation, he was detained for 101 days. When he came out, he had lost thirty-one pounds. I asked him if he had been ill treated. He said, "Not at all. The reason I lost weight is because the food was so bloody awful." I asked whether he had been assaulted, and he told me an interesting story.

Steve had had a friend, called Mapetla Mohapi, who had died in detention a year before Steve was detained. When the security officers took Steve into the interrogation room, a little doll hung above the door with a sign on it, saying "Mapetla Mohapi welcomes you here." They put Steve in a chair in the middle of the room, and seven white security policemen stood around him. A warrant officer, Gerhardus Hattingh, walked up and slapped Steve in the face. Steve responded by punching out Hattingh's false teeth. I asked Steve, "Good God, what happened then?" He said, "Nothing." I asked, "What about those other six chaps standing around you?" He said he had the impression that they were ashamed of Hattingh. From then on he was never touched or beaten up until, of course, that final beating.

He said that a lot of the questions they had asked him in interrogation sessions were about me. Was I an agent of Moscow? Steve laughed at this. He said, "Don't you recognize an old-fashioned liberal when you see one?" They said, "No, that's just a front. Woods is an agent of Moscow." Steve said, "But he writes what he believes in his paper, every morning." They said, "No, no, that's just a cover-up." You see, that's the sort of mentality you are up against with the South African authorities.

Penthouse: What was the nature of Biko's banning?

Woods: He was given the same ban I later got. He couldn't be with more than one person at a time, except for his family. He couldn't be quoted. He couldn't write for publication. He couldn't make public speeches. He couldn't enter a publishing or educational premises. He couldn't leave the magisterial district in which he lived. And he had to report to the police once a week.

Penthouse: Were you harassed while you were banned?

Woods: Yes. Once a parcel was sent to my house. It contained a very tiny T-shirt—it could only have been meant for my

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youngest child. It had Steve Biko's face on it. When my little girl pulled it on over her head, she began to cry and then to scream. Someone had sprayed the inside of the shirt with a chemical similar to what you call "Mace," the chemical that affects the eyes and nasal membranes. She was in considerable pain for nearly an hour.

Now, we have eyewitness evidence that a security policeman intercepted the parcel, took it away, and returned it to the post office the next day. The T-shirt must have been impregnated during this time. And whoever did it had to have realized from the size of the shirt that it was meant for a child!

I also received threatening telephone calls prior to the ban. They stopped after I was banned, though—apparently my callers felt I'd been silenced.

I was also widely detested by conservative whites, you know. There was never anything physical, but they approached me in restaurants, in bars, on the street, at sports meetings, and would accuse me of being a traitor to my race. Things like that.

Penthouse: The South African government's position is that you are a "very dramatic person" and that your whole story of your escape was "very melodramatic." They said you were not under constant surveillance, that there was no necessity for you to leave the country surreptitiously, that you could have applied for a visa, and that they would have been very glad to have gotten rid of you.

Woods: They're liars. First of all, they would never have given me permission to leave—never. Soon after I was banned, three security men stopped me from getting on an aircraft to fly to a conference in the United States. The reason for that, certainly, was that they did not want me outside the country, criticizing them. The whole surveillance system they employed to catch me certainly implied that I was not to leave my home.

I suppose my escape was dramatic, in a sense, since I had to disguise myself to get out. I wore a fake mustache and changed the color of my hair. But I honestly couldn't think of any other way of eluding them. And I must emphasize that—in spite of what my South African friends say—my escape was not a purposely dramatic venture. There was no heroism involved. If you analyze it, I really had no choice, had I? I could have sat in South Africa, like a mouse, for five years, in virtual confinement. What would I have been in five years? What would it have done to my family? The more I think about it, the more I'm convinced that they must have known I couldn't tolerate the situation. They must have been waiting for me to jump.

Penthouse: South Africa complains that its government should not be judged according to the democratic standards of America and Western Europe but, rather, according to the standards of other African nations. They claim that they are the most democratic nation on that continent. They also criticize you for accepting the hospitality of Zambia, which they say is a one-party state that permits only two newspapers, one controlled by the government and one by the party. They also point out that in Lesotho, the country to which you first escaped, the constitution has been suspended for several years. How do you reply to all that?

Woods: It is true that in Africa only Gambia and Botswana are classical democracies. But there is more freedom in most African states, by far, than there is in South Africa. The countries they've mentioned, namely, Lesotho and Zambia, are actually far freer than South Africa, particularly in respect to the racial question. There is no racism in these countries.

Legally, South Africa appears to be freer, because it allows an opposition party to function. But in practical terms, the authorities allow opposition only because it is not an effective deterrent to their policies. I have not the slightest doubt that if the opposition grew in size or power to a point at which it would inhibit them, they would immediately crack down on it.

Penthouse: Why do you refer only to the opposition *white* parties?

Woods: Because there are no black representatives in the South African parliament, nor can blacks vote for the members of Parliament. Now, take the newspapers as an example of repression. Our newspapers have suddenly become inconvenient for the government—that is why actions have been taken against me and my colleagues. We were beginning to hurt the government. And I assure you, the same thing would happen to opposition political parties were they to become stronger.

Now, South Africa, Uganda, and the Central African Empire are absolutely the three worst tyrannies in Africa. But in many ways the South African variety is the worst. In Uganda you have one obvious maniac in charge—Idi Amin. If he were removed, most of the problems would go with him. But in South Africa it's not *one* maniac who is doing these crazy and horrible things. Rather, it is the work of an entire political party and movement. These people wear sober suits, meet in caucus, pray to Jesus Christ each morning, and then sit in Parliament and enact the worst racist laws since Adolf Hitler's.

Penthouse: Racism is virtually unknown in other parts of Africa, but tribalism exists and has claimed the lives of hundreds of thousands of people. People cannot escape the stigma of tribe, any more than they can escape that of race. Don't the whites have a legitimate cause for concern in this?

Woods: Tribalism *does* work the same as racism. The thing that sets South African apartheid apart from other forms of oppression—including Soviet and Chinese and other African oppression—is that in South Africa you have racism actually *institutionalized* in statute law. There is racial discrimination of one kind or another in every part of the world, but in South Africa it is given the force of law by a parliament.

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Penthouse: Isn't that more a matter of political sophistication? Where tribal prejudice exists in Africa, don't the unwritten codes and attitudes carry as much force as parliamentary action does elsewhere?

Woods: That's really a hypothetical matter.

Penthouse: Is the killing of thousands of people hypothetical?

Woods: That was thousands of miles away from South Africa. In South Africa there are no equivalent, major tribal problems that would lead to such reactions.

Penthouse: But these things *have* happened in other parts of Africa, and they are just as reprehensible as South African racism, aren't they?

Woods: I think tribalism has been less repressive. I don't know of a single African state in which members of a certain tribe have to carry around documentation.

Penthouse: But isn't that just a matter of taking a more sophisticated approach? With or without an identification system, there has still been tribal oppression and violence. Learning to set up a system of controls is just a matter of gaining a knowledge of how such things are done in a sophisticated society.

Woods: Well, yes, perhaps that's true. But I don't think that's going to happen among South Africa's blacks once they gain their freedom.

Penthouse: You are advocating sanctions against South Africa by the major Western governments. Wouldn't that have a disastrous effect on the lot of black workers?

Woods: The black leadership estimates it would affect approximately 2 percent of the black work force. Of course, the idea that even 2 percent should suffer is lamentable. My own personal feeling is that we should always opt for nonviolent methods. But what I have to do while outside my country is to echo what the voteless and voiceless black majority really wants. I am judging that by what their real leaders have consistently asked for, and what they have asked for are sanctions, for strong economic and diplomatic pressures.

Penthouse: Do you think that total sanctions against South Africa are likely to be invoked in the near future?

Woods: Well, if applying sanctions isn't feasible, an alternative is to block export-import loan assistance for South Africa. This could be done immediately. Last year the United States covered 2.2 billion dollars of South African loan money—and the South African military budget amounted to about 2 billion dollars. You see the correlation. If the United States, Britain, France, and West Germany blocked assistance, that would be enough. South Africa couldn't get help elsewhere, and the psychological effect would be devastating.

Penthouse: When did you become actively interested in the cause of black people in South Africa?

Woods: Until the age of twenty-one, I would have to say, I was very racist. I had grown up in a very conservative family and had the usual white South African prejudices. Then, when I was twenty-one, I went to law school at Capetown University. The study of law had a lot to do with turning my thinking around. When I became a journalist, I felt I had to confront the issues honestly and I found myself coming down consistently on the liberal side.

I've always thought of myself as a fairly conservative chap who has simply been outraged by certain things. In the Nationalists' eyes, I'm a way-out radical leftist. I'm conservative in most of my tastes and in my general character. But on the issue of human rights—*no*.

Penthouse: By what authority do you speak out on South African issues?

Woods: I must honestly say by no authority. I think it's important to state this. I really am a maverick, and I will probably continue to be. I'm not representative of white South Africa. I've been asked by far-left groups, here in America and in England, to join them, but I told them I could not do that and still continue to "do my own thing." And to this day I don't go along, entirely, with the black-consciousness philosophy—I'm not a Socialist to the extent that they are.

Penthouse: What will South Africa be like if the black-consciousness faction prevails?

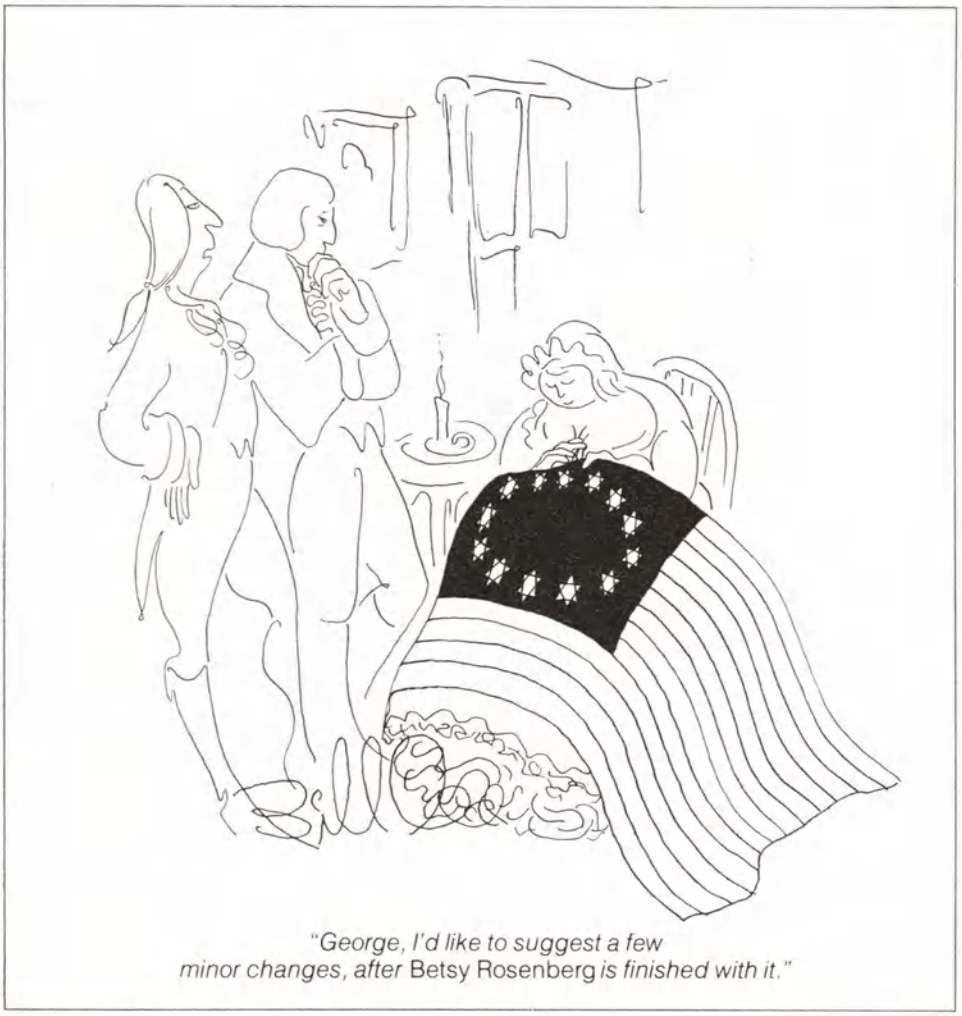
Woods: If black consciousness had prevailed, South Africa would have been a better place.

Penthouse: Do you think the cause is hopeless?

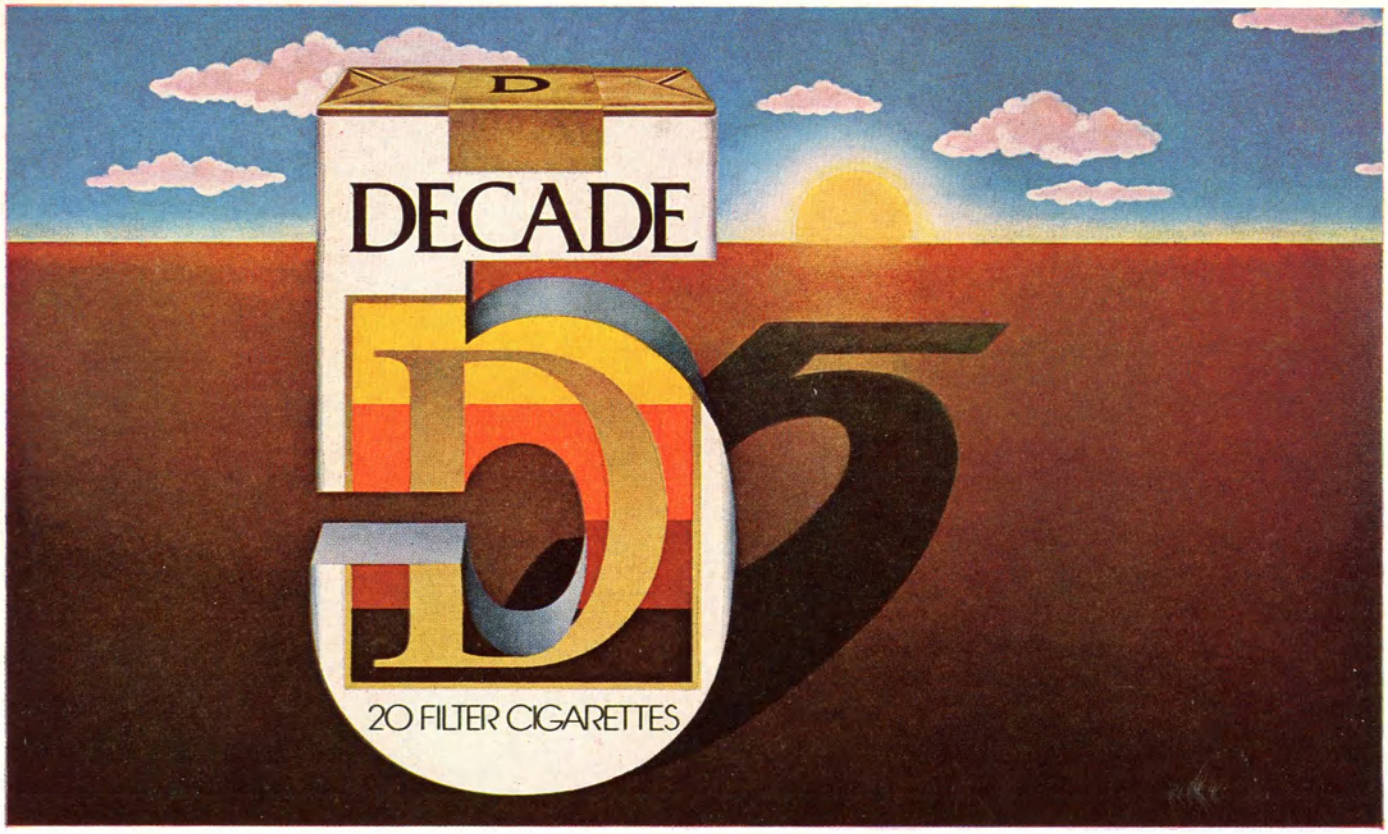
Woods: Well, all of Steve Biko's lieutenants are either in jail or banned or dead, and I fear that the new wave of leaders coming up now will be more extreme. They have not surfaced. Aware of Biko's fate, they are cautious about showing themselves. But they will certainly be more extremist.

If South Africa had been set up the way Biko wanted, it would have been a far better place for both blacks and whites, coloreds, and Asiatics. His idea was to remove race as a factor in national life and strive for a redistribution of wealth. Steve was not a Communist. He was, in fact, strongly critical of communism and even more strongly critical of capitalism. He was a Socialist. He could see more potential, I think, in the liberty of the West, but he was critical of the Western attitudes on apartheid over the last twenty years. He felt the Western states were safeguarding their investments in South Africa and were propping up the apartheid states. He was fully aware that the Eastern countries had no similar investments and had nothing to lose and were therefore freer to take a stand against apartheid.

Government leaders never talked with Biko. He was never permitted to meet with them—never. They just banned him. I once went to Kruger and suggested that he speak to Biko and get to know what he was all about. He never did. The government's whole theory of blacks and whites comes from an abysmal ignorance of what Biko and people like him stood for.



"George, I'd like to suggest a few minor changes, after Betsy Rosenberg *is finished with it."*



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Penthouse: The South African government is dividing the country between whites and blacks. Its plan is for the 4.4 million white plus 2.1 million coloreds and approximately 1 million Asiatics to live in the white sector. Each group would have a separate parliament, and, ostensibly, each would have a fair share of the government. The 22 million blacks, divided into eight nations, would then govern themselves in a kind of loose federation with white South Africa. The South African government says that in this division of the country, 50 percent of the land that used to encompass British South Africa would be controlled by blacks.

What is wrong with this plan?

Woods: They are shaving facts. There is no rational basis on which they can claim that the independent countries of Lesotho, Botswana, and Swaziland are theirs to dispense. Those countries were established many generations ago. An analogy would be, say, the United States' allowing Maine to secede and then claiming that it had freed Maine *and* all of Canada, even though Canada had achieved independent status from Britain years ago.

The immorality and wrongness of the policy springs from the fact that blacks, on the whole, have never been given the chance to vote on whether they *want* to be split up into eight nations, spread out in dozens of noncontiguous parcels of land. It was an edict from a white government, imposed upon blacks and designed to utilize tribalism to divide the allegiance of blacks.

The tribes are not so radically different from one another as the government would like us to believe. A person who understands and speaks Zulu can also understand and speak Xhosa—the two languages are much closer than English and Afrikaans. The new plan regards the whites as belonging to one group but wants to deny this right to the blacks.

Penthouse: Would the blacks be willing to accept a white state, if they were independent of that white state?

Woods: I think they might, if the claim for the size of the white state were not too greedy and if the whites started talking to the blacks. That is what is really needed: communication, the beginnings of negotiations.

Penthouse: The South African government has stated that its legal system is highly regarded in the world and had never been questioned until the death of Steve Biko.

Woods: That is just not true. The integrity of South Africa's legal system was internationally respected up until the Nationalist victory in the 1948 elections. Since then, the authorities have dealt such a series of hammer blows to the rule of law in South Africa that there is only a small vestige of the old, respected law left now. They have removed the right of trial when accused. They have institutionalized imprisonment and banning without trial. They detain people without making accusations or giving evidence of wrongdoing or allowing people to defend themselves. They have also tampered with our constitution by taking away people's basic voting rights.

Penthouse: The government is changing the influx control system whereby every black must carry a special identification issued by the government. The new system will give each "black nation" the responsibility for issuing the passport and travel documents necessary for blacks to travel to and from their jobs in white territory. What do you think of this?

Woods: It's obviously just window dressing. They're trying to segment the blacks so that the whites can claim to be the major ethnic group. The new system is designed to use the niceties of legal language to avoid the obligation of giving civil rights to the black majority. The passport system makes it look as if the black "governments" are controlling black people. In truth, they would simply be doing the job for the South African government.

Penthouse: The South African government talks of "integration from the top." It points with pride to some hotels where the higher-class accommodations have been integrated. They mention integrated athletic teams. They say this will soon happen on all levels. What do you think?

> Steve Biko's death was a terrible mistake for the South African government. They created a martyr. They know this now.

Woods: I was initially encouraged, until I saw that this integration takes place on a very small scale. There are really only a few hotels that permit integration. Integration in sports is very restricted, affecting only a handful of activities. Again, this is window dressing. The white sports clubs function under such a maze of laws and restrictions that it is virtually impossible for a black man to join. If a place allows blacks who have no special permit to come in, the liquor license can be revoked. This discourages sports clubs from doing much about integration, even if they wanted to.

Penthouse: How do blacks get these special permits?

Woods: They get them from the police, but they are scrupulously screened, and it's the rare black who gets one.

Every facet of a black man's life is covered by segregation laws: his social life, sports, education, and political activities. He may not live where he wants to live. He cannot buy a house in most of the best areas in the best cities. He can't marry anyone from another race. He can't even sleep with a member of another race—a black man sleeping with or marrying a white is in violation of what is called the Immorality Act, which is possibly the most immoral thing in South Africa. People have been imprisoned for a year or more for this "crime."

Penthouse: What about education?

Woods: The blacks get the dregs of the educational system, as they get the dregs of everything. The figures indicate that South Africa spends about one-seventh on black education of what is spent on education for whites. And of course the curriculum for black children is very different. Years ago it was stated, quite blatantly, that black education was to be kept different from that of whites because the blacks had, of necessity, a "different level of expectation." The class system is at the root of the problem, and racism insures that the class system will continue. All very convenient, isn't it?

Penthouse: Do you think there is any chance of a black revolution?

Woods: I think border warfare will certainly escalate. I think there will also be widespread internal unrest that the national government will be unable to handle. The government won't be able to continue footing the bill for keeping an army in action at the borders. The cost is immense! The borders are very long! The government has been concealing the casualty figures rather well, but the word is spreading of the mounting dead and wounded.

Penthouse: Is there any black armed power ready to take the field as guerrillas in South Africa?

Woods: I don't know for certain, but I would be surprised if it were not so. I've no hard evidence, except that police raids last year uncovered a hell of a big arsenal of weapons in Soweto. I'll bet there are others hidden somewhere.

Penthouse: What is going to happen to the banned black editor Percy Qobozo?

Woods: They'll let him live. In all fairness, I must say that these deaths in detention have not been purposeful acts of the government. I'm convinced that they were not ordered by anyone at the high levels of authority. They were, rather, the result of individual police who went too far. I blame Prime Minister Vorster and Security Chief Kruger for not tightening up on their security police. And they can't claim they haven't been warned. I warned Kruger *personally* about this kind of security policeman. Vorster and Kruger should damned well know what caliber of people they have!

Penthouse: Did anyone outside of South Africa know you were coming out?

Woods: No. I hadn't even discussed it with anyone on the outside. I wasn't sure there would be any help at all for me once I got out. I knew I had friends outside South Africa, but I had no idea they'd help so much. I'm astounded at the welcome by both British and American newsmen. It is really quite gratifying to be offered so much help and encouragement.

A *PENTHOUSE* CONSUMER GUIDE TO
THE SEXUAL QUOTIENT OF THIRTY-ONE BACKSEATS.

BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

AUTOEROTICISM

Photographs by Earl Miller

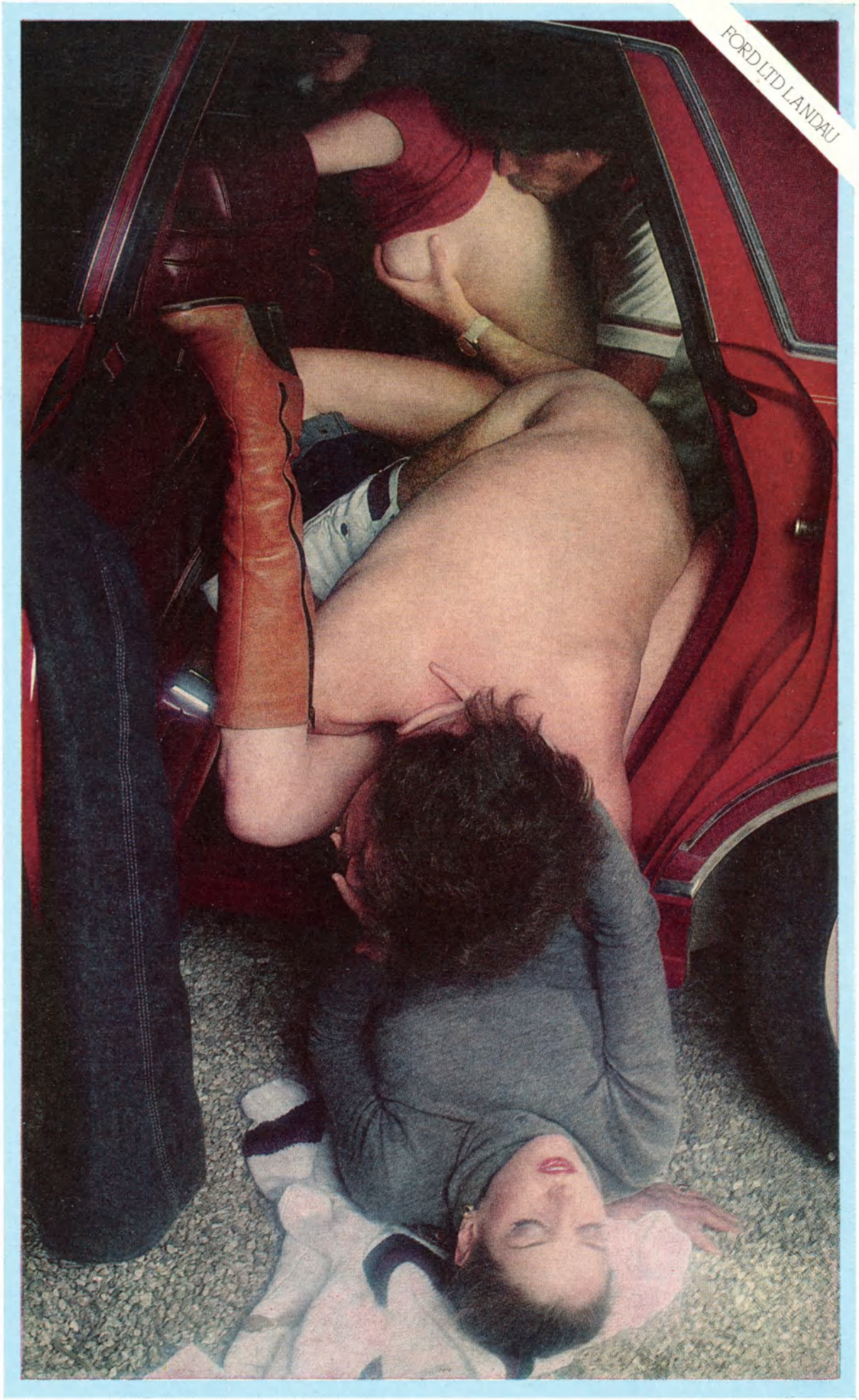
If the Camaro's 49" X 14" backseat were any shallower, it would qualify as a birth-control device.

Since the 1920s, the American car has been designed with two purposes in mind—travel and fornication. For instance, the rumble seat was slain because, for all except contortionists and early S&M'ers, it was virtually fuckproof. By contrast, for twenty years the *backseat* was as vital as the hand brake, thanks to a heyday of BSF-ing—Backseat Fucking—which claimed more cherries than a cannery does.

For youth, never BSF-ing was like never: drinking till you puked/ getting love nuts/ cruising the A&W drive-in. It was a sexual baptism and the only way many adolescents would ever know heaven. The slide from front seat to back was a pimply fifties version of the move from the sofa to the sack. Indeed, the backseat was *the* bedroom of preliberation teens. Given a nice, secluded hillside, you had an enclosed balcony with a view and a bed within ejaculating distance. On a good night such locations looked like Elvis's funeral procession.

The semibucket seats in this '78 Cutlass Supreme (right) measure 52½" wide by 17" deep, designed more for pygmies than Americans.

BSF-ing was like the pony express—short-lived but full of countless heroics and acts of dedication. (A high-school friend who knocked it off with a big Nordic dame in a VW while he was wearing a hip-to-toe cast was actually given a parade.) With little access to better sex facilities, randy youth swarmed into that cinematic motel, the drive-in movie, where puss and popcorn were standard fare. In 1951 alone 3,000 movie houses closed, and 3,000 drive-ins opened. The handwriting was on the screen, and soon "passion pit" was a



A 61" X 17" seat the size of a chaise lounge makes the LTD Landau one of Ford's better ideas.

household phrase.

It was dynamite. You'd watch *Giant* until Jett struck oil, and then you'd vault the seat for some drilling of your own. When you surfaced forty minutes later, everyone on the screen was thirty years older and you'd wig out: "My God, how long were we going *at* it?" *The Ten Commandments* was the all-time BSF flick. You could catch the opening, knock one off, catch the plagues and burning bush, go back to *her* burning bush, catch the parting of the Red Sea, return to your amorous parting, and still catch the fiery engraving of the tablets. It was a religious experience that, when double-billed with *Giant*, could hospitalize people.

But the 1960s brought wholesale access to better turf—crash pads, apartments, dorms, vans, your own room—or your parents', when they were weekending at Sandstone. The new wave was the "pony car"—aptly named, in terms of being too-small-to-saddle-up—whose backseat was strictly for cruising. Vans created an era of mobile hotel rooms.

The truly classic BSF cars were the big slobs of 1956–63. The Fairlane had a backseat the size of a pool table; the Impala's was big enough for fourways; there was enough room in the Grand Prix for a nightstand; the tiny Nash Rambler's seats folded down into beds, and so on.

For now, though, BSF-ing appears dead. GM's 1978s have shrunk up to eighteen inches, and Chrysler has dropped its full-size Dodges and Plymouths. New cars are about 7" narrower on the average; and while the ads claim that interior space will be "close to the same," close counts only in tuberculosis wards. Given this small-is-better trend, we'll soon be driving cars the size of those that circus clowns pile out of.

But if BSF-ing is a doomed art form, that is the most popular kind—nothing sparks interest in something so much as its own disappearance does. There's already a rush on among persons wanting to get their licks in, as it were, while they still can.

Indeed, BSF-ing couldn't be in a stronger position, crazewise. It was the official adolescent sex act of the now-faddish fifties, and in terms of sheer nostalgia it has the strongest recall quotient since James Dean There's also the strong motivation of boredom. Sex has grown so permissible as to be mundane. Our drive for kicks demands not just more sex in our life but more life in our sex. Vans and station wagons simply can't provide the old dash and zingblam of the simple daring that is inherent in balling your spine crooked, bare-assed and glass-enclosed, amid a host of fellow parkees. BSF-ing is tailor-made for the neo-punk.

At a time when flashfucking in phone booths, alcoves, and doorways is contempo *haute conquest*, can a BSF comeback be far behind? It's the perfect blend of new sexual adventurism and the good old days; and where it was formerly confined to drive-ins, dimly lit side streets, and remote, unpaved hangouts, the possibilities for auto eroticism today are boggling: drive-through banks, traffic jams, Jack-in-the-Box lines, pregame stadium parking lots (adding a whole new meaning to "tailgating"), *ad obscenium*. You haven't lived till you've drained the old snake while you're going through a car wash.

The Monarch has so-so access to a backseat that is 50" wide and about as padded as an I-beam.

The way to an American's wallet is through his universal joint, and already many car buyers looking for "maximum mileage" aren't talking gasoline. When you're shopping with BSF-ing in mind, items like ventilation and soundproofing take on new importance. Road tests mean zip in terms of *off-road* action, and the validity of "drivers' polls" depends on what you mean by "driving." Sure, you want a "good ride," but the car salesmen mean smooth and quiet; you want room to careen. Their idea of "head" room is clearly not yours, and nothing is said about "tail" room, which is far more relevant. The big question is, "Can you clean the seat covers?"

Each car must be judged according to your tastes—prone, sideways, seated, canine, oral, anal, homosexual, bestial, group efforts, screwing for effect, screwing for distance—and for decor, privacy, maneuverability, comfort, quiet, and so on. Take

With its 56" X 20" backseat, the Lincoln Continental gives you room enough to run through several chapters of the Kama Sutra.

it on a dry run, so to speak. Still, a few general rules can be stated:

No vans or station wagons. This prospect is about as daring as banging your wife.

No foreign cars. BSF-ing is an American tradition. You don't eat sukiyaki on Thanksgiving; this involves similar dietary rituals. Don't munch American pie in a Mazda.

Size. New cars are up to 800 pounds lighter; hence they have more lateral sway. Persons given to motion sickness or planning precision maneuvers should stick to the biggies. Most important is seat *width*, corresponding to the height of a prone human, and also *depth*, where three extra inches can be as vital as they are in your pants. (Less than 17" is narrower than your shoulders—making extended time a pain on your elbows—and less than 15" is narrower than *her*, a balancing act.)

Exterior. Don't wax carnal in something conspicuous unless you enjoy being the center of attention while you're working your waxer. Some deluxe-trim packages are little more than thin covers for exhibitionism.

Interior. Choose the decor that gets you off—tacky, sensual, dangerous, boring, painful, distracting, and so on. Compacts often have hard plastic headliners which, in the throes, can mean the difference between merely seeing stars—a nice touch—and being knocked cold, which is only for extremists. Luxury models feature an array of options with good kink potential—jutting objects (S&M), passenger straps for putting ankles through (B&D), T-tops for hanging by one's knees (LSD), whee.

Windows. The more there are, the more visible your act. How open you want to be is your business. Check the side-window ledge to see how high you can stroke before your ass bobs into view. Power windows aren't advised, since pushbuttons create too many opportunities for unplanned lowerings just as you're peaking vocally, both in pitch *and* content.

Options. Tinted glass, special sound insulation, rear ashtrays, and speakers are all good ideas; a rear-window defogger is vital. A clock is handy if you're on a tight schedule, going for an endurance record, or limiting yourself on doctor's orders. Hatchback seats fold down into mini-lofts, but whether or not balling in cargo space qualifies as BSF-ing is arguable; those who hop to it should go into the record books with an asterisk. Modest types will pass, since huge glass hatchdoors make any folderol a porno Cinerama.

EPA estimates (Erotic Potential Average) are unavailable, and your sexage will vary depending on how, where, and whom you drive, your car's condition, *your* condition, power options, and other factors. Averages are slightly higher in California, a game preserve for BSF-ing.

The sexual quotient of many cars' backseats is provided below.

Impala Sport Coupe. Fair access to a soft 59½" × 16½" bench seat with padded armrests (or, when prone, headrests). Good seat width but bare-minimum depth, like sex in a luxury-model sleeping bag. The side windows are right over the seat. Bah.

Malibu Classic Sport Coupe. Good access to a luxuriously soft 54" X 17" seat with upholstery like a hooker's touch. Good leg and head room, and the front seats fold forward to create a genuine whoopie cavern with space enough for mixed doubles or costume changes. This is class fucking, but watch the hard plastic armrests, and expect to *be* watched, through yards of glass.

Caprice Classic. Incredibly soft, plush, leatherlike vinyl lets you sink right in as you sink it right in. Padded everything and super insulation. Enormous legroom makes oral work a snap. With the front seats forward, you've got Carl's Bad Cavern.

Monza Sport Hatchback 2 + 2. In this 45" × 16" sardine can, 2 + 2= pain; even 1+1 is an achievement. Don't be fooled by the room-to-move illusion created by the sky roof; take this seriously and you court back

injury. With the rear seat down, the hatch raised, and your feet hanging out the back, you might have a shot at it. Take an air mattress and a dwarf. The only thing two adults should play here is cards.

Camaro LT Coupe. If the 49" X 14" backseat were any shallower, it would qualify as a birth-control device. There's so little headroom that you *have* to lie down, but don't try getting up without lubricants. The "molded full-form seats" are fine for paralytics, and the huge overhead rear window is a glass-bottomed love boat for any passerby. Like all small Chevys, the drive-train hump is higher than the seats themselves, which is okay for swaybacks but nobody else.

Nova. A great argument for abstinence. The upholstery, a close cousin to raw burlap, is only for abrasion freaks. The 56" X 16" seat is squeaky enough to draw a crowd, which it did, cutting short our test run. Need we say more? Add a sense of confinement that would put Patty Hearst into a relapse.

Chevette Hatchback Coupe. Great access to a soft but narrow 49" X 18½" seat with good, firm bounce. "It'll drive you happy" is Chevette's cheery slogan, but it'll also drive you to a chiropractor if you try prone positions. The pop-out side windows add 2" if you use them cleverly, but they also let in cold night air. The hard, cushionless cargo area is suitable only for cargo; the boxes *you're* loading deserve softer treatment. With all four seats down and a foam pad, you've got a chance, but the fishbowl hatch-window is so low that when the salesmen claim "one of the world's tightest turning circles," they're not blowing wind. This little nook is a zero for anything but necrophilia.

Thunderbird. The Bird wasn't literally made for fucking, but you still get the idea that the wheels were just an afterthought. An incredibly posh velour interior with lushly covered, firm 58" X 18½" seats. Tiny opera windows provide super concealment, with rear armrest lights for doing close-in work or for referring to printed instructions. The front seats fold forward to create room enough for shooting a film and for a real rolling cathouse in which to shoot it. Poor headroom, but anybody who can't get laid here should have his license revoked.

Granada Ghia. A hot executive-singles item, and no wonder. Good access through front buckets to a soft, bouncy 55" X 17" seat of plush cloth upholstery. It's pleated, but if you notice it, your mind isn't on business. The hard plastic armrests are offset by good opera-window seclusion for upright positions. Good seat depth, huge headroom, and a well-padded headliner make it ideal for tail-gunning, but the canine stance leaves you staring directly out the window at whoever might be staring back. Be ready with a lost-contact-lens story.

Fiesta Hatchback Sports Coupe. Designed by the Germans and about as amorous—hard plastic armrests and paneling and more glass than is seen on an aquarium. Solid suspension gives a sensual rolling effect, but what good is a McPherson Strut without enough room to strut your McPherson? The 48" X 19" seat is adequate only for the stunted or kinky. Get what the salesmen call the "stroke seat" option, whereby both front seats crank all the way down, albeit laboriously, to create a nice 45" X 51" playpen. It's best used diagonally, but, says salesman Big Art of Oakland, "you can get a big mama in there, one of those street sluggers." And there's a hidden floor compartment for drugs, vibrators, and other aids.

LTD Landau. Difficult, cumbersome access, but worth the trip. Once the front seats are forward, the huge rear floor makes for a real love chamber, and the licentiously soft upholstery doesn't hurt. (Sorry, masochists.) An enormous, secluded, well-padded interior starring a 61" X 17" seat the size of a chaise lounge makes this one of Ford's better ideas. "Room for six," say the ads, and they clearly mean inches. The reason is simple. Ford Wants To Be Your Carnal Company.

Bobcat. This would have been a hit during the Inquisition. Tiny, corrugated bucket seats, Great-Wall-of-China drive-train hump, and hard-plastic paneling make this a lousy place to put your tiger in anybody's tank. The cargo area, with its usual wide-screen overhead window, allows for a full recline but isn't recommended to those for

Making it in the Pinto's rear buckets ranks somewhere between sexual athletics and self-abuse.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

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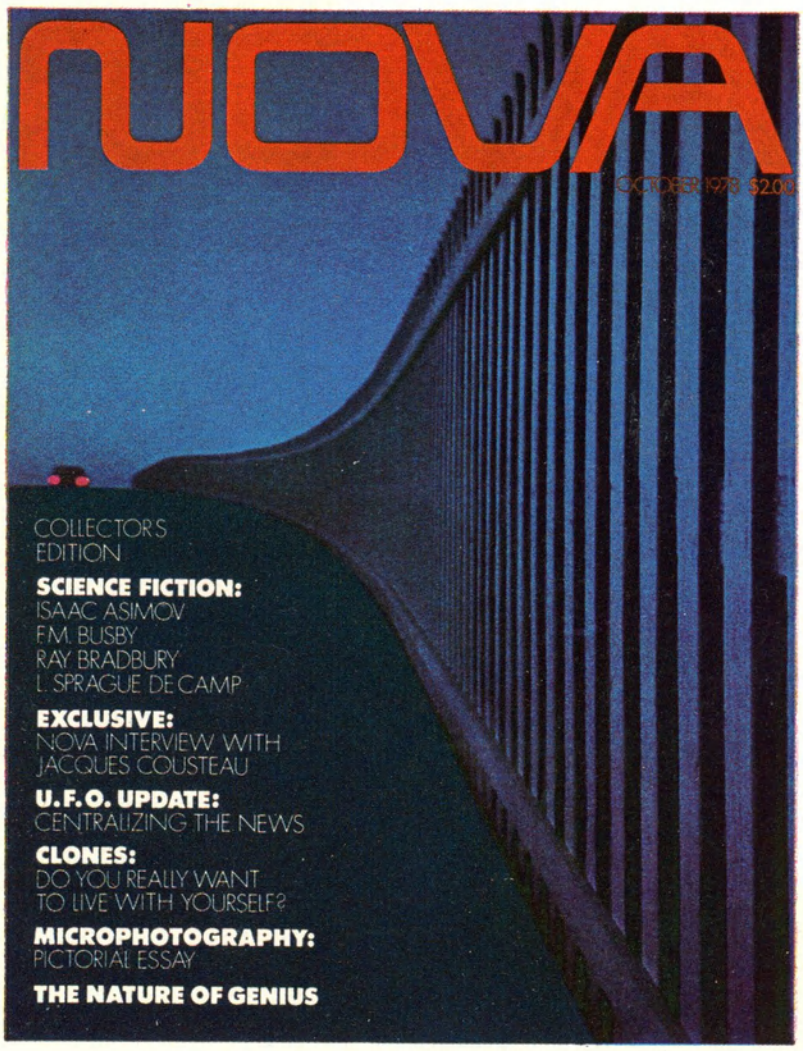

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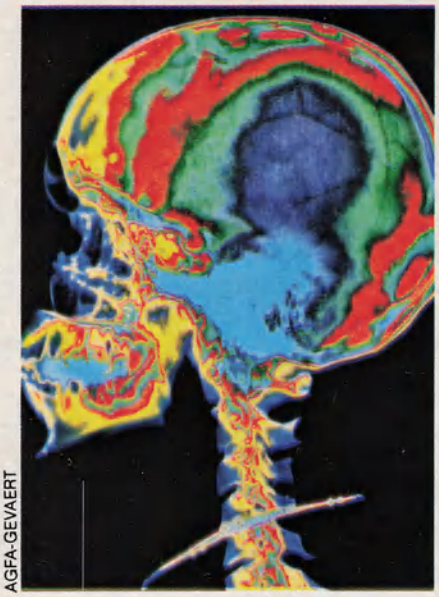

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SOME *Far Out* CALIFORNIA CAREER CHOICES

Westerners find it hard to "relate" to prosaic nine-to-five routines. Read how ten "sun persons" have solved this problem.

Genius," wrote Thomas Alva Edison in 1932, "is 1 percent inspiration and 99 percent perspiration." Perhaps.

But what can you say about the guy in Los Angeles who went out and bought a World War II tank, got all the proper licenses for it, and quick as a flash opened a business called Rent-A-Tank? Next time you see a tank on the already-congested freeways of Southern California, you know whom to thank.

Or what about the musically inspired gentleman who discovered that while most people hacked out a meager existence by the sweat of their palms, he could put his knuckles to good work? He makes a living by cracking his knuckles to various tunes, including a pretty good rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Or take John Maybury, of Albany, Calif., who eventually wants to open a laundry where bored patrons could play a little pinball or even swig down a few beers. He wants to call his combination cleaning palace and bar "Suds and Duds."

We should remember that Edison, who also conceived the notion that "there is no substitute for hard work," was writing in the heart of the depression, not to mention by candlelight (he never did get used to the light bulb). Not that I'm denying the value of working with deliberation and doing what you do well. The point is that genius, at least during the sensational seventies, is more likely 99 percent inspiration and 1 percent perspiration.

Opinion polls have shown that many people feel "stuck" in their jobs. Grounded by a need for monetary security and a fear of letting go, of being out on their own, or, perhaps, even of trying and failing, millions of persons remain unhappy yet unwilling to take the plunge.

Jumping into a new job, perhaps one you've been thinking about for a long time or one you even decided to create, is, in fact, like diving into a pool of cool, crystal-clear water. The prospect is at once refreshing, cleansing, and scary. Being on your own breeds responsibility, maturity, and personal growth. Given the old choice "sink or swim," even nonswimmers can become expert backstrokers.

BY GARY HANAUER

Illustration by Ignacio Gomez

But more than just that, carving out a creative, interesting career for yourself—no matter how crazy that may sound to your friends and relatives—can be pure and simple fun. The fact that a child's play is also his work is often lost in the context of being an adult; all adults also retain a portion of their childlikeness, though many tend to submerge and ignore it.

What makes a good job? Absolutely anything. The choice is yours. How do you come up with a suitable idea? What should you do next? We asked a number of persons who broke from the mainstream of jobdom how and why they did it and what advice they can offer to others. Here's what they said:

Roller Skater. The first thing you notice about Suzi Skates, who makes her entire living on roller skates, is her height: her 129-pound, six-foot frame (or, as Suzi prefers to say, "five foot twelve") seems even taller as she rolls toward you in a red-and-white polka-dot miniskirt, pivoting on a pair of flashing legs.

Nineteen-year-old Suzi, whose real name is Susan Johnson, doesn't just fool around on wheels. For $7.50 an hour (minimum job: $20) she'll do practically anything to keep spinning along. She has roller-skated across London's Tower Bridge, in and out of discotheques, restaurants, and pubs, and has been kicked off of San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf, even though the stunned policeman there couldn't find a law prohibiting roller-skating in public.

"I didn't plan this job," smiles Suzi while taking a break from one of her more ordinary jobs: handing out leaflets in Union Square. The San Francisco resident, who migrated from Southern California in February, had her long blonde ponytail tied back with a big, gold bow and was wearing a backless, black leotard. "Every time I went out looking for a waitressing job, I got turned down because I'm not old enough to serve alcohol. Finally, a local frozen yogurt dealer asked me if I wanted to hand out fliers. I've been roller-skating ever since I was a little girl, even during junior high and high school; so I asked the guy if it would be all right to hand out the fliers on skates. He said yes, and off I went."

The sight of towering Suzi, rolling along on professional, red-wheeled skates complete with brakes (rubber tips that stop her when she points her toe toward the curb), immediately attracted the attention of onlookers, many of whom have requested that she perform other jobs.

What began as a weekend lark quickly led to such stunts as delivering candy to a patient in a hospital, meeting people at the airport and presenting them with flowers ("I find them by holding up a sign with their name on it"), and escorting a businessman to his hotel in a limousine and then ushering him in to the reception desk. Adds Suzi: "I just got hired to deliver an X-rated cake, but the skating part of it will only be R-rated.

"I can do anything on skates," she says, proudly rubbing her shiny Elvis Presley and Marilyn Monroe buttons. "I can climb stairs without holding on to anything. I can skate through crowds. I can skate into restaurants." Among her routines are Shooting-the-Duck (squatting on one leg with the other outstretched), the Mohawk and Choctaw (maneuvers involving switching from the inside wheels of the skates to the outside and vice versa), figure eights, and three-turns (turning on one foot along the curve of the number three).

What are her on-the-job problems? Strength and endurance are two. Even though Ms. Skates takes a five-minute break every hour, a five-to-eight-hour day on wheels isn't so delightful as most people think; it can get very tiring. "Being Suzi Skates is totally different from being Susan Johnson," explains the wheeler-dealer. "When I become Suzi, I get a lot of energy, but afterward I'm so tired that I walk around like a zombie." Each night Suzi scrubs down her feet with pumice stone in order to prevent blisters.

"My advice to people who are stuck in their jobs is to listen to their inner voice rather than to their egos."

"I've fallen a lot," admits Susan, "but I know how to fall. When my brakes start to wear out, I hold on to parking meters to stop." Another requirement has to do with personality. "You have to be aggressive," says Skates. "You can't be afraid to skate into somebody's house or into a public place or even up to somebody famous."

She makes no bones about wanting to be famous and even about going international. She hopes eventually to start Suzi Skates, Inc., a sort of skating delivery service that would compete with the bicycle messenger services that are popular in several large cities. "I'll want at least six women," says Suzi. "All of them will have to be tall, good-looking, slender, and very aggressive." Of course, Suzi's assistants will have to be top-notch skaters, too. After that there will be a whole line of Suzi products—T-shirts, buttons, the works.

Until then you can contact Suzi Skates at 519 Castro Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94114. She'll work anywhere, provided that you pay for the transportation. "Perhaps," she sighs, gazing off at a crowd that has gathered, "there is a businessman somewhere who would like me to fly to Tokyo and deliver a gift to someone on skates."

Whistler. Just as creative is Jason Serinus, thirty-three, who describes himself variously as a "virtuoso soprano whistler," "whistling healer," and "*pajarito*" (Spanish for a little bird). Serinus, the name he adopted three years ago, is the genus of songbirds of which the canary is a member.

Says Serinus: "I don't come from a musical family. When I was thirteen, my father brought home an opera album that really affected me. I've been whistling to classical music ever since. When I finally decided to go public, some friends told me I was the closest thing to a reincarnation of a bird they had ever heard and suggested the name Serinus. I went through a total identity change."

Today Jason, who lives with an equally melodic dove named Elizabeth, performs in bars and coffee houses; at weddings, anniversaries, and other parties; in the theater (most recently in a piece called "Breast" at Berkeley's Cat's Paw Palace of the Performing Arts); and on radio (including a program aired on National Public Radio). Although he still supports himself somewhat by doing postural-integration instruction, Serinus "expects to be living on whistling only by the end of the year."

Many people who have never seen Serinus perform come expecting some sort of vaudeville act. "That feeling almost immediately changes once I begin," says Serinus. It's true. Watching and listening to Serinus is a unique experience. After he was done, I found myself so relaxed that I was almost unable to continue my interview.

"There are different tones that affect your body," explains Jason. "They affect the heart and things in your brain like higher knowledge and learning. People's eyes always become very big. I myself become really high in a meditative sense."

His many performances at senior citizens' centers have caused emotionally depressed persons to feel a sense of relief for the first time in months. At two concerts in 1976 at the Instituto Wilhelm Reich in Mexico City, three members of the audience burst out crying. "Whistling," says Serinus, "fine-tunes people."

Mozart is Serinus's first love, but he also enjoys Handel, Puccini, Schubert, Bach, and Haydn. He works hard at his job. He works with a voice teacher and uses a piano accompanist. Before concerts he warms up for hours by whistling scales. "Depending on how I'm feeling, I can be breathy or radiant," explains Serinus, taking a deep breath (something he also does before performing). His two major enemies are chapped lips ("I try to avoid the sun and wind") and certain foods ("If I've had lemon, garlic, or honey, I have to eat a pastry to coat my mouth the right way"). He keeps a glass of water by him at all times.

As for the future, Serinus would love to cut a record, whistle with a symphony orchestra, have an entire ballet done to his whistling, and even make commercials for television. One special fantasy is performing at Carnegie, provided that he could

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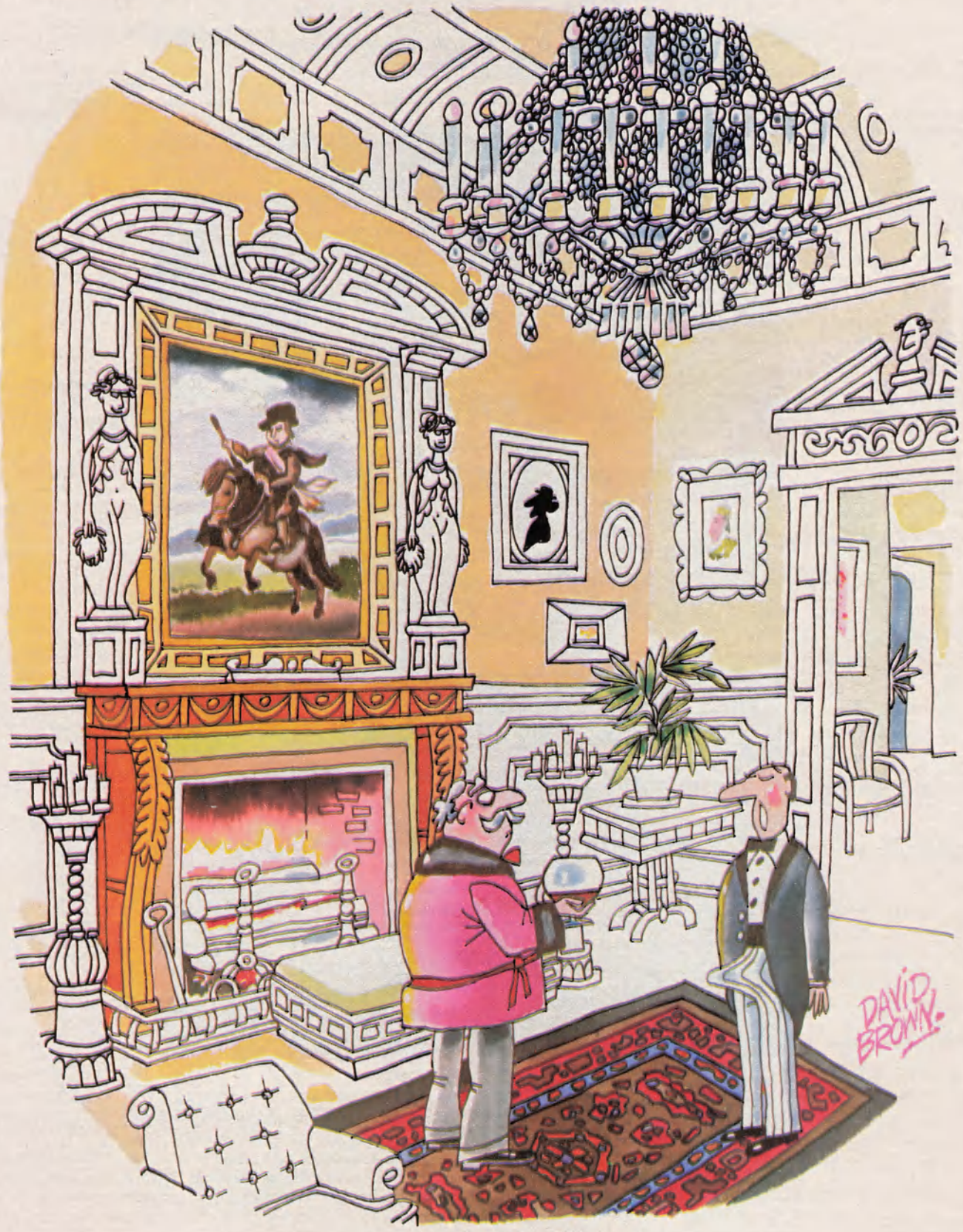


"The nymphomaniac has arrived, sir!"

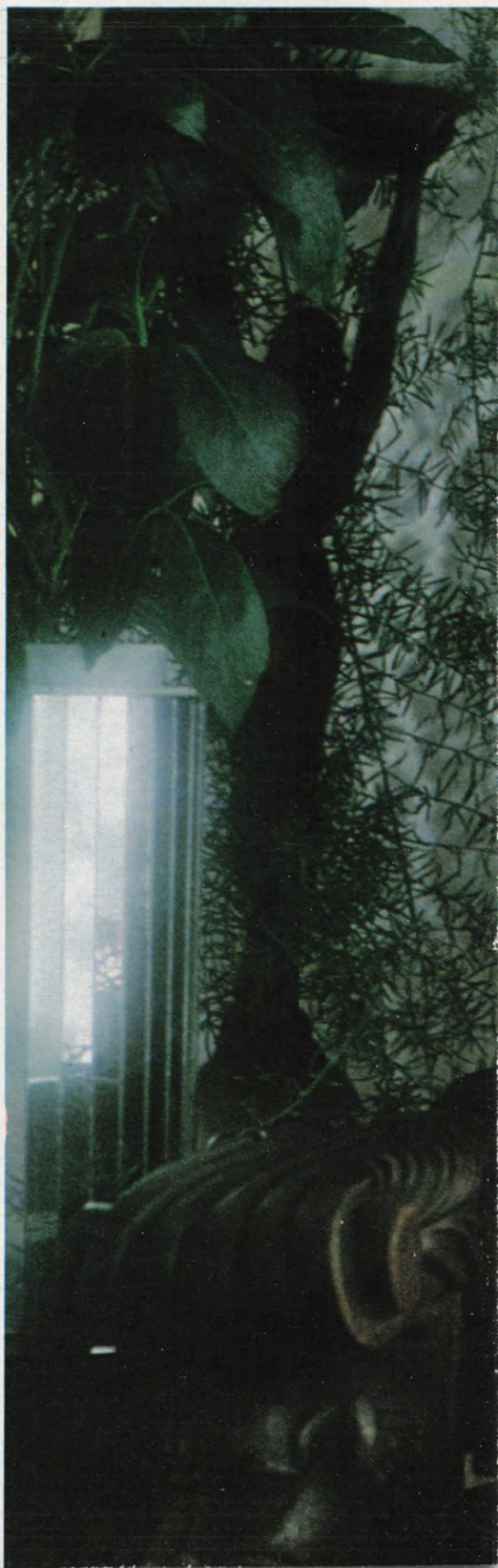
WITHOUT RESERVATION

"I can outrun, outfight, and outswim nearly every man I know. And I love to take dares."

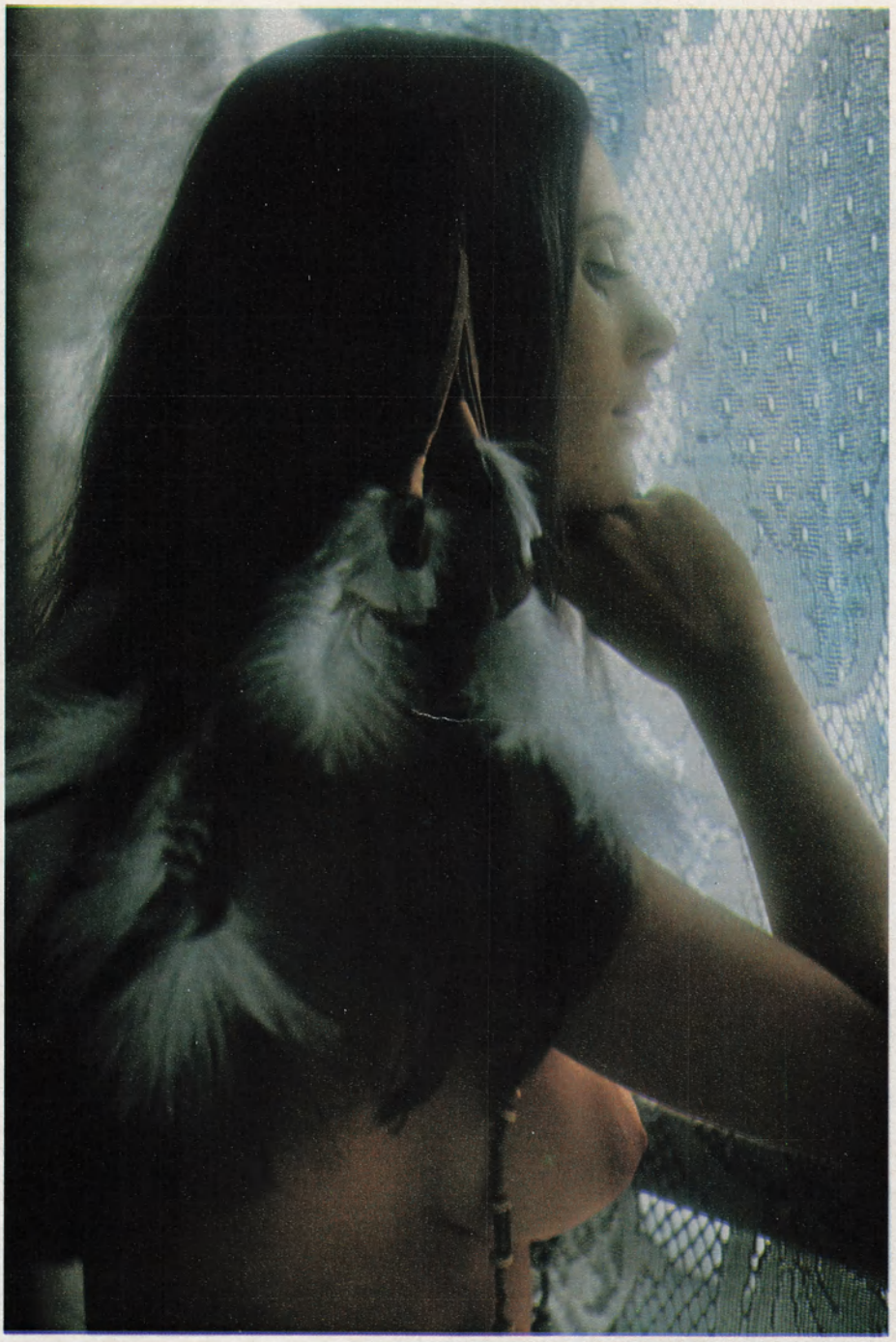
Sami Mitcheltree is a lady of many parts. "Among others, I'm part Indian, part Irish colleen, and *all* Pisces," she explains—and the elements could hardly combine to better advantage. They add up to exactly five feet of heavenly architecture, rounded out into a 37-22-35-inch form. Spiritually and emotionally, Sami is proudest of her Indian side, traits accentuated by her double-Pisces nature: "I have incredible psychic awareness, and I'm completely in touch with my surroundings. You know, Indians respond to weather as if it's part of them. If it's windy, we're courageous and adventurous. When the air is very still, we're serene and rather placid."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

As for her Irish side? "Well, the most noticeable trait is that I can't seem to drink anything without getting a wee bit crazy," she says. Not that she wants to. "I'm kind of a tomboy turned earth mother, and the outdoors intoxicates me more than anything else."



"I can outrun, outfight, and outswim nearly every man I know. And I love to take dares. That's how I came to do *Penthouse* in the first place. Some male friends bet me I wouldn't have the nerve to walk in off the street and say I wanted to be a Pet. So I did. Besides, I'm very photogenic, and I love to model. I have very prominent cheekbones," she says and adds, laughing softly, "among other things."



When it comes to making love, her earthy Indian blood and Piscean sensitivity seem to be another winning combination. "I'm totally in tune: with my lover, with my body," she explains. "I just flow with my feelings." As her lover says, "Men stand in line waiting for a baby Pisces to be born!"

Sami is elemental and earthy in another way: "Family and roots are very important to me. I helped raise my three younger brothers, and now I'm taking care of my lover and his two godchildren." When she isn't busy doing domestic things, Sami loves to swim and read. She especially enjoys books like Michener's *Bicentennial* and the novels of William Eastlake, because "they really capture the Indian heart and humor and philosophy." Is she politically active in Indian affairs? Sami takes the dare. "Nope," she answers, her tawny face breaking into a vixenish grin, "I'm more than satisfied with my own."

CAREER CHOICES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

"get a microphone that fully captures" his sound.

"A lot of people feel stuck in jobs they don't enjoy," believes Serinus. "My advice to them is to listen to your inner voice rather than to your ego. All of what I did before is irrelevant to me. I'm a different person now. My whistling has given me a true means of expressing what I feel, of opening my heart to others. In return, I'm happier than before and have made many new friends."

Serinus, who likes to negotiate rates on a person-to-person basis, can be reached by writing to him at 688 Sixty-fifth Street, Oakland, Calif. 94609. He loves to give demonstrations.

Pet Finder. John Keane, thirty-three, a former $1,500-a-month insurance salesman, spent six years of what he calls "soul searching" before becoming Sherlock Bones, "tracer of missing pets."

"I hated my work," recalls the husky ex-marine whose real-life name closely duplicates that of the old radio show, "Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons." "To anybody on the outside, it probably seemed I was living the perfect life. I had a fancy car, lived in a big houseboat, had a wet bar, shag carpet, picture windows, the whole bit. But what I didn't have was happiness. Happiness doesn't come from material things."

Keane's life took a 180-degree turn for the better in November 1976. "I was at a sauna in the Oakland Athletic Club when I noticed somebody had left a newspaper on the floor," remembers the private paw. "The truth is the paper happened to be turned to the lost-and-found ads. There was a $1,000 reward being offered for a missing chihuahua. I thought: *Jesus, maybe I should go out and look for that dog.*"

One thing led to another, with Keane striking out as a kind of modern Sherlock Holmes, complete with Sherlock-style hat and pipe. Dr. Watson is pleasingly played by his big, furry sheepdog, Paco, which accompanies him on missions. The kids who frequently help Bones locate lost animals (many of which seem to wander up to school yards) are, of course, dubbed the Baker Street Irregulars.

For $100 a day plus expenses Bones has been incredibly successful in finding hundreds of lost pets—mostly dogs but also cats and at least one flighty parakeet and a wandering horse. Not only does Mr. Bones scour the neighborhood for persons who might have clues to the whereabouts of the errant pet, but he also tacks up reward posters in the area and personally visits every local animal shelter. And for thirty dollars Keane will advise the client how to do most of this himself.

He gets calls for help from all over the country. Keane recently spent ten days on the prowl of a dog that had eaten his way out of a cage and jumped off an Amtrak train somewhere between McCook, Nebr., and Denver, Colo. The pet finder is also hard at work on a case involving a $10,000 reward—believed to be the largest reward ever offered for a lost dog. Named Killer, the four-year-old missing German Shepherd is the official mascot of the San Francisco Friends of Animals, which is offering the reward through Keane. "It has an oversized, completely blond head," says Keane, who believes the dog could now be in any part of the country. A book about Keane's adventures is in the works.

Says Keane, who traded his Datsun 260Z for a VW Microbus and his houseboat for a modest house in downtown Oakland: "To make this fantasy come true, I actually planned to go from riches to rags, instead of the reverse, but the crazy thing is that not only am I happier, but also I may turn out to be a millionaire pretty soon." To help him get there, write to him at P.O. Box 11035, Oakland, Calif.

Verbal Proxy. Like John Keane, a thirty-two-year-old San Franciscan named Philip Abrams has managed to carve out a job that never existed before he got the brainstorm for it in July 1976.

> "When the president doesn't want to talk to anyone personally, he sends out someone like Henry Kissinger. Why shouldn't everyone have a Kissinger?"

Abrams's imaginative and highly creative invention is Lipservice, which offers the service of "verbal proxy" over the telephone. For example, say you want to ask your boss for a raise but don't have the nerve to do so; or you need to tell someone something but because of a recent argument, the mere sight of you might set off another one; or you want to break off a love affair the easy way; or you want to tell someone how much you care but can't bring yourself to do so personally. Lipservice will gladly do these things for you for only $5 plus phone charges ($7.50 if you want an answer).

"A year ago I realized that when the president didn't want to, or couldn't, talk to someone personally, he just sent out someone like Henry Kissinger to do it for him," explains Abrams, who also practices the art of communication as a schoolteacher. "Why shouldn't everybody have a Kissinger?" They do now.

Abrams will call anyplace (Texas, Canada, England, and Australia are a few recent examples), at any time (3:00 A.M. is okay), in any tone except yelling (if you want a motherly voice, for instance, he'll use a female assistant), in any language (he has people lined up to help him in Spanish, French, Hebrew, Russian, German, Yiddish, and Italian, and can get others). You can give him the precise wording of your message, or he'll put it together himself. The message can be any length.

"The only thing I won't do," says Abrams, who lives in an expensive apartment overlooking the southern edge of the City-By-The-Golden-Gate, "is to accept anything threatening, libelous, or obscene."

I watched as Abrams took a request from a woman who was mad at her lover. "This guy has really pissed her off," Abrams says, shrugging. "She called me because she doesn't want the aggravation of listening to him try to explain." Abrams later delivered the woman's angry message and quickly hung up. "Her instructions were to get off as soon as possible," he said.

Abrams has handled messages as varied as "Your dog is crapping on my sidewalk," "Your stereo is too loud," "I hope you get well soon," and "How would you like to go to dinner?" "Every message is different," says Abrams. "This job never gets dull."

The unique mouthpiece would eventually like to see his service picked up by corporations that could use it as a verbal suggestion box ("employees who don't like to write things down could call me up with suggestions for their companies") and by children who are afraid to talk to their parents (if a woman wants to tell her parents she's pregnant, say, or on drugs).

As for now, Abrams is both impressed and miffed by a horde of imitators who have sprung up all over the country—including Chutzpah Phone Service in Philadelphia, Confidential Communications Service in Seattle, Pass-A-Word in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla., Speak-Up Service in Chicago, and Jawbone in Los Angeles.

Says Abrams of his year-long adventure: "Through this job I've found there is a definite relationship between work and play. You should be working hard at your play and playing hard at your work."

Lipservice combines the two feats at P.O. Box 31064, San Francisco, Calif. 94131.

Matchmakers. When Los Angeles housewives Lila Greene, forty-four, who has five kids, and Tobie Brown, forty, who has three, decided to go into business for themselves in 1972, Lila's husband turned to the pair and exclaimed: "You two will never be able to pull it off. You're just a couple of yentas." Thus, from this rude suggestion and an investment of seventy dollars for an answering service, was born the multi-million-dollar do-anything business known as Rent-A-Yenta.

Yenta, of course, is a Yiddish word that can be used to mean loudmouth. But its original meaning (as used in *Fiddler on the Roof*) is matchmaker, which is exactly how Greene and Brown construed the word.

"There we were," remembers Greene,

"with all the skills of a mother and wife—chauffeur, cook, first-aid person, cleaning lady, buyer, and a lot more—and totally unqualified to answer any of the ads we saw in the classifieds. After all, we had never had any real jobs before." Undaunted, the twosome decided to rent themselves out to do "anything legal." CBS newsman Ralph Story did a feature on them, and the calls began pouring in.

One of their first jobs involved moving a gorilla. Recalls Greene: "We knew absolutely nothing about moving gorillas but went over to this guy's house anyway. There it was in a cage. The two of us took a big gulp and carried it out to our car. Our next problem was what to do with it. It was getting late; so we finally decided to bring it over to Tobie's house. Everybody on the block piled out of their houses to watch us carry this gorilla into her living room." Later the spunky neophytes realized they could have hired an animal trainer to do the whole job for them.

Other projects have been just as unusual. When a client retained Rent-A-Yenta to return a screwdriver to her neighbor in a "creative way," the company dressed a circus performer up in an astronaut's uniform and hoisted her to the twenty-fourth floor of an apartment building so that she could climb in a window and deliver the tool to the slack-jawed incredulity of the lender.

If you need an elephant, for example, the firm will supply it, complete with truck and trainer, for from $400 to $500 a day, depending on the season ("there's an elephant season," explains Greene). Transportation is included in the price.

Among other accomplishments, the company has delivered a mariachi band to Hollywood's Greek Theatre with only two hours' notice; hosted a birthday party for Dinah Shore; set up at a Neil Diamond concert a "petting zoo" that included a baby bear, a black panther, and a wild boar; hired a belly dancer to sway on a scaffolding outside a stockbroker's office; and personally escorted a birthday gift to its destination in Rio de Janeiro.

According to Greene, expansion of the do-anything company to other locations around the nation (San Francisco, Chicago, San Diego, etc.) is only one development in the offing. Rent-A-Yenta is planning a major push into the food business. Right now you can get an exquisite dinner for two (caviar, roast duckling, quiche Lorraine) as well as a single rose delivered to your door for twenty-five dollars. The matchmakers are also planning to market a whole line of Rent-A-Yenta food products.

But so far nobody has taken advantage of Rent-A-Yenta's latest offer: dinner for two for life. The price tag: a mere quarter-million dollars. Says Greene: "We guarantee the price even if the cost of food goes up." You can inquire at P.O. Box 415, Tarzana, Calif.

Mass Psychotherapist. Interviewing the Automatic Human Jukebox in the big cardboard box that is his office is like being on another planet. Grimes Poznikov, thirty-two, a Yippie who believes that there should be a new presidential election every week and that the voting age should be lowered to five, calls himself a "mass psychotherapist."

Every day, rain or shine, at Aquatic Park in San Francisco you can find Poznikov and the seven-foot-tall crate out of which he operates. To make the jukebox work, all you have to do is press a button on the box, indicating what music you'd like to hear (selections include "When the Saints Go Marching In," "The Mickey Mouse Club March," "Puff the Magic Dragon," and about twenty others, including one that allows you to pick something not listed), toss in any amount of money (a minimum of twenty-five cents is preferred, but Grimes will play for even a penny), and wait. Suddenly, out pops Poznikov's head as he flips open a cardboard window to the sound of a slidewhistle and raises his trumpet. Each performance lasts sixty seconds.

Poznikov has been making his entire living this way since March 1973. The Automatic Human Jukebox concept is actually an outgrowth of something the teacher-turned-street-musician called the lobotomy machine. It was a contraption that people could crawl through, but six persons were needed to operate it. The Jukebox is automatic, because one person can run it.

> "With a singing telegramist, every song has to be perfect, because people are paying a lot of money for a two-minute show and they want it to come off just right."

Says Poznikov: "It's also automatic because it illustrates that people are becoming automatic and that 1984 is already here. I try to provide some comic relief. Participatory street music has therapeutic capabilities. If a person can get involved in what I'm doing and maybe hum or sing a few bars with me, it allows him to help change his environment. It helps eliminate anxiety, depression, even psychosis."

He also sees his service as a "litmus paper test for the level of fascism" wherever he has played. "In Spokane I lasted fifteen minutes before I was threatened with arrest," says the performer. "In Sausalito it was twelve minutes. In Reno I played "The Star Spangled Banner" until I got to 'land of the free and the home of the brave' before the cops physically moved me." The street artist has also been closed down in Paris (eighteen minutes), Amsterdam, and Prague. In San Francisco he has been given a warning citation by police who say that he violates the city's noise law.

Poznikov's first jukebox, made from material found in an alley, was compacted by local police after he was arrested in a demonstration. He found his second box in a dump at Thirteenth and Manhattan in New York and brought it west on an airplane.

"Is this any way for a sane person to pay his rent?" asks Poznikov, who holds degrees in music and psychology. "My parents don't know what to think of me. My dad is a city attorney in Kansas. They spent all that money on my education, and here I am, the Automatic Human Jukebox. But I'm doing what I was trained for. I was influenced by the concept of music therapy, but it was too narrow; so I devised this system to deal with the whole population."

Playing a trumpet for from six to eight hours a day, contends the founder of the Society for Advancement of Nonverbal Communication, is very tiring. "But," he says, grinning, "I'm doing what any happy anarchist would like to be doing."

Singing Telegramist. In December 1975, Don Currie, thirty-one, was a talented singer who'd been on the road for four years with a few friends, trying to make a go of a relatively unknown musical group. He was sitting in a San Francisco bar when somebody asked whatever happened to Western Union's old singing telegram service. Recalls Currie: "The whole idea went off like a flashbulb in my brain. I instantly visualized delivering singing telegrams in a bright red bellhop suit."

Less than two years later, after an initial investment of no capital whatsoever (a friend gave the suit to him as a birthday gift, and he relied on local newspapers and radio stations for free publicity), Currie and partner Jeffrey Andrews, twenty-eight, have a staff of thirty-five singing telegramists and a $1 million enterprise. The firm's original name, Western Onion, has been changed to National Onion. Eventually, Currie and Andrews would like to change the name once again, to International Onion.

"I wasn't surprised at the success at first, because we started out around Christmas," says Currie. "The fact that it was a Christmas-type story gave me the courage to call up the papers, but I just couldn't believe how the idea kept mushrooming after the holiday season."

Currie started out by working sixteen hours a day, covering the entire Bay Area in his 1953 Chevy and often sleeping in his bellhop uniform. By early 1976 the business was rocketing forward. Currie wound up singing a whopping ninety-eight telegrams on the phone on Valentine's Day. "It was the only time in my life I got a sore throat from singing," says the self-made songster.

National Onion will deliver telegrams over the phone at any time, to any place in the United States, for any occasion, for

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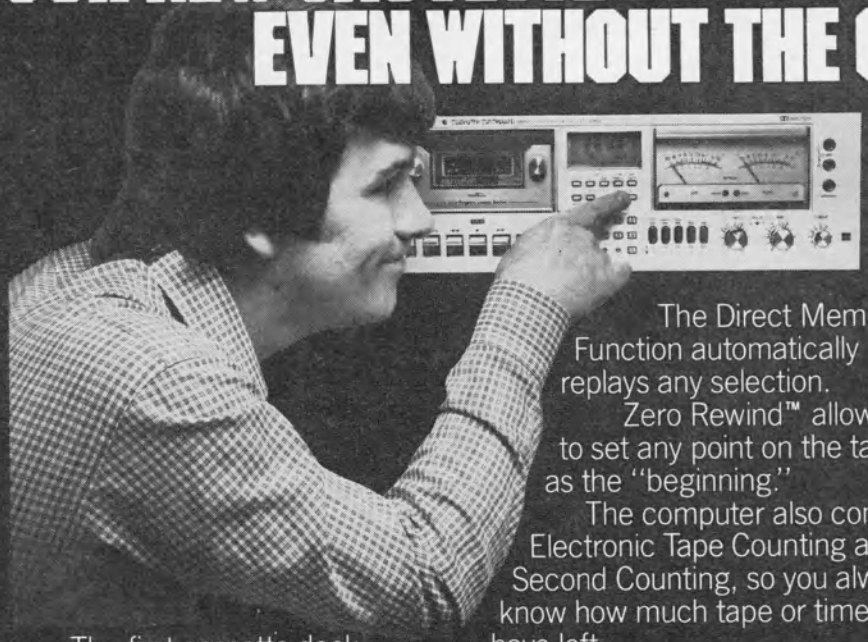

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$10.95. At $20 each, the firm has in several cities from coast to coast people who will deliver singing telegrams in person.

The company has standard songs available for more than twenty-five occasions, including birthdays, anniversaries, getting a date ("you don't know me very well; I hope I'm not too rash" sung to the tune of "Meet Me in St. Louis"). There is even a song for getting someone to stop smoking.

National Onionists have delivered telegrams to many notable people, including Jimmy Carter, Barbra Streisand, Stevie Wonder, Liza Minnelli, and Cary Grant. Currie once sang a Christmas greeting over long-distance telephone via a P.A. system to all twelve stories of a New York office building. Another time he hopped on a San Francisco streetcar so he could sing happy anniversary to a surprised patron.

"It's not easy being a singing telegramist. "The hardest thing," says Currie, "is the pressure. You're on a very tight schedule requiring each singer to do eleven or twelve telegrams a day. Nevertheless, every song has to be perfect, because people are paying a lot of money for a two-minute show and want it to come off just right."

Organization is essential. In the early days Currie arrived to deliver a bon voyage for a boat party only to discover that three other telegramists were there, one because the husband had just retired, a second because it was the wife's birthday, and a third because it was their anniversary. All four had been hired by different people.

Sometimes people receiving the telegrams get embarrassed. One National Onion singer actually had to chase a man and sing to him as he was running away.

"I'm busier than ever before," says Currie. "My life is fuller. The job has helped me mature. Being in business for yourself is frightening at first, because you have to make important decisions that could make or break things. But it teaches you a lot and makes you feel that you are accomplishing something. Anybody with an idea has nothing to lose by pursuing it, but the key is to take the time to do it well."

National Onion can be reached at the toll-free number of 800-227-4702.

Cookie-ologist. "Chocolate chip cookies," says Wally Ames, forty-two, "should be eaten very delicately. They should be dissolved in the mouth, not chomped down. Cookies are very sensitive. They have personalities and feelings just like us. They realize they are created to give pleasure to people and know they are to be eaten, but they don't want to be abused. Eat them with respect."

Amos should know. Since March 10, 1975, his Famous Amos Chocolate Chip Cookie Company, based in Hollywood, has had a total income of more than $1 million thanks to the chocolate chip cookie.

Well, not exactly. In addition to chocolate chip with pecan, chocolate chip with peanut butter, and butterscotch with pecan cookies, Amos markets T-shirts, sweat shirts, tote bags, baseball caps, napkins, jars, cups, and umbrellas with—you guessed it—chocolate chip cookies on them. "Have a very brown day" is Amos's catchy motto.

He even offers a line of gold-plated chocolate chip cookie jewelry, including pendants, rings, bracelets, and belt buckles. The cookie products are sold not only in Amos's own stores—two in Los Angeles, one in Tucson, and another in Honolulu (where he lives)—but even in top department stores, such as Robinson's in Los Angeles, Macy's in San Francisco, and Burdine's in Florida. Neiman Marcus, in Dallas, has devoted a whole department to Famous Amos.

The tall, lean Cookie King claims that his love for chocolate chips began at the age of twelve, when his Aunt Della turned him on to the little brown circles. He started baking cookies at home four years before plowing into a highly competitive business.

Amos points out that his show business and promotional background (he was the personal manager of entertainer Oscar Brown, Jr.) contributed to his success. Helen Reddy, Marvin Gaye, and other friends assisted him in raising $25,000 to get off the ground. Says Amos: "Today I'm still in the promotion business. My cookie is all the stars I've ever managed."

Amos is serious about his product.

"My cookies are very small," he explains, "because I want them to have personality. Big cookies just sit there. Mine look cute. They are easier to eat. And because they are small, you can look in the bag and find a dynamite one to pull out."

Amos brought 20,000 cookies aboard a yacht that sailed from Honolulu to Maui for a giant cookie-luau. In Cleveland he and a disc jockey put together a May Day parade to give away hoardes of other cookies.

Because he insists on totally natural ingredients without preservatives (white sugar, brown sugar, flour, chocolate chips or pecans, vanilla extract, water, baking soda, and salt), Amos admits that his cookies last only two or three weeks, but he contends that they are "better stale than other cookies are fresh."

"Cookies and milk," asserts Amos, "are the best combination, but cookies and champagne are also very good together. Another thing that most people don't realize is that cookies don't like to be dunked. How would you like to have your head dunked?"

What's he learned from proving that you can even make a living by selling chocolate chip cookies? Replies Amos: "People have the capacity to do whatever they want to do if they just realize it's possible and do it. Most people don't have enough confidence in themselves. They are too worried about what other people will think if they fail. I've found out that you have to live your life for yourself. Everybody can be an expert in something if they only try."

DANCIN' FLASH

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

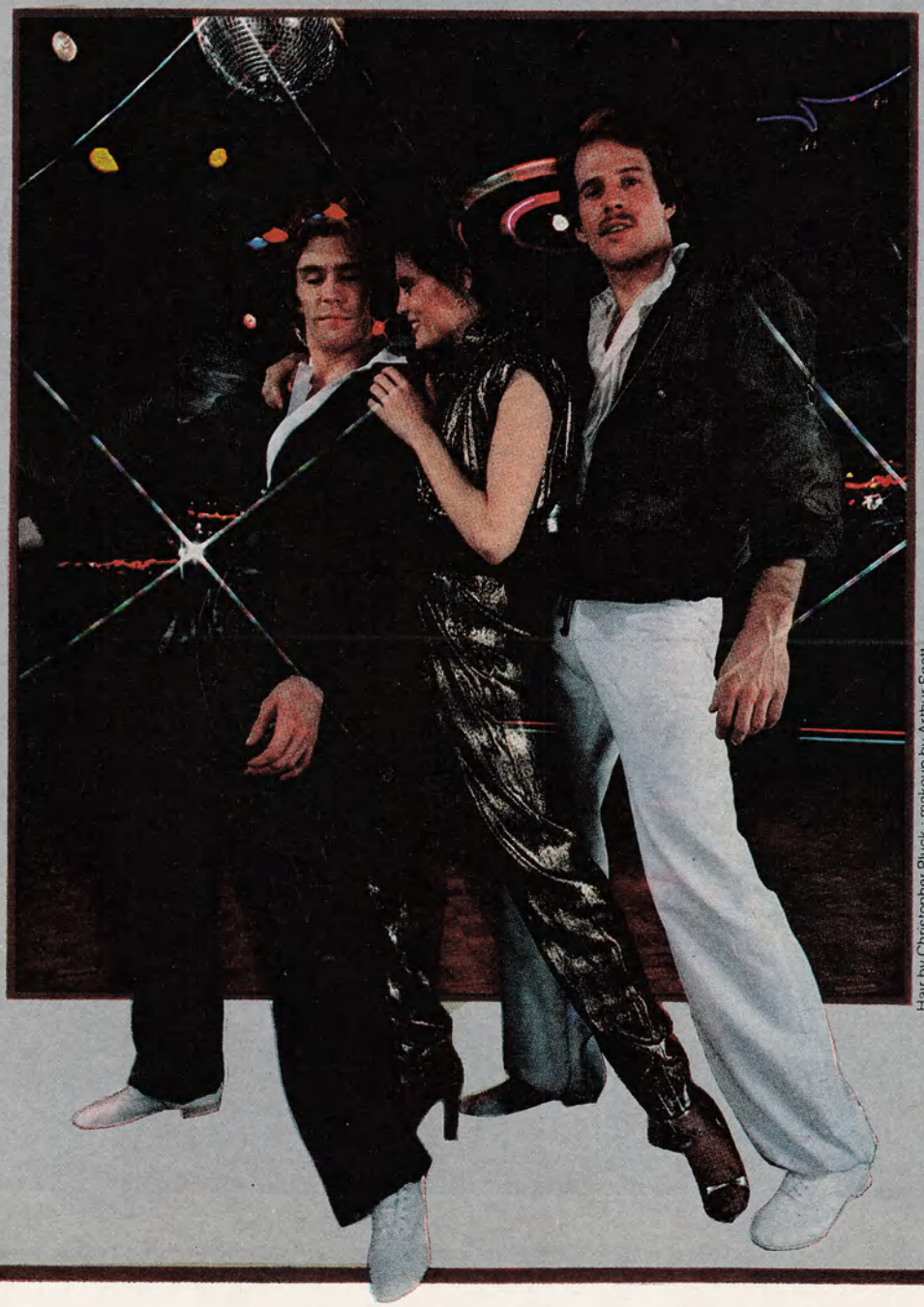
Slick silks and satins, live from *New York, New York*

Only the tin-eared and the nonrhythmics are immune to dancin' fever—and that wan word hardly describes the high-stepping showstoppers pictured here, who currently appear onstage in *Dancin'*, Bob Fosse's newest hit Broadway musical. Stunning choreography numbers include jazz, jitterbug, and disco. It's the

Photographs by William Douglas King

Lighting and special effects at NEW YORK, NEW YORK, by Stuart Bartky. The ever-changing nonstop music by DJ Francois Dubonett

(Opposite) Charles Ward, once a principal dancer with the American Ballet Theater, is now making his Broadway debut in Dancin'. *In this romantic fantasy he wears an all-cotton bigshirt with a shirred chest yoke ($75) by Ronald Kolodzie, teamed with narrow, pegged-bottom pants (about $28) by TKG and a vest of woven wool, ribbon, and lurex with silk borders ($100) designed and made by Jhane Barnes, Ltd. The Paisley ribbon belt is at George G. Graham; the camel bells on the suede cord necklace ($17) are Disco Bells by Terry Mayer. Vicki Frederick, a veteran of* A Chorus Line *and* Pippin, *wears a two-piece Grecian fantasy by Dianne B; her shoes are by Maud Frizon. Blane Savage, most recently Ann Margret's featured dancer, also debuts in* Dancin'. *He wears a silk-and-rayon-blend oversize shirt with full butterfly sleeves ($30) by barrie denn for Kennsington Blue. Tight-fitting disco pants with double watch pockets and panel legs ($20) are by Angel's Flight. The vest of brown, woven ribbon-and-silk trim ($85) is by Jhane Barnes, Ltd.*
(Below) The "Macho Man" fantasy in a two-piece jumpsuit look (at left) combines a black cire zip-front outer shirt ($48) by Ronald Kolodzie with lightweight, coated cotton, full-cut black-leather-look pants with roll-up cuffs ($70) by Nathan Wilborn. Ann Reinking, who is fresh from Chicago *and* A Chorus Line *and is the most electrifying of* Dancin's *dervishes, wears a jazzy, lurex-accented outfit by Jamie McDonald and shoes by Charles Jourdan; her Ted Mueling hair decoration is at Artwear. Blane Savage wears a nylon military-look, zip-front pullover top with drawstring waist (about $60) by Ronald Kolodzie; the cotton pullover pants with elasticized cuffs, for a blouson look ($55), are by Nathan Wilborn. All men's jazz dance shoes ($23.50) in this feature are by Selva.*

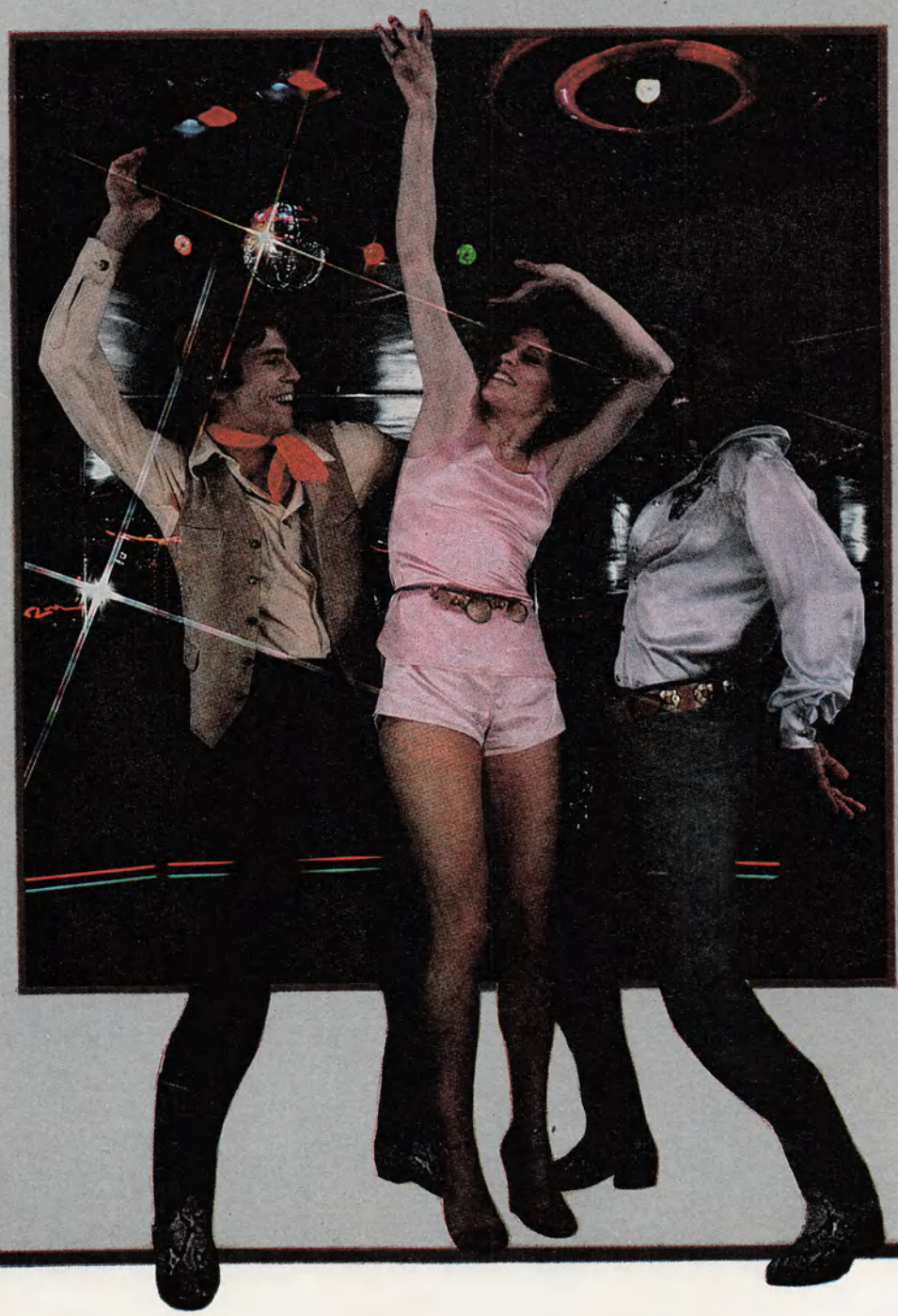


Hair by Christopher Pluck ; makeup by Arthur Scott.

body-language dance of the seventies, a dance in which style counts as much as substance—high style, of course. The conservative three-piece polyester suits once favored by Saturday Night Travoltas have gone the way of all flash, and it's about time. The newest dance-floor heroes strut their stuff in silky, romantic, oversized shirts and send out their shimmying signals in skintight satin dance pants and jackets. Others opt for a macho look—mostly updated military styles or rhinestoned cowboy garb.

In either case, the dancers swing to the beat of exuberant self-expression, which is best conveyed through a free-spirited choice of accessories. If the shoe fits your mood, wear it! Then cinch the look with a belt and top the whole thing off with an unexpected addition, such as one of the lavish vests shown here. When it comes to Saturday Night slipping-and-sliding gear, the more outrageous the better.

One place where you can feed your dancing fever is New York, New York, the elegant mid-Manhattan disco pictured here. It's already famous for its laser light shows and elaborate special effects, including surrealistic billowing clouds of fog. Musically, discos like this are the wave of the future—right now. Its musical repertoire has been expanded to include 1940s big-band sounds and bluesy jazz, along with the usual prerecorded disco-sound patterns of the past. For variety, New York is also adding a restaurant with special live acts and an intimate piano bar and cabaret showcase. O+



(Opposite) In this western fantasy Charles Ward wears an oversize English chamois shirt ($250) with pigskin vest ($65), both by George G. Graham Galleries, and brown velveteen pants ($40) by Sedgefield. Ann Reinking wears a satin tank top ($25) and dance shorts ($20) by Butterfly Management Co., accessorized by a purple horse rein of jingling gold shells and bells ($18) by Disco Bells by Terry Mayer; the shoes are by Charles Jourdan, the neckpiece by Piece of Mind (TM). Edward Love, a veteran of A Chorus Line and Raisin and a former member of the Alvin Ailey Company, dances here in a cowboy ensemble of crepe-back satin western shirt with a floral applique and a beaded fringe on the chest yoke and back ($95), designed and made by Sydney Blum, and straight-leg jeans ($23) by Sedgefield. All men's genuine snakeskin boots ($170) are by Justin. Both boots and conch belt are at Judy Buie Bootshop-Texas at Serendipity, N.Y. The heavy chain of Indian bells and golden jingles ($25) is by Disco Bells.

(Below) All-satin is the latest dance fashion craze. The maroon satin baseball jacket ($38) and the white satin dance jeans ($36) are by Butterfly Management Co. The wool-knit club tie by Tucker is sashed about the waist in Fred Astaire style. The champagne-colored, satin-look mandarin-collar bigshirt with full "Romeo" sleeves ($21) is Ego by Bond Street Shirts; the satin dance jeans ($36) are by Butterfly; the ribbon belt is by George G. Graham. Ann Reinking (left) wears a red two-piece dance cover-up by Norma Kamali; the gold-clip ornament is by Ted Mueling at Artwear. Vicki Frederick wears a lurex chiffon dress by Jamie McDonald; her shoes are by Charles Jourdan.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see Fashion Finder on page 162

Actual, unretouched pictures of 22 year old, university student, Meg Currie, during her VIVA-sponsored visits to the Hayoun Clinic.

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Is nonsexist pornography possible?

BY DAVID GRAMBS

A writer of fast-food sex books, I was applying for a job with this new feminist publishing house. To create a style for "*non*sexist erotic novellas for *both* sexes," the ad had read. "Chauvinists need not apply." Actually, I was just a spy for Wack Larberg, my boss at Cupid Books, who wanted me to sniff out what this "Amazon porn" at Felinè Publications was all about. A new threat to traditional raunch? A new literary discovery? Whichever, I was to (1) get the job and (2) quit after one week, but not come back to Wack showing "any goddamn effeteness."

"No, Warren, Mr. Beecher's seeing Alicia about the erotic novellas job," the granny-dressed receptionist was saying to a goateed editor. Wrenching a pipe from his mouth, Mr. Warren Firk introduced himself with a brutal handshake, his hot, puce eyes eating mine up in ocular sincerity. Beige bells, Harlem heels, and that rainy, pudendal goatee. A Ph.D. thesis in drag.

"I liked your résumé, and of course Alicia did," Firk said with humorless exhilaration. "Whoever joins us will have to know ter p's and q's if ter's to get the new fiction series off on the right, nonchauvinist foot. Hope you're our writing-person, brother!"

As he bustled off in a cloud of briar and brimsmoke, I realized I didn't feel brotherly toward him. I've always been distrustful of manicured goat chins, hearty-eyed saints, and fisty pipe smokers. I frowned at the receptionist. "Does he have a speech problem?"

"Murr Firk?"

"Murr? Didn't he say his name was Warren?"

"Oh—that's just the way Warren thinks the abbreviation for 'Mister' should be pronounced. You know, to go with 'Ms.' Oh no, he doesn't have a speech impediment. He just tries to use nonsexist personal pronouns instead of 'his' and 'hers,' especially 'his.' He developed them himself—Warren's very liberated, you know—and likes us to use them in the office here." She half-whispered and full-smiled. "Some of us haven't caught on to them yet."

"I can imagine." Beware of Greeks bearing pronouns.

"Mr. Beecher? I'm Alicia Sabine."

Ms. Sabine had a torrent of blonde hair running like white water down her short Indian-print dress to two roundly runnable rapids. She motioned me toward her office. As I followed her shapely, high-minded buttocks down the hallway, I realized I was sensitive to women's movements.

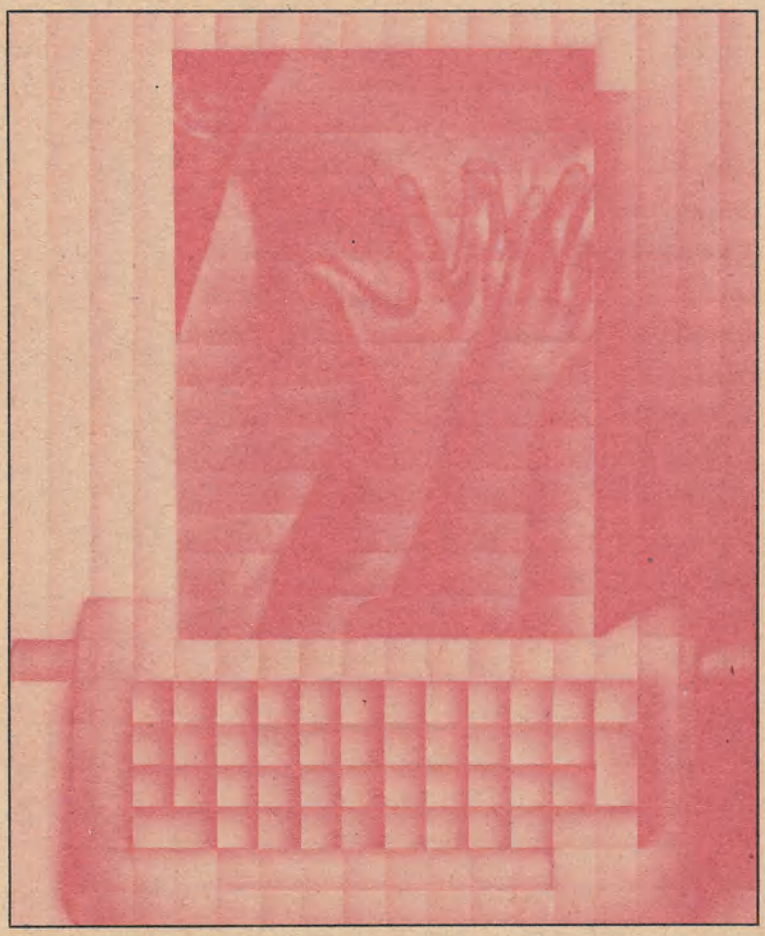


Illustration by Dorian La Padura

In her avocado office, as we traded the usual preliminary pleasantries that oil interviews, I thanked Wack Larberg from the depths of my heart and one or two other places. Alicia Sabine, feminist publishing mogulperson, was a latent centerfold and an overt royal piece. With seven or eight earnest nods, I yessed her questions about the lobotomized fake résumé Wack had improvised for me.

"This position would necessarily be somewhat undefined and, well, exploratory," Alicia Sabine said pensively. "The truth is, I don't know much about so-called sex books. And I don't know exactly what flavor or style we want in this line of novellas. We only know what we *don't* want them to be. We'd like the person we hire to experiment, come up with a

style—you know, a book we can use as a starting point for others."

She pulled a pea green paperback from a drawer and riffled through the pages. I recognized it as one of my very own Nymphia, Inc., books, printed on Iranian can paper. Alicia cleared her throat. "Now, here's an example of what we don't want."

"Who's the author?"

"It's—Bud J. Swyver. The title is . . . *Come Sweet Come*." Alicia winced. "Well . . . take this part, for example: 'Mona whimpered in panic as Grolack ripped the flimsy rubber apron away and pushed her onto all fours beneath the darkroom sink. His lust-gorged prick moved sveltely, like a Cadillac hood ornament, toward the puckered parking place beckoning from her globular hind.' "You see," Alicia broke off, "how the woman is seen only as a dumb sexual object? There's room for more sensitivity here, don't you think?"

Why hadn't I had Grolack use Vaseline? At least a touch of spit?

"Needless to say, there are many other unsavory aspects to trashy MCP books like this. Like the stuttering."

"Stuttering?"

"Yes. They've always got the victimized women stuttering or blubbering at certain points, as if they're all speech cripples." Her finger trembled beneath a line from my old book: "*N-N-NO! IT'S SO B-B-BIGGG . . . IT H-H-HURTTSS! AAGGHHH . . .*"

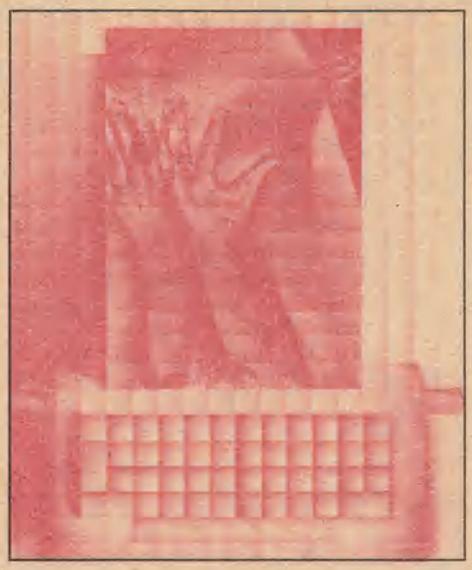
"I see fully what you mean," I said. "Unfortunately, as we in the trade know, many male readers are sort of inspired by stammering women."

"And seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses?" she said with a glint in her sunflower eyes. "Let me give you . . . Here are some nonsexist language guidelines my associate drew up recently. You might find them useful. Which is my way of saying," she added with a warm smile, "when can you start?"

The newest and most dubious member of Feline Publications, I was back in Alicia's office the next morning. I brought with me five manuscript pages of what, for better or worse, might be the New Pornography. I handed her my draft, but she pushed it back. "Could you just read it to me? My mind's ear is better than my mind's eye. What general approach did you use?"

"Well, the woman as an individual, in control of things." I began reading aloud.

"Maggie pointed the Lady Luger at the nubile houseboy's thick head after he had toweled her off. 'On the floor—on your back!' she snapped, with a newfound lust brought on by the warm bathwater. She patted her soap-flecked breasts as the frightened Filipino obeyed, the front of his American jeans bulging like a pup tent in a sirocco. 'You want——' he began. 'Quiet, you steep slope!' 'Don't kill me!' he pleaded. 'I do anything, fair memsahib!'



"His typewriter-proven fingers alighted on her body with the smooth skill of slow rain on a hot pane, and each time he whispered, '*Trust* me?' "

'You bet you will!' she said, kneeling over him, her lithe legs locking into his young, spare ribs. Anxious to please his mistress, his slender brown fingers began stroking her breasts expertly. Her nipples hardened like stale candy corns. 'No,' she snapped. 'This time we're going to try something different.' Her loins steamed atop his Melanesian stomach. She directed her murderously voluminous left breast toward his ethnically purplish lips. When he realized with horror her intention, he gulped. *She wants to put that—thing—into my mouth!* 'No! No!' he objurgated limply, 'Not *there!*' But Maggie would not be denied. Slowly, she wangled the bulky cyclopian nipple—her left one—between his trembling lips. 'Ouch! It hurts!' he wailed. Ignoring his cries, she gained more entry, forcing in the nipple, then the areola, then the lactic——"

"That's—enough for now," Alicia said carefully with a slightly pained expression. "I don't think . . . Well, to be honest . . . Maggie seems a little too dictatorial. Could you keep at it, come up with a different approach—one less graphic and more sensitive? I mean, where neither person is *forced*—personhandled—to do anything?"

"Togetherness. Everything cool."

"Yes, something like that!"

The next morning she had on white slacks with some high-style heels and a silky green blouse billowing nicely over her ample breasts. Sitting across from her freckle-coined cleavage, I noticed I was holding my palm in a supportive curve. I brandished four pages of a new draft and cleared my throat.

"As Bob's informed fingers skittered beneath the elastic band of her pleated majorette's skirt, Jill knew it would be as beautiful as she had always dreamed. They would love each other in the best way, equally and unalienably, respecting each other's feels. His hand halted inches from her maidentuft, his warm eyes seeking hers until she nodded with a glowing smile. Her hand tugged gently at the zipper of his polyester dashiki. He laughed delicately with a look of recognition, of understanding of her estrogenic needs, and she knew it was all right——"

"*Feels*"?

"Oh—there. I guess I meant to write 'feelings.' Sorry."

"That's all right. Please go on."

". . . was all right, what she did. Bob was sensitive, understanding. He—unlike all those other klutzes, and there had been judiciously few—did not treat her as a sexual object. Not he! His typewriter-proven fingers alighted on her body like slow rain on a hot pane, and each time he whispered '*Trust* me?' she tongued his dimple and nodded to him. A seismic paroxysm quaked her as his digital caress reached the fissure of her womanhood. 'Groovy,' he whispered wittily, and they laughed with hearty empathy. She knew Bob loved her for her whole body, not just for some old holey or teaty part of it or a simple anatomical aperture, or even a complex one——"

"That's much better," Alicia cut in, "much more attuned to a mutually supportive, non-role-playing, consensual relationship. Although . . . I'm not sure about the 'groovy' pun. But it's in the right direction. Maybe if you develop that a bit further . . ."

Wack Larberg phoned me that night for news. "What kinda shit do they have you writing for them? Salable shit?"

"Exploratory shit, Wack. They don't really know what they want. They're trying to find a different stroke."

"Christ, don't they know there ain't no new strokes in the porno game? What are they turning out, soft-core or hard-core?"

"Coreless, maybe."

"What's the house like?"

"Sort of a Sanforized sensitivity atmosphere, but the boss definitely has gender."

Alicia Sabine dropped into my office Thursday while I was four paragraphs into a more "natural" approach, with female pulchritude definitely unstressed.

". . . But to his joyous surprise," I read aloud, "Don found that he was not put off by her small, relatively unnoticeable goiter or by her two harelips, and as he rolled up the leg of one of the young, liberated milkmaid's overalls and nibbled at the lintish blonde hairs, he felt his awakening, boyish organ turning on, turning out, turning upward, stiffening like a virile cobra, because she was a natural woman. More natural than his damnably clean and spotless wife with her Binaca douches and leg razor. Don's deft, cow-sized tongue now moved up to her knee like a pat of cocoa butter melting in hot corn silk. Violet moaned, gasping——"

"Violet mowed grass?"

"No—'moaned, gasping.' That's as far as I've gotten." Alicia bit her lip, looking world-weary. "Did I strike pay dirt—or grass roots?" I asked. "I can't help feeling I'm letting you down——"

"Please don't," she said. "We're all in this together, and none of us can be expected to have all the answers." She leaned forward in her low-buttoned denim shirt. One scoop or two? Double dip, please. "There's *got* to be a way to take the sexism out of erotic books," she said, "and we'll find it. Oh, Warren, come in."

Warren Firk, shirt-sleeved and teething at a pipe that looked like a snub-nosed scrotum, stood energetically in the doorway. A green button on his shirt announced *Humanhood*. The logo seemed to be a manly thumb in a comradely embrace with a genuine lady finger. Or was it a hitchhiker tangling with a fairy?

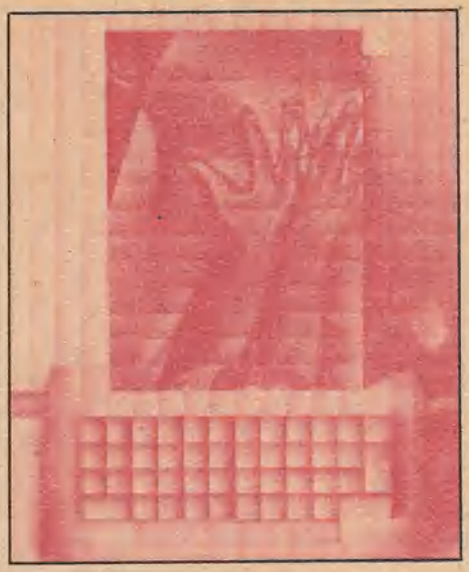
"How's it going?" he asked. As always, he seemed very pleased with his unflagging amicableness. He stroked his goatee with his reddish forearm. It looked like dishpan hands, a red badge of courage.

The conversation tilted to talk of the various Firk revisionist or unsexing projects. A book of nonsexist graffiti, which Warren had apparently resourcefully excavated in ladies' rooms around town. A recent Sunday-supplement piece called "Learning to Be a He-Person." A feminist modernization of the Declaration of Independence. A novel based on Warren Firk's own liberation, *The Empathic Male*.

There was also a "Sexism in the . . ." series on the boards. Knowing Warren, I knew it would cover everything from soup to the family jewels. Possibly spawn a movie. *The Return of the Sexism? The Ex-Sexist II?*

"Now if *only* we can find just the right tenor and style for the erotic series," Alicia said, a touch despondently. "Warren and I don't exactly—like—salacious books. But isn't that the most sexist of all types of writing—a target we can't ignore? Doesn't it *beg* consciousness revolution?"

Firk nodded. "There's a definite need to make a statement here. One for the sisters and brothers alike, one that treats the



"She knew Bob loved her for her whole body, not just for some old holey or teaty part of it or a simple anatomical aperture, or even a complex one."

woman as a person, without abusing her body and ripping off her mind. By the way, Nick, hope to see you at our men's Brotherly Rap next week, Tuesday. How's your consciousness these days?"

"Sub," I said.

After Firk gave the time and place for his pasteurized scratch-my-male-guilt session, he hurried off to see a woman about a dog. Was he the first hen of the walk? Alicia gracefully perched one of her Pearls of the Pacific buttocks on the edge of my desk, and we talked about new approaches, unusable approaches, combined approaches to what I was careful not to call Porno Without Pain. Or would it be Porno With Pain? Already it was Thursday. My "trial" employment period with Alicia's company ended tomorrow—unknown to her. What could I do to buy more time with the greatest piece of feminist ass I had ever seen? Alicia provided the solution.

"I realize tomorrow is Friday, Nick," she said. "Look, if you get any brainstorms tonight, call me at this number."

When I called the number that night, my fingers had been all pencils for hours. I started one rousing, randy saga. Forty minutes later I realized I was writing pure, impure, bulging porn of classic vintage. It felt good. But for Alicia Sabine?

In desperation I read Murr Firk's nonsexist language guidelines. They were definitely an evangelical deathblow to testosterone and coherence in the English language, with a clincher in pioneering baby talk. Warren seemed to rule out most of our traditional female words ending in "-ette" or "-ess." Nor was he fond of "he" and "she," "him" and "her," or "his" and "her," proposing in their place a new "unisex" pronoun, "ter." This, he admitted, might be ahead of its time. Very ahead, I hoped. Likewise the curious nouns he recommended to replace our usual words for male and female genitalia. He liked words ending in "-person," and the effect was anything but personal. It gave me a hunch that hell is filled with Firks and librarians.

I took a cab to Alicia's. She looked neat as a pin and, although shoeless, had dressed up a bit. Was that to keep things strictly professional? Firk, I thanked God or Goddess, was not there.

"I'm anxious to see what you've written," Alicia said, handing me a frosted-pimple tumbler of Jack Daniels. I dug into it fast while she sipped at a scotch and soda. She had on a plaid skirt and a snow white turtleneck. Her slim bare feet carried her through the fur rug to a corner of the sofa. I told her how inspiring Warren's guidelines had been, and a look of hope came into her more inspiring eyes. After another drink I began reading.

"When Barbara arrived at 14 Plaza Road, the swingperson's orgy was already in full fettle in the living room. Ter date Micky, an attractive midshipperson with the navy, was proud of ter athletic body and stripped off ter pants immediately, ogling all the penetratingpersons and suckingpersons and just plain watchingpersons. 'Please undress, Adrian,' ter said. 'I can't wait!' Ter obeyed with a laugh. 'All right, since undressing is persondatory,' ter squealed, laughing, remembering that ter was a compulsive masturbateperson. They recognized several familiar faces and appendages. On the mammoth redwood coffee table, a well-known high-school basketball star—what was ter name?—was going backdoor with a willing and attractive cheerleadperson, who nimbly switched to the missionaress position. Nearby, ter saw unzippy old Lou Cranford's erect malething relating to the wanton, soupy mouth of Carol Bigelow, Al's personable spouseperson. Carol's plump face had the intent, focused expression of a happy whistler biting a slim but wonderfully pleasurable bullet."

Alicia seemed to want to say something, but I read on.

"Not far away, ter spouseperson Fred had mounted comely Arlene Shipley, ter huge, hairy hands slowly stroking ter

shapely, splayed hunkers as ter pumped nimbly. 'I'm getting incredibly turned on!' Barbara gasped, suddenly clutching Micky's lengthening grointhing and feeling ter juices accruing, with interest, inside ter femaleslot. Up on the stairway landing, Bob Gonzalez, Kay Kobik, "Puss" Hoffmann, and Dee Giddis were clustered passionately in a tricky sexual act that Adrian had only heard about—an Iwo Jima Straight Up. Ter unflagging cries of——"

"Nick, *No!* You . . ."

"What's wrong?"

"You've—misunderstood Warren's special pronouns. What you just read—I couldn't tell which sex was which or who was who." Her beautiful eyes regarded me sadly. "Is the character Micky, the midshipperson, a woman? I wasn't sure."

"Well, I thought we could leave it up to the reader's imagination."

"And Adrian—I couldn't figure out who that was . . ."

"Sort of a unisex touch," I explained.

Alicia sighed, grief-stricken, and then took a deep six into her scotch. She was clearly upset. After a pause, she said, "Anyway, that style doesn't seem to work. At this point . . . I don't know anymore . . ."

"More than one road leads to Rome," I said. Were her underpants by chance Italian? "Alicia, here's another approach—quite different."

She was too distraught to protest, and after I had mixed her another scotch with two or three bubbles, I started in reading in my best sofa-side manner the hard-core, supersexist copy I had mindlessly turned out just two hours ago. Alicia Sabine seemed so amazed that she couldn't find her voice. I avoided her questioning face. I read without emphasis or dramatizing but clearly, softly, coolly. I tried pretending I was reading *The Letters of Virginia Woolf* to a court clerk. After recrossing her legs several times, Alicia sat tautly, staring into her drink. Scotch and soda, the still waters of her nonsexist innocence. But now she was swirling the ice cubes.

I read on, the adventures of escaped cons Harry, Dick, and Tom with Honda, a militant Ozark maiden "and lumberjackess," at a mountain feminist retreat that I called Mount Labia. It was the classic sexual education of the female orifices, consummated by Honda's climactic, god-driven, one-on-three-matches ignition. Four-letter commands to red-letter orgasms, vector to sphincter, reentry and second orbit, inch-by-inch pain to blubbering rapee gratitude.

Alicia seemed to be trying not to breathe, but the goodly front of the White Christmas sweater was swelling in and out like a brace of force-fed partridges. After I turned the fourth page, she set her rattled glass of ice cubes down. She was weeping quietly.

"It doesn't exist, does it?" she said.

"Don's deft, cow-sized tongue now moved up to her knee like a pat of cocoa butter melting in hot corn silk. Violet moaned, gasping. . . ."

"What?"

"Does it? There's no such thing."

"Come again?" It was a poor choice of words. I took her hand, and her head immediately took my shoulder. Her bunched skirt had raveled up her thighs to what I traditionally and joyfully deemed the point of no return. Strike the colors.

"Non . . . nonsex——"

"You really shouldn't stammer, you know," I said softly, using her tear-stained cheek as a Chap Stick. She returned my kiss, momentarily pulling away and eyeing me.

"Nonsexist erotica, sex writing, whatever. It's a contradiction in terms, isn't it, Nick?"

"I guess the concept's a bit like depilatory spinach," I said, reapplying to her lips, my hand under her sweater. "Or immaculate conception? But I see it as a challenge. We climb it because they are there!" I whispered confusedly—I had quite rabidly unstrapped her yet-unburnt bra and was Eskimoing its two former occupants. "Alicia, you're so lovely!"

"Nick, what you just read is the most chauvinistic, filthy . . . oh . . ." She moaned and brought my mouth up to hers. Bourbon and scotch never went so well together.

Alicia and I conducted quite a lot of pleasure over the course of the night. Partnering, questions of corporal merger, simultaneous dividends. And I learned that Murr Firk raised his consciousness better than he did other things. None of us is perfect.

By the time I called Wack Larberg from my new, larger office the following Tuesday, I felt like a new manperson. The day before, Warren Firk, quite forgetting his medicinal pronouns and remembering some unwontedly taboo epithets, had summarily quit. I was sorry about the hard feelings. After he stormed out of the office, I had an expensive set of His and Her towels mailed to him. The very same afternoon, Alicia and I announced our company's new name.

Wack received my news badly.

"You mean you're staying there?"

"Just that, Wack."

"You're a fucking *partner?*"

"It beats being a silent partner, Wack."

Wack was audibly miffed that Sabine-Beecher Books, formerly Feline Publications, would be one of his chief competitors. Alicia and I planned one line of erotic books written especially for being read aloud—earmarked for X, R, or PG listeners. Still more ground breaking, we felt, would be a "Nightwatchperson Agatha" series for senior citizens, featuring "twilight years" adventures and gentle depravity among the terminally ill.

Nor had Alicia and I given up on the idea of smart smut with a reasonably nonsexist bent. Wack, recovered from the shock of losing his worst writer, gruffly hummed a little tune to himself as I talked about it. One thing about Wack: he would never beat his sword into a plowshare.

"Still don't think it exists," he said. "And you can bet it won't come from a horny, ass-hunting hand like yours."

"I've learned a few things in the last week, Wack, really—since Alicia set me straight about some of my macho jackboot ideas. I think I finally know what it is. I think I finally know what nonsexist porn is."

"Yeah? Clue me in. What is it?"

There was genuine, old-order-shrinketh-at-the-new worry coming through from my former employer. He sounded like a silents superstar just hearing about something called the talkies.

"No offense, Wack, but I'm afraid that's a trade secret."

"For chrissakes."

"I tell you, this nonsexist stuff is the coming thing, Wack. You've got to be a little open-minded, of course."

"I'll believe it when it comes, if it can."

"What can I say? Watch your local newsstand. Watch the skies . . ."

For once I felt like a fat cat, a fat pussycat. I laid it on, but it was all too much for Wack, and after a blunt exclamation somewhere between OOHHHHHH and UUGGGGHHHHHH, he hung up.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE WORST:
WHERE DO YOU FALL BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Thirty-five questions to tell if you repel.

PSYCHOGRAPH

Most of us are not overtly nasty. As a matter of fact, you probably think you're a pretty decent person. You haven't hijacked an airplane lately, and it's been months since you've purposely run down a pedestrian on the street. You generally follow the norms of civilized behavior and don't cause anyone a lot of trouble. Yet, merely being civilized does not necessarily make you a good guy. The world has seen lots of civilized bastards.

This quiz may give you an idea of how strong your altruistic leanings actually are. It deals with what psychologists often call "helping behavior." When someone is teetering on the edge of trouble, do you offer a helping hand or do you give him a banana peel and tell him what he can do with it?

Most of us have a rather inflated idea of how altruistic we are. *You* may be a bastard, but in an emergency *I* can be counted on to help. Yet a look at any evening's six-o'clock news sets one to wondering if we're really as nice as we think we are. The barbarians are out there pillaging, raping, and burning, but there don't seem to be many good guys around stopping them.

For at least the past decade—and especially since the famous Kitty Genovese case—social scientists have actively investigated the phenomena of helping behavior. Why will one person help in an emergency while another looks the other way? Why, for that matter, will the same person act like a good guy in one situation and like a rat in another?

In an effort to answer such questions, psychologists have devised all sorts of field experiments. Prof. Harvey Hornstein of Columbia University, for example, "loses" as many as forty wallets a day in midtown Manhattan. He watches to see who picks them up and who returns them. Other researchers feign injuries and epileptic seizures on subway cars; they stage automobile "breakdowns" on lonely back roads; they ask questions in foreign accents and purposely call thousands of "wrong numbers" to see if they will be aided; and they drop their key rings in the paths of unsuspecting strollers, leave "important" papers in telephone booths, and stage mock fires in college classrooms—all to see who will act and who won't.

This enthusiastic experimenting has perhaps raised more questions than it has answered. Altruism remains a controversial subject in psychological circles—the scholarly journals are filled with papers in which researchers heave well-aimed academic darts at each other. Drs. John Darley of Princeton and Bibb Latané of Ohio State, two of the most prominent researchers in the field, describe the current state of affairs as follows: "Altruism presents a problem for psychology. It embarrasses traditional theories of psychology that are founded on the assumption that man is moved only by considerations of reinforcement. The hedonistic tone of traditional reinforcement theory is at variance with the simple observed fact that people do help others in circumstances in which there seem to be no gains and even considerable risk."

In other words, shrinks can't figure out why a guy would do something for nothing.

Helping behavior may be difficult to explain, but it has always existed. Even Neanderthals, who could be unspeakably cruel, were capable of altruism. Columbia's Hornstein, in his book *Cruelty and Kindness*, cites fascinating archaeological evidence that good guys have been around for a long time: "The famous cripple found at the Shanidar cave in Iraq is an example of ancient altruism. The individual's bones reveal that he lived at least through the time it takes for an amputation of the right arm to heal. That required aid from his fellows, especially because the amputation occurred when the victim was comparatively old. Forty-five thousand years ago, among the Neanderthals of Iraq, humans selflessly cared for one another."

While researchers continue to squabble over whose theory of altruism is correct, a sizable body of data has been developed to explain how and under what circumstances helping behavior is most likely to occur. It has been discovered, for instance, that people are more likely to offer aid when they are alone than when they are in groups. So, if you're being mugged or raped, you stand a better chance of help if there's only one bystander instead of several. (It seems that we're all conformists at heart. We don't want to look stupid in front of a group.) Moreover, researchers have been unable to turn up any links between religion and altruism. Fervent churchgoers are just as prone to nastiness as confirmed nonbelievers are; the good-guy ratio among wild-eyed atheists is about the same as it is among their born-again brethren.

The following constitutes the type of research upon which this quiz draws. Our questions fall into two general categories.

Social and personality correlates. Many psychologists suspect that there is no single type of altruistic personality. Nevertheless, a growing number of experiments indicates that certain factors in a man's background and personality correlate with how likely he is to behave altruistically. These questions concern your beliefs and upbringing. Some values correlate positively with being a good guy; others, negatively. Answer the questions as truthfully as possible. Don't try to "psych out" the test or guess the "correct" answer.

Experimental situations. Many of the questions reconstruct experiments that researchers have carried out in the field. We know how the average man reacts in these situations. Select the answer that seems best to reflect how you think you'd act in the same situation. None of the situations involves a severe emergency—for obvious reasons: we all assume that we would act heroically in a crisis, but there's no way of predicting if that would really be the case.

The situations described here probably resemble things that have happened to you in the past. In those cases, remember how you reacted and answer honestly. (After all, you're the only one who is going to know the results of this quiz.) Encountering circumstances on paper is naturally not the same as running into them in real life. To help offset this unavoidable problem, try to project yourself into each situation. Imagine that it's happening to you. That's the only way you stand even a chance of giving answers that might accurately reflect how you would react if the event were actually occurring.

Because research into altruism is still developing, we can't guarantee that the results of the quiz will be absolutely authoritative. If Genghis Khan and Richard Nixon took it, they might both come out glowing like angels. Still, the questions are based on the latest research available. They should at least give you an inkling of whether you're a gentleman or a bastard.

1. Do you believe that life is basically fair and that, in the final analysis, some sort of justice prevails?
   (a) yes (b) maybe (c) I kind of doubt it (d) definitely not

2. *Situation:* You're walking down the street. A man comes up to you. He looks as if he might be in college. He's casually dressed and relatively well groomed. He says, "Excuse me, I wonder if you could give me a dime. I've spent all my money." Do you help him?
   (a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) definitely not

3. *Situation:* You're walking down the street. A man comes up to you. He looks as if he might be in college. He's casually dressed and relatively well groomed. He says, "Excuse me, I wonder if you could give me a dime. My wallet has been stolen." Do you help him?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) definitely not

4. Did you grow up in a (a) large or (b) small town? (If you moved to various-sized communities during your childhood, pick the one that seems most like "home" to you.)

5. *Situation:* You are walking along the street. A casually dressed young *woman* approaches you. She says, "Excuse me, could you help me? I have to get downtown and need twenty cents for the subway." Do you give her the money?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) definitely not

6. *Situation:* Identical to question 5, except that a young man instead of a young woman makes the request. Do you help?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) definitely not

7. *Situation:* Identical to question 5 except that a pair (a man and a woman) makes the request. Do you help?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) definitely not

8. *Situation:* Identical to question 5 except that a trio (two men, one woman) makes the request. Do you help?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) definitely not

9. Are your political opinions basically (a) liberal or (b) conservative?

10. Do you believe that we human beings control our own destinies?
(a) definitely (b) pretty much (c) sometimes (d) very little (e) not at all

11. *Situation:* You are on the subway, traveling uptown. A man gets on, looks puzzled, and asks the passenger next to you, "Is this train heading downtown?" The passenger answers yes. You know that information is incorrect. The train is heading *uptown*. There are several ways of reacting in this incident. Which option do you choose?
(a) The man didn't ask you the question. It's none of your business; so you don't say anything. (b) You wait to see if the passenger who provided the misinformation leaves. If he does, you speak up and give the questioner the correct answer. (c) You politely—but *immediately*—inject yourself into the conversation and offer the correct information.

12. *Situation:* A man stops you on the street. He is obviously a foreigner. He dresses differently and speaks in extremely halting English. "Excuse me, sir," he says, "I'm waiting for someone on this corner. But I also have to mail this letter. Could you please mail it for me?" Do you take the letter?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) definitely not

13. *Situation:* The same as in question 12 except that the man is obviously an American. He dresses "normally" and speaks perfect English. Will you do as he asks?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) definitely not

14. Do you feel that your life and work are basically successful?
(a) yes (b) pretty much (c) not very (d) no

15. How many brothers and sisters did you grow up with?
(a) two or fewer (b) three or more

16. *Situation:* You are driving along a lonely back road. Ahead of you a car is parked off the road. You can see that it has a flat tire. A woman is standing alone next to the car. Do you stop to help?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

17. *Situation:* Identical to question 16 except that you are on an expressway during rush hour. Do you stop?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

18. *Situation:* You go to the supermarket on Saturday. Outside the main door a man is seated at a card table, collecting for a worthy local charity. Do you contribute some spare change?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

19. *Situation:* Identical to question 18 except that the man is a paraplegic with a badly disfigured face. Do you contribute?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

20. How would you classify your behavior and your outlook on life?
(a) highly sophisticated (b) relatively sophisticated (c) an approximately equal mix of both sophistication and ingenuousness (d) relatively unsophisticated (e) highly unsophisticated

21. Are you more an (a) introvert or (b) extrovert?

22. *Situation:* You just finished making a call from a pay phone. As you leave the booth, you notice a man several feet away has dropped an armload of papers. Do you go over to help him pick them up?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

23. *Situation:* Identical to question 22 except that after you completed your call, you found a dime in the coin-return slot of the phone. Do you help?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

24. Are you cynical about life and about other people's motives?
(a) very much so (b) quite (c) not too (d) no

25. Are you impatient?
(a) very much so (b) quite (c) not too (d) no

26. *Situation:* You live with a woman. You have just had a mammoth argument with her before you leave for work. You feel guilty because you know you caused the argument. When you get to the office, you find that a collection for an injured coworker is being taken up. Do you donate?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

27. *Situation:* Identical with question 26 except that you make up with your old lady before you leave the house. All is

PSYCHOGRAPH

forgiven. Do you still donate, and if you do, is your contribution as large as it was in the prior situation?
(a) yes, and I give the same amount (b) yes, but I give more (c) yes, but I give less (d) I don't donate

28. Would you say that you're a talkative person?
(a) very much so (b) quite (c) not too (d) no

29. *Situation:* You're sitting on a beach. The woman on the next blanket asks you to watch her things while she goes off to swim. A minute or two after she departs, a man in a bathing suit comes along and begins to swipe her transistor radio. Do you intervene?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

30. *Situation:* You're sitting on a beach. The woman on the next blanket goes off swimming. (In this case, you have had no contact with her.) A minute or two later an obvious stranger comes up and begins to rummage through the things she has left on her blanket. He looks as if he's going to swipe her transistor radio. Do you intervene?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

31. Do you like adventure and such risky sports as motorcycle racing or skydiving?
(a) yes (b) no

32. *Situation:* You go to use a phone booth before you catch a flight at the airport. You notice that an unsealed, stamped envelope apparently has been left behind by someone. You check the contents. The envelope contains a graduate-school application that has already been filled out. Attached to the form is a photograph of the applicant required by the admissions office. The applicant is a strikingly beautiful woman. Do you seal up the envelope and mail it off?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

33. *Situation:* Identical to question 32 except that the picture shows an unattractive man instead of a good-looking woman. Do you mail the envelope?
(a) yes (b) probably (c) probably not (d) no

34. Would you say that you are a frank and open person?
(a) yes (b) usually, but not always (c) not too (d) no

35. Would you characterize yourself as a sentimental person? Are your emotions close to the surface?
(a) definitely (b) yes, but I keep myself under control (c) sentimentality is a lot of crap.

SCORING

Every choice in this quiz has been assigned a weighted point value. The values are listed below. Circle your choices for all thirty-five questions and add up the points assigned to each choice. If you chose the "most altruistic" answer to every question, you would receive the top score of 103 points. You will notice that some choices—particularly in situational questions—carry high point values (four or five points). Experimenters have found that people rarely respond helpfully in these situations. If you *would* respond in these cases, you are a rare individual and consequently deserve a high point total for that question. You will also notice that some of the choices carry *negative* point values (one or two points). Experimenters have found that virtually *all* people respond helpfully in these situations. Thus if you don't respond in an altruistic manner, you are indeed a rare son of a bitch and consequently *lose* points on the question.

1. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0
2. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 2 (d) 1
3. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 0 (d) −1
4. (a) 2 (b) 3
5. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0
6. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 2 (d) 1
7. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0
8. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 0 (d) −1
9. (a) 2 (b) 3
10. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0 (e) −1
11. (a) 0 (b) 2 (c) 4
12. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 2 (d) 1
13. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 0 (d) −1
14. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0
15. (a) 1 (b) 2
16. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 0 (d) −1
17. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 2 (d) 1
18. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0
19. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 2 (d) 1
20. (a) −1 (b) 0 (c) 1 (d) 2 (e) 3
21. (a) 1 (b) 3
22. (a) 5 (b) 4 (c) 3 (d) 2
23. (a) 1 (b) 0 (c) −1 (d) −2
24. (a) 2 (b) 3 (c) 1 (d) 0
25. (a) 2 (b) 3 (c) 1 (d) 0
26. (a) 1 (b) 0 (c) −1 (d) −2
27. (a) 2 (b) 3 (c) 1 (d) 0
28. (a) 2 (b) 3 (c) 1 (d) 0
29. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 0 (d) −1
30. (a) 4 (b) 3 (c) 2 (d) 1
31. (a) 3 (b) 2
32. (a) 2 (b) 1 (c) 0 (d) −1
33. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1 (d) 0
34. (a) 2 (b) 3 (c) 1 (d) 0
35. (a) 3 (b) 2 (c) 1

INTERPRETING YOUR SCORE

If you scored 95–103 points:
You are either a goddamn angel, or you are lying through your teeth. If you answered honestly—and if your actions in the past appear to substantiate your altruistic outlook on life—congratulations are in order. You must be about the nicest guy on your block.

75–94 points:
Your altruism score is well above average. You probably tend to get indignant when you see injustice being done and act to right the situation without giving much thought to your own gain. You're the type of person who doesn't take advantage of people in business deals; you're likely to chase muggers down the street and help old ladies off buses. Sometimes you get sandbagged because of your naïveté, but don't let that embitter you. Keep doing what you're doing. We need a lot more people like you.

50–74 points:
You fall into the average range. You probably don't go out of your way either to hurt or to help people. Chances are that you're rarely the first to volunteer for a tough assignment, but you don't mind pitching in if others are helping, too. Sometimes you act like a good guy; other times you act like a rat. Welcome to the club. That's how most of us behave.

30–49 points:
You're not necessarily a bastard, even though you have a lower-than-average altruism score. You probably *are* careful about whom you give assistance to and under what circumstances you render aid. Let's say that you're selective. You're a realist, and you understand that the world does not always deal kindly with Good Samaritans.

below 30 points:
You'd make a swell hit man for the mob. Compared with you, my neighborhood loan shark looks like Florence Nightingale. On the other hand, you could just be having a bad day, couldn't you?

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FICTION CONTEST WINNER

UKIAH

Sometimes even now Willard had nightmares about looking down into the thick, green water and losing his balance.

Willard Ordan waited near the loading door of the Coos Bay Greyhound station until he saw the first of the passengers who had got off for the breakfast stop climb back on the bus. It was getting light; scraps of fog blew through the west end of the open bus shelter. Willard folded the newspaper he had almost finished reading, tucked it into the pocket of the tweed overcoat he carried over his arm—really too warm for an Oregon October—and lifted his suitcase to the first step of the bus.

"You can sit here if you want to." The young woman's voice was loud and deliberate, as if she were speaking to a foreigner or a child. "Have you bought a ticket yet? You have to have a ticket."

The bus smelled sour, even though the odor of the pine disinfectant used in the rear toilet floated right up to the front. Willard put his overnighter—real cowhide, a retirement present from Weston Saw—up on the rack above the front seat, gently shoving aside the girl's coat, which was made of some harsh, dark blue cloth. Somehow he hadn't noticed her through the window, nor had he seen her get on.

"I already showed my ticket to the driver, young lady." Willard could see him at the door now, a stocky young man, his ruddy face darker than the blond hair. The bus did not seem crowded. Several couples got on, retired, Willard guessed, maybe a few years younger than himself. A young couple, both tall, carrying packs and speaking some language that sounded like German. The usual college-age kids. A nice-looking woman, maybe forty or forty-five, wearing a well-tailored, tan pantsuit. She was carrying a book that had a plastic library jacket. Then the weirdos—May had called them that. They would always sit in the back, where they could smoke when the bus crossed over into California. And they went by Greyhound because that's all they could afford, May had said, not because they liked to. Sick-looking, bad-smelling men, often with coughs; their dirty, stringy hair would want cutting. The night before, Willard had thought of the weirdos while he took a long, soaking bath and when he pressed his suit with May's old steam iron and brushed the neat porkpie hat with the orange feather.

How did he miss seeing the girl? He had been standing there nearly half an hour. The other day, though, when he was hauling some brush to the back lot, a blackberry stalk that he didn't notice gave him a good swat in the face; there was still a scratch under his left eye.

Her name was Frances, and she was going to Eureka, where she had friends. She would get work for a few weeks, probably as a waitress, make lots of money on tips, then quit.

"I'm into poetry," Frances said. "I also make jewelry when I stay in one place long enough."

A young woman in blue jeans in the seat across the aisle, directly behind the driver, was stretched across the width of the seat; in one gesture she pulled her knees to her chest and covered her ear and eyes with her right arm.

Frances was telling Willard about her parents, both junior-high-school teachers. "They wanted me to go to college, but they just have to accept me the way I am."

Willard pulled out his newspaper, though all that was left to read was sports and want ads. Like Frances, May had been a talker. May always wanted the aisle seat and would lean across and yak at whoever was there.

As the bus headed out toward the bay, Willard could see the fog lying in great plates over the water; low swells lifted a green light as if it were a jewel from the bottom of the sea. Logs floated in rough squares, the smaller logs clustering to one side of a larger one, like pups suckling a bitch. Willard had been a boom man one summer when he was sixteen or seventeen, the year before he started in at the university. His father, the best head sawyer Pacific Lumber ever had, pulled strings to get him the job. Willard would be so exhausted at the end of a day's work that he thought his brain would go numb for good. But he had pulled through all right, although sometimes even now he had nightmares about looking down into the thick, green water and losing his balance.

Frances lifted herself, ran her hands down under her buttocks, settled her purse against her stomach.

"Where're you going?" she asked.

"Well, young lady, my ticket's for San Francisco, but I'm really just going down to see if the redwoods are still there. Have to check up on them two or three times a year."

Frances did not laugh.

"I may get off at Ukiah," Willard said. "Once we get inland."

The girl nodded, did not ask if he had family there, as the nice-looking woman with the book surely would have done. He could see her in the driver's rearview mirror, about four seats back. She jerked her head up suddenly, probably afraid she would drop off and begin to snore. You have to learn how to handle that, Willard knew, on these long trips. Lean your chin on your hand, head toward the window.

At home May's snoring used to send Willard into a black despair. Maybe she had been making all that racket for forty years, and he had never noticed, but he had been sleeping poorly since he retired eight years ago. Snoring is all so innocent, he thought, yet not to be borne. Like the stench of Philoctetes' wound—intolerable. (Who wrote that—Aeschylus or Sophocles? Maybe Homer.) When May went to the hospital for the last time in June, he would awaken toward four in the morning, as if a great, flat stone had struck him, tenon into mortise. The jays would be making a racket like the winding key of an old alarm clock.

He had had just one year at the university when his dad was killed at the mill. It must have been 1921. An inadequately housed circular saw had torn a huge splinter of wood from a Douglas fir; the splinter struck his father in the abdomen, killing him outright. Willard had never gone back to college, though his mother could have got on all right in the company house, with her small pension. Instead, he took a job as salesman and junior accountant at Weston Saw. He bought his mother a new electric range and a Maytag washer. In 1924, the year his mother died, business was good at Weston, and he had got himself a new car, a Studebaker.

He was on the road much of the time, even after his marriage to May. He was a good salesman. He had grown up with lumber, knew the language. He was also better educated than most of the men he worked with—"well-spoken" was how they put it at the retirement banquet. Willard was valedictorian of his high-school graduating class, and in his junior year he had won fourth prize in a statewide Latin contest. Though a business major at college, he had signed up for classical Greek but had had to drop it when the accounting and math assignments got too heavy. Once a Portland newspaper had advertised foreign-language records for $2.99—"Speak Like a Native in Four Weeks," the ad had said—and Willard had sent for two, French and Spanish. One reference manual had come with the records. It was printed on cheap newsprint and was stapled together; the pages were divided into vertical strips, one each for Italian, Spanish, English, French, German, Russian. Every page had dealt with one topic: "In the Hotel," "Getting Acquainted," "At the Restaurant." Willard had gotten to page five, "At the Post Office," before May accidentally threw out the manual with the Sunday

Fiction by Lois Baker

paper. Willard shouldn't have left it out; that's true. Without the manual the two records were useless. Well, you get only what you pay for. He always bought good-quality books, second-hand, but leather bound. He personally dusted the sets of Dickens, Balzac, the Greek tragedies (maybe only Euripides), Shakespeare's histories. Now and again he would let a book fall open and read that page, as if it contained an omen or fortune. Sometimes he would even memorize a passage, as he used to in Latin class.

Frances's voice was so loud that it must have been the second time she said it. "Gold Beach. Five-minute stop."

The foreign couple and half a dozen others got out. One young man began doing calisthenics, hugging his arms around his chest and bouncing up and down from his hips. Willard felt an urgent need to urinate. Maybe there was a rest room in the motel that served as the depot.

"Sorry." The bus driver lit a cigarette. "They don't let us use it. You can use the one in the back of the bus."

Willard wandered behind the motel. One of the men from the back of the bus was already there, zipping up his fly. This weirdo wore a dirty white cable-knit sweater; his eyes were bloodshot, his stringy hair reddish in the glare of the lifting fog.

"All yours, Pop."

Willard touched the brim of his hat. "Just taking a little stroll," he said.

Everyone seemed wide awake when the bus started up again. One of the older women brushed her hair, a frizzled gray permanent, like May's had been. Willard could hear the sound of candy bars being unwrapped in the seat behind him. Frances offered him a mint. The girl across the aisle was sitting up now. She was sallow and slight and had a large nose and a receding chin. Frances leaned across Willard to talk to her. The girl was from New Haven, Connecticut, and she had bought a fifteen-day Greyhound pass for $165. She was seeing as much as she could for the money. The woman with the book put on tortoise-rim glasses and began to read in earnest.

"That couple back there is from Denmark," Frances told both Willard and the girl across the aisle. "They want to see the redwoods."

Down by Brookings the October sun had completely broken through the fog; great circles of silver lay on the water, out past the surf. The light seemed to want to pry open his eyelids; it was like watching a candle when you are sleepy, Willard thought. Recently, he would try to get back to sleep after he had awakened so early, but he would never drop into a deep slumber; he would get hung up, as if in the branches of a tree, like a widow-maker in second- or third-growth fir. He remembered how the really big firs always grew far apart, a distance equal to their height. Even when there was no wind below, the high branches would be moaning and sighing; there would be a hustle and a chatter of birds in the low-growing shot berry and vine maple. The redwoods, though, were always quiet; only moss and a few plants could grow beneath them . . .

He felt what must have been a quake—the sick feeling of earth falling away. The brass light fixture above their bed was swaying; May was lying there perfectly still, her small hands clutching the silky binding of the blanket. He was trying to tell her how the ancient Romans used to write in all capital letters, running the words together with no space between them, or only a little nick of the chisel, so that you really had to know your verbs and declensions to read Latin: "*O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro, dulci digne mero . . .*," he began.

When he jerked himself up, he realized he had been leaning on Frances, but she was looking out the window and didn't seem to mind. The bus was rounding a corner, the wheels nicking the center tiles of the road.

There was a forty-minute lunch break in Eureka. In towns where the Greyhounds stopped once or twice a day, he would always sense an air of things having been got ready in a hurry—the rest room swept out and sprayed with disinfectant, not really cleaned, the glass silexes behind the counter full of weak coffee, cups and saucers already out. The waitresses would look apprehensive, as if they had a grim job ahead. Who knows? Willard thought; maybe some days they get whole busloads of weirdos. He decided to eat at a trucker's restaurant he knew a couple of blocks away, down toward the ocean. The fog began to roll in heavily again, and he was grateful for his overcoat; he hadn't noticed before that the sleeves hung down to his knuckles. Checkered curtains hung at the café's salt-stained windows; two truckers were sitting at a small table under the wagon-wheel light fixture.

He felt what must have been a quake.... May was lying there perfectly still, her small hands clutching the silky binding of the blanket.

"That smokey wrote me up for seventy-five, but I was doing ninety," one of them said.

"Yeah, he did that right," replied the other.

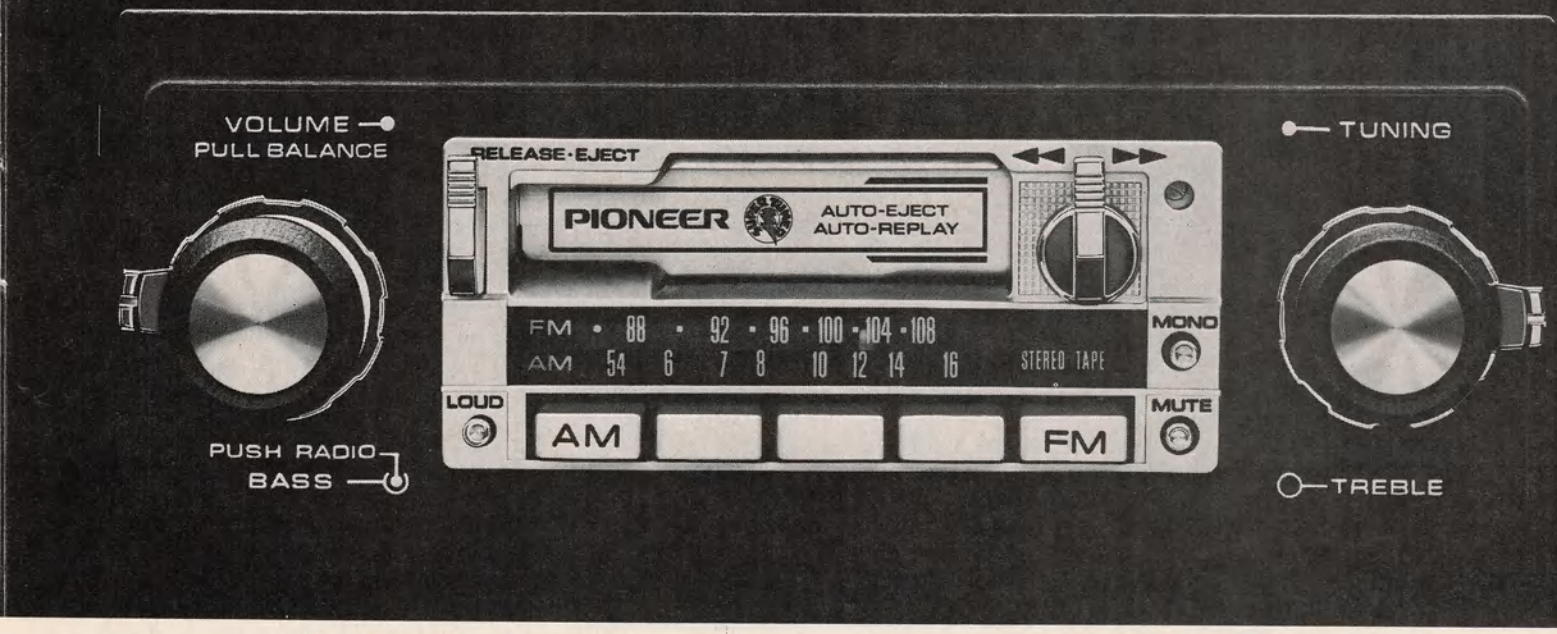
Willard had a bowl of chicken soup thickened with cornstarch and two little packages of Saltines. He still had fifteen minutes until the bus left. He noticed that a lot of peculiar people seemed to be settling in Eureka. He saw Frances inside a little shop that had greeting cards in the window like the old Maxfield Parrish prints, peach and blue, May had hung in their first apartment. Some of the old houses had been restored; they were painted colors of the sunset, too—orange with red trim, pale blue with yellow green. The weirdo who talked to him at Gold Beach was in a bookstore near the depot; he didn't look any different from the other people there. Maybe he lived in this town.

But the weirdo got on again, carrying a couple of small, bound magazines. A prosperous-looking man, maybe sixty-five, wearing a jeweled lodge button in his lapel, gave his ticket to the driver; Willard noticed that he had huge, red hands. The lodge man told the driver—really announced to anyone who could hear him—that his flight to Los Angeles had been fogged out; so he decided to take the bus as far as San Francisco. He wasn't going to wait around in any airport. He was in for some disappointment, Willard knew. From Eureka on there would be local traffic; soon they would be in the thick of the redwoods, and hikers coming out from the trails usually wanted to go only five or ten miles. The big man wouldn't realize that this was the best part of the ride. He leaned across the empty seat next to him as the man went by. "This is the best part of the ride," he said, but the man just nodded.

The fog was clearing in patches, leaving the air like a glass of water with a spoonful of milk stirred in. They were getting into the thick redwoods; the only sky Willard saw was a silver ribbon that ran above the road, like a path in the sky. It was warm next to the window; he loosened his tie and closed his eyes. When he woke up, the bus was pulling over to the side of the road, next to a grove of huge trees. He recognized it as the usual stop for sightseers, which must mean they were getting down toward Garberville. He had been asleep a long time.

He often tried to formulate what he felt about the redwoods and decided that it was respect: friendly respect, maybe mixed with a little sadness. Nothing could kill them, not bugs, not rot. Sometimes lightning would knock off the tops, but the trees could live through forest fires, the thick sap sealing off the heartwood. Some of these big ones were three thousand years old. They stood up against anything—but, of course, nothing could hold out against the saws Willard had sold for Weston. The smell of the great logs—redwood, cedar, spruce, fir—as they hit the head rig in the mill, the sweet smell of newly planed lumber or of the piles of sawdust lost from the kerf, had him hooked for life, he had often told May.

But the redwoods were his favorites. There was a mystery about these huge, silent trees, some of them three hundred feet tall, the ferny limbs branching out a hundred feet above the ground. They took without a whimper whatever the weather



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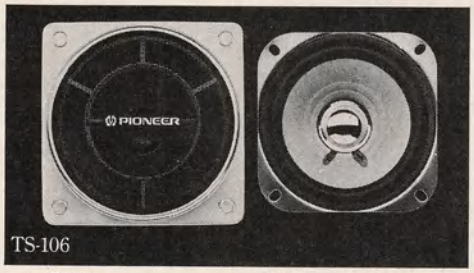

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had to offer. Delicate in spite of their great size, they had small, neat cones like the hands of a soft woman. Fir and spruce would send out gnarled roots that looked like knuckles clutching the ground; the roots of the cedar arched like the vaulting of a cathedral. But the redwoods were simple—no sign of roots, hardly thicker at their great bases than they were fifty feet up.

"Anything like this where you come from?" Willard asked the Danish woman, who was adjusting the focus of her camera. She shook her head, moving closer to her husband.

"May I offer for sale one of these fine, ancient trees, madame?" Willard asked the book woman. "Old as the pharaohs."

She laughed; she had a nice smile. But she was not really pretty; he could tell she had had bad skin as a girl.

"No, thanks, I wouldn't know where to put it. But they are amazing. It's like being under water here."

The woman was going to Santa Rosa to see her parents. Her father had been sick with the flu. He was up and around now, but at his age—she caught Willard's eye—well, she thought she better take some time off work to see them.

"Where are you going?" she asked Willard.

"My ticket's to San Francisco, but I might get off sooner."

"Do you have family in San Francisco?"

Willard told her that he had a nephew there, who worked in one of those controversial modern buildings. He was in insurance. (But what was his name? He was May's nephew, really; he had come to the funeral. "Come on down and see Ellen and me any time, Uncle Will," he had said. He and May had no children, and May used to like to have her two sisters' boys come up for a week or two during the summer. Ronnie? Stevie? Donald?)

"Oh, that's nice," the woman was saying. She turned down Willard's invitation to come sit up front "with the professionals."

"I've got all my things settled where I am, and I'm afraid I'd just snooze. I'm not much good at bus riding." She shivered a little. "Should have brought my coat," she said, turning back to the bus.

A few other people were beginning to get back on. Willard thought it might be a good idea to pee before the bus left. When he finished, he came from behind the big trunk; he could hear the driver ask the lodge man, "Where's the old guy?" just outside the bus door. Willard waved his hand and tried to run over the soft, mossy ground.

"Okay, Pop, no sweat," the driver said. "We got plenty of time." But Willard was the last one on. The driver climbed in right behind him and started the motor.

Somewhere south of Garberville, on the way inland, there was a dinner stop—near Laytonville, it must be. The combination restaurant and depot was outside the town proper. It was a brand-new stucco-and-laminated-wood structure Willard hadn't seen before. The man who was fogged out at Eureka, the book woman, and the skinny girl from Connecticut were just settling themselves at the counter when Willard came up. Those who traveled in pairs were at the booths, but the weirdo in the white sweater had one all to himself.

Willard asked the skinny girl if she would mind his sitting next to her. The waitress was a big, handsome, sullen blonde. She had painted her eyelids a brownish green, like an iguana's. Willard saw nothing he wanted to eat listed on the plastic-coated menu. A nice bowl of clear broth would have done it or baked custard or lamb stew. The skinny girl ordered a hamburger and coffee, snappishly, as if she knew all about unpleasant waitresses. The man with the lodge button ordered a Reuben with french fries. The book woman asked if by any chance they had yogurt; they didn't, the waitress said; so she settled for a hamburger and coffee, too. Willard looked at her, past the girl.

The redwoods were his favorites. Delicate in spite of their great size, they had small, neat cones like the hands of a soft woman.

"Nor I, nor any man that but man is, with nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased with being nothing," he said.

The woman smiled but looked worried. "Can I help you choose something?" she asked him.

Someone turned on the jukebox, and a loud rock song blared out.

"What'll it be?" the waitress shouted at Willard the second time around.

He decided on cottage cheese, but the waitress explained that the cottage cheese came only on the diet plate, two-twenty-five.

"*Je voudrais une* diet plate," he said.

"Look," said the waitress, "you don't have all that much time. What do you want?"

The others had finished eating by the time his order came. The woman read her book while she drank a second cup of coffee. She looked at her watch.

"We have seven minutes," she told him, and then headed for the Ladies', down a hall near the door. Suddenly, he was not at all hungry. He took a bite or two of the cottage cheese, a taste of the hamburger patty, but it was blood rare. He left a dollar tip.

"Merci, mademoiselle," he said to the waitress when she took his money at the cash register.

By now the bus was less than half full. The lodge man was sitting in the window seat behind the driver, and the book woman had moved up, sitting next to him in the aisle seat. The skinny girl had decided to sit in the seat next to Willard's. She drew her knees up as he sidestepped past her. He was annoyed; he was sure the book woman would have sat next to him, if the skinny girl hadn't got there first.

The lodge man, it turned out, was a talker. He was a retired ornamental plasterer, had done Spanish stucco work, and had repaired the broken and chipped noses, fingers, and toes of statues in the old L.A. movie houses and also in mortuaries. There was not much call for that kind of work now; so he had set up a nice little salvage business for himself (his lodge connections helped) and he salvaged—just for one example—over four hundred dollars in silver in the past year from a certain type of electronic switch. The woman would ask him a question once in a while—wasn't lath and plaster really better than Sheetrock, or did he think real estate prices would ever go down again?—but it was plain from his responses that he didn't hear her. One of his sons, he said, had been born deaf; this son was married to a deaf girl, and they had two perfectly normal children. He pulled their pictures out of his wallet.

It was getting dark. Though Willard loved the redwoods, he loved coming out of them; it was as if he could breathe normal air again. The golden hills were like silk. The dark live oaks, bent and twisted against the hills and the deep sky, reminded him of people who worked with their hands all their lives. Just the other side of Willits the freeway ran alongside the Russian River. He could see a few stars in spite of the car headlights that were starting to flash onto his window from the opposite lane.

Last March, just after the doctor had explained her cytology report, May had wanted to go down to Guerneville to stay in a motel for a few days. Her folks had built a little cabin on the river when she was a girl, though it was long since torn down. May insisted that she would be perfectly all right on the bus, but Willard drove their 1963 Rambler sedan anyway. The generator gave out just as they were getting into Cloverdale, about the same time of evening, and they drove into town without headlights. The mechanic in the AAA garage couldn't get the part they needed until morning; he told them about a little hotel run by a Mexican family.

"Nothing fancy," he said, "but nice and clean."

A golden brown woman, her hair as black as the oaks, had been behind the hotel counter. She smiled at May, who somehow had grown gentler these last weeks; maybe it was all those pills she had to take. Sometimes she would even get a little silly. Willard had written in the register "Mr. and Mrs. Willard T. Orden, Coos Bay, Ore. *Yo y mi*

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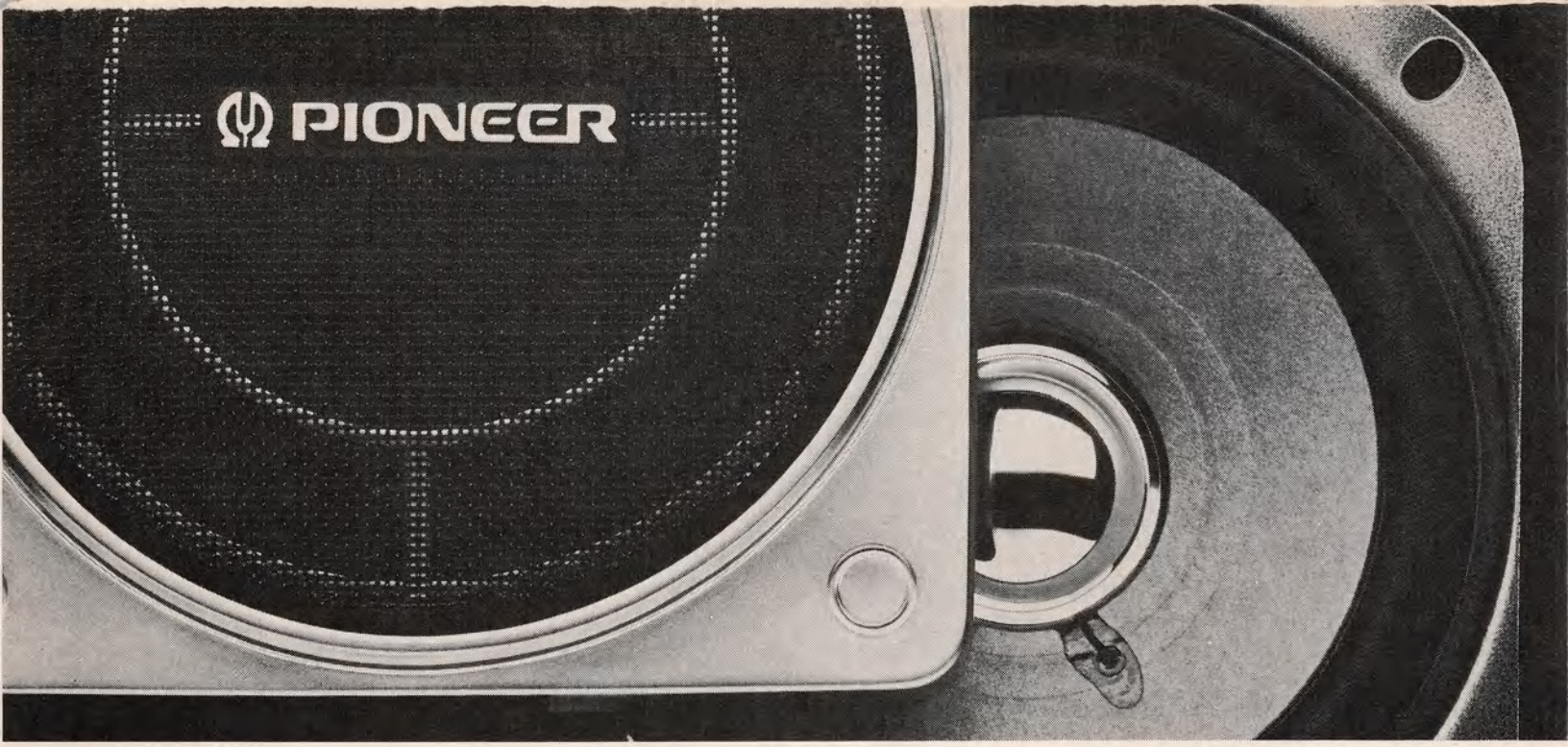

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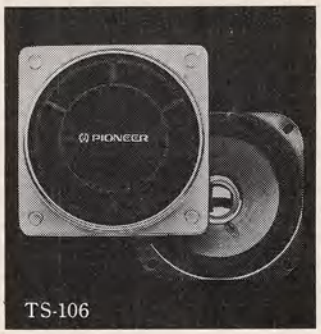

TS-106

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(212) 752-2429

DEATH WISH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

New England. If that is true, why did Maine have a 6 percent decrease (fallout from the Maine Yankee reactor drifts out to sea) and Vermont have a 1 percent drop (fallout from Vermont Yankee blows generally into Massachusetts and New Hampshire)? Dr. Sternglass concludes: "There is no way that other cancer-causing agents could conceivably explain that kind of pattern. It is a point source that parallels exactly the strontium 90 and cesium 137 in the milk in New England. There are excessive amounts of strontium 90 in the milk around Millstone."

In 1957 the first commercial reactor was put into operation at Shippingport, Pa. Today the facility is operated by a consortium, the senior member of which is Duquesne Light Company. The plant has released such huge amounts of strontium 90 that, out of the six dairies whose milk was monitored by Duquesne for that element in 1975, four were dropped in 1976, leaving the monitoring to the two that, in 1975, had the lowest readings. Now Duquesne monitors only one dairy for strontium. Extensive health studies have been conducted in the Shippingport area since 1972. Dr. Sternglass reports "enormous increases in infant mortality" because of subtle birth defects associated with radioactive releases of the plant. In 1958 Beaver County, where the reactor is located, had a cancer rate well below the national average. In the first ten years of reactor operation, the county's cancer rate increased by 30 percent. During that same ten-year period, one mile downstream from Shippingport, the town of Midland—where people drink the water that flows past the reactor—has experienced an increase of 180 percent in cancer rates.

In 1973 the governor of Pennsylvania commissioned a Shippingport study, which concluded that the industry's monitoring had been so inadequate that it was virtually impossible to calculate how much radiation had been released in the area. In spite of the study, today's Shippingport population is covered with a radioactive mist, which combines with dangerous concentrations of calcium sulphate, lead, cadmium, chromium, and iron from nearby coal-burning plants. Property values have plummeted, and people report alarming changes in vegetation and wildlife.

In what can only be described as the terminal frosting on a lethal cake, last year a technician at Shippingport misaligned a couple of valves, sending 9,000 gallons of radioactive liquid into the Ohio River. Duquesne failed to notify the town of Midland, and an unknown amount of radioactivity entered its water supply.

The most appalling aspect of reactor pollution is its profound genetic effect. Studies of children who grew up in the Southwest during atmospheric bomb testing show that they suffer from higher incidences of subtle birth defects—increased infant mortality, subtle brain dysfunction, birthmarks, learning disabilities. Now across the United States fetuses, children, and adults are being exposed to large amounts of strontium 90 in milk, as were the people in the Southwest. Because advanced medical care often keeps defective children alive and these children grow up and reproduce, the human race now has genetic mutations deposited in the global gene bank. This reproduction of mutated genes has resulted in what Dr. Sternglass calls "a threat to the biological survival of our species."

People who live far from nuclear-power plants are not exempt from the threat of radiation. Casks of radioactive materials travel continually across the country by truck and by train. Plutonium and enriched uranium can be found at any time on our highways and roads, in our cities and towns, and near our homes and places of work. In 1974, within the United States, 50,000 pounds of enriched uranium and 1,600 pounds of plutonium were transported in a total of 1,904 shipments. The record shows a frightening number of transportation foul-ups as well as a grave laxity in security measures taken by the DOE, the NRC, and individual companies.

The DOE claims that "nuclear materials have been transported during the last thirty years without a single injury or death from their radioactivity." Since there are many cask leaks and instances of contamination that go unreported, this statement seems like an extremely optimistic bit of nuclearese. What about shipments of other materials that have been contaminated by radioactive materials? Consider, for example, the case of Edward Gleason.

In January 1963, Gleason, a dockworker with the Eazor Express Trucking Terminal in Jersey City, N.J., handled a leaking glass carboy that had been transported through Manhattan and the Holland Tunnel three times, twice along the Pennsylvania turnpike, and had been stored at NUMEC in Apollo, Pa., and in Newark, N.J. The shipment was mismarked and was improperly packaged; so when the shipment spilled on Gleason and on the ground, he was simply instructed to cover the puddle with sawdust. About fifteen other men were present when the shipment was spilled, loaded, and sent on its way to Brookhaven on Long Island.

Ten days later Edward Gleason read a story in the *Newark News* telling of an accident involving spillage of radioactive materials. He contacted the AEC and learned that the material he had spilled down his left side had contained hydrochloric acid and gold and was contaminated with plutonium. One of the men who was with Gleason at the accident, says, "We didn't know plutonium—what was it to us? We might have thought it was a town somewhere." But the company knew, and the AEC knew. The area was quarantined, and the workers' clothes were confiscated. The men were sent to doctors who warned them

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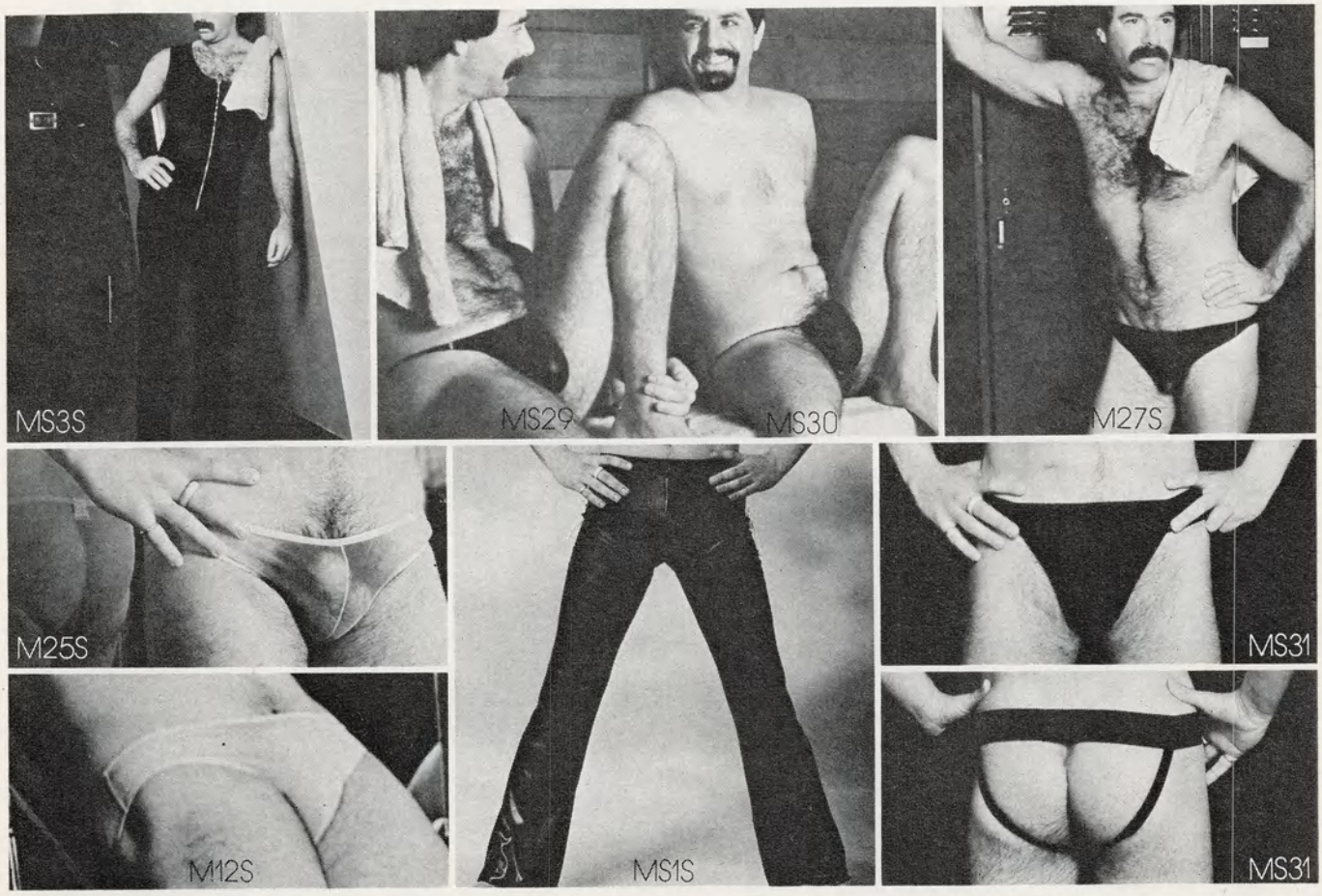

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Photographed at 21st Century Fitness Center – NYC

that the accident could cause problems later in their lives.

In 1966 Edward Gleason developed bone cancer in his left hand. By 1968 he had to have his left arm and part of his left shoulder amputated. His internal organs were riddled with cancer. He died in 1973.

Since then one of the other dockworkers, Charles Brown, has died of cancer, several months after he won half a million dollars in the New York State Lottery. Some of the other men report reasonably good health; others admit to symptoms that they do not understand and that doctors can't seem to help—lethargy, loss of sexuality, nervousness. When they talk about the matter, they try to cover the anxiety—"What're you gonna do? You got to go on living." But it is there, the fear of radiation sickness. They remember what the doctors said fourteen years ago: the effects curve begins at seven years, peaks at fourteen, and decreases until twenty-seven.

These men are representative of thousands of people who have been exposed to radiation, willingly or not, knowingly or not, and who do not know what is happening inside their bodies. They are the psychic victims of the atomic age.

It would be comforting to assume that the nuclear-transportation business has improved since Edward Gleason's accident. But a report prepared by the Public Interest Research Group in Michigan in 1974 indicates that there is still a great deal to worry about. Between 1969 and 1972 the GAO discovered that "there were sixty-four unreported instances in which the containers or the vehicles were contaminated above the specified levels." These instances were discovered only by the GAO's special research.

Dr. Marc Ross, a physicist from the University of Michigan and presently at the Center for Environmental Studies at Princeton, estimates that if reactors are built at the DOE-predicted rate, there will be a *bare minimum* of 162 serious transportation accidents involving spent fuel casks during a period of ten years starting around 1994. One of the radioactive materials being transported is cesium. If this extremely lethal substance is released into the atmosphere, under stable weather conditions it would contaminate a large area of land for more than fourteen years, kill infants and young children, and cause cancer in about 2 percent of the people directly under the radioactive "plume," not to mention the hazards to a downwind population.

Who is responsible for our nuclear quandary? What has transpired to bring about a situation in which we all carry particles of plutonium in our lungs and drink milk that is poisoned with strontium 90? How have we come to be increasingly dependent upon a system in which one of our sources of electricity can kill or disfigure us, alter our gene structure, and make us the sad possessors of radioactive waste that no one can handle? Who has sanctioned the billions of dollars spent to build breeder reactors at the expense of exploring the power of the sun? The answer lies with the federal government, which instigated, supported, and shielded the nuclear program, hid its dangers from the public, and, today, has massive plans for its future.

Nuclear believers have known since the beginning that nuclear reactors were not really safe. By 1965 three major studies—two of which were federally sponsored—of the projected results of major reactor accidents had produced alarmingly high figures, the most frightening of which the AEC suppressed. In 1975 a $5 million government reactor safety report was released under the supervision of Dr. Norman Rasmussen of MIT. This 24,000-page report has been severely criticized by the EPA, the Sierra Club, the American Physical Society, and the Union of Concerned Scientists. These and other substantive scientific groups point out that the Rasmussen report used only two light-water reactors as models for the study and that it ignored the possibilities of sabotage, of error on the part of workers, and of an increase in the failure rate of reactor parts as a plant ages. It did not provide adequate analysis of the results of such events as earthquakes, fires, and tidal waves. The report's authors guessed at numbers when crucial ones were not available. The report assumed that, in the case of accident, nearby populations could be evacuated. In fact, there are no viable evacuation plans in effect. It is not possible even to imagine the bedlam in New York City that would result from an accident that could occur forty miles away at Indian Point. No substantive scientific groups were able to obtain copies of the Rasmussen report before it was presented to Congress. No copies were made available; so the report sailed, uncriticized, straight to Congress.

The unreviewed report was presented in time, however, to influence Congress in its decision to renew the Price-Anderson Act, which was passed in 1957 and stands as one of the pillars of the atomic industry. The Price-Anderson Act limits the accident liability of any company that operates a nuclear plant. Today such a company assumes responsibility for $160 million, and the federal government for $500 million. This form of federal subsidy was originally devised an an inducement to utilities that were reluctant to invest in an industry which carried with it such high hazards. Considering that the Rasmussen Report itself predicted that the worst reactor accident could cause $14 billion in property damage, 3,300 deaths, 45,000 early illnesses, 45,000 long-term fatalities, and 3,200 square miles of contaminated land in ten to forty years after the accident as well as 240,000 thyroid cancers and 5,100 genetic defects in the first generation, plus genetic defects for the five subsequent generations, it is clear that Price-Anderson would not begin to cover the damage.

It would seem reasonable to expect that, in return for the risks and potential losses that the nuclear industry expects us to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

IN THE AUGUST *VIVA*

JOAN CRAWFORD Her name was synonymous with an incomparable brand of glamour. But there were things Joan Crawford did to get to the top that make most potboiler novels sound tame. Helen Lawrenson's wry, bitchy reminiscences are eye-opening, to say the least.

NEWTONIAN PHILOSOPHY Thrift-shop chic has finally come out of the closet. Surrealist master Helmut Newton photographs our oldie-but-goldie summer fashion finds.

DICK CAVETT They've called him everything nasty you can possibly call a public figure, mainly because Dick Cavett is too damned clever for his own good. Barbara Grizzuti Harrison is perhaps the first interviewer ever to get behind the ice-cool wit and straight to the heart of this maddeningly brilliant, undeniably special man.

THE ANNAPURNA EXPEDITION It's four miles straight up to the roof of the world—to where the breath of life itself is nothing to be taken for granted, to where life, literally, hangs by a cord. No team of women has ever before mounted a successful assault on the awesome Himalayan peak Annapurna. Writer Sheila Tobias covers the euphoria of the climb.

ENDING RELATIONSHIPS Parting, when you love someone, is far from the poetic nicety "sweet sorrow." "Living hell" would seem to be closer to the truth. Judith Thurman has gathered wise, patient, insightful words for seeing your way through to the other side of that sudden chasm in your life.

PLUS: "Fifties" fashion for fall; the liberated couple sings the birth-control blues; fragrance to love yourself in; and a cornucopia of summer fiction.

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four-wheel-drive vehicle
with all the creature comforts
of a family car.

SUBARU:
WELL-MANNERED BRAT

BY WADE HOYT

My uncle once owned a very used 1935 Chrysler roadster that had a rumble seat. The rumble looked like a trunk, but there were seats inside it, and you could ride around in the open, rain or shine. Even on a fifteen-year-old car, it was an incredible ball.

The Subaru people have built a 1970s version of the old rumble seat into their new BRAT four-wheel-drive vehicle. BRAT is an acronym for Bi-drive Recreational All-terrain Transporter—a long name for a short short. The Subaru BRAT is an open-bed, multipurpose junior pickup, with two rear-facing bucket seats in the back. It's a combination of a tough, off-road recreational vehicle and a smooth-riding, comfortable, city machine.

The BRAT is officially an *automobile*, not a truck, even though it has many trucklike features. The automobile designation means that the BRAT has to meet all the auto safety, economy, and pollution standards; it also means that you pay only 3 percent import duty, as opposed to the 25 percent you have to pay for small trucks.

The BRAT's automotive heritage is clear: its chassis and the front half of the bodywork are the same as those in the popular Subaru four-wheel-drive station wagon; its payload is also the same as the wagon's—950 pounds, or four 175-pound people with 250 pounds of gear. By giving up the trucklike payload of the typical four-wheel-drive vehicle—along with its attendant beam axles, earth-mover springs, huge V-8 engines, and massive weight—Subaru has gained something few 4WDs can boast: a smooth ride and good fuel economy. EPA mileage ratings are 26 mpg in the city and 36 mpg on the highway. Granted, BRAT's ride is not likely to lure away many Cadillac owners, but it's a lot steadier than the kidney-stirring, vision-blurring bounce and jounce of your average Japanese pickup truck (and a number of Japanese sedans as well!).

One reason for the good ride is the BRAT's four-wheel independent suspension. Up ahead of the front-axle line hangs Subaru's tiny flat-four engine, which looks a lot like a water-cooled VW Beetle power plant. The flat-four drives the independently sprung front wheels, as on any other Subaru. But in the BRAT there are two shift levers inside the cab. One is for the standard four-speed transmission, and the second is marked FWD (for Front-Wheel Drive) and 4WD (4-Wheel Drive). Shift into 4WD and a transfer case sends part of the power to a second differential that is firmly bolted to the chassis, between the rear wheels. A pair of jointed drive shafts take the power to the rear wheels. Each U-joint is sealed in a rubber boot to keep out dust, mud, slush, or ice—a thoughtful touch that other 4WD manufacturers might add to their megabuck creations. Despite a curb weight of only 2,145 pounds, the BRAT's chassis looks really rugged.

Off-road, the independent suspension provides maximum traction, allowing the BRAT to negotiate forbidding terrains with only 65 horsepower. Like the *Kübelwagen* ("bucket car")—the German World War II military version of VW's Beetle—the BRAT relies on sophisticated engineering rather than on brute force to keep going through sand and slime. But unlike the *Kübelwagen*, the BRAT is also a most civilized passenger car for everyday driving. There are comfortable bucket seats with adjustable seat backs, an AM radio is standard equipment, a coin tray in the dash keeps toll money handy, and the thoroughly modern dashboard has warning lights for everything from "Fasten Seat Belts" to "4WD Engaged."

The most trucklike aspect of the vehicle is the wide-ratio transmission, combined with very low final-drive gearing.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

Photographs by Stan Malinowski

DEATH WISH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 165

take, we would be compensated with a saving in our electric bills. It hasn't worked out that way. We pay *twice* for nuclear power—once in federal taxes that finance DOE research benefiting commercial nuclear ventures and once again in our utility rates. In each state a commission establishes electric rates based upon the utilities' capital investments. A utility that builds a standard generating plant—coal or gas—for $100 million and stands to receive a 9 percent yield per year, as established by a public utilities commission, will earn $9 million per year. If a utility builds a nuclear plant for $1 billion, its return can be $50 million. The utility need not invest all $1 billion at once. It can start plant construction for around $40 million, get the public utilities commission to recognize its plans to build a $1 billion facility, and claim a half billion as capital investment, even though it hasn't spent that much. In other words, a utility makes money by building a reactor, not necessarily by operating it.

When asked if there was any place in the country where electricity bills had gone down as a result of a nuclear reactor being introduced into the local power grid, Peter Bradford, a new NRC commissioner and environmentalist, answered, "No. Certainly electricity bills didn't go down."

According to Robert Perry, chief investigator of a recently completed Rand Corporation study on nuclear energy, the fact "that nuclear power is competitive at all is due less to foresightful management than to a series of unanticipated events, like the OPEC price agreements, that increased the cost of fossil fuel." The same report established that Westinghouse and General Electric, the two nuclear giants, spent close to $1 billion on *problems* with reactor programs during the 1960s.

As the nuclear industry comes of age, more and more men who were part of it in the 1960s and early 1970s are devoting their energies to informing the public about its dangers. Robert Pollard is a handsome, incisive man who is in his late thirties and was a highly rated engineer and nuclear safety official with the NRC until he resigned last year, saying, "I couldn't live with myself anymore." Throughout his six years with the commission, Pollard tried to bring about changes in the safety of plant operations but felt that his efforts were useless. Today Pollard is with the Union of Concerned Scientists in Washington, D.C., and is active in aiding citizen groups in the United States and in Europe by providing expert testimony for lawsuits involving nuclear-safety issues. He is working to improve federal plant-inspection procedures.

Pollard spent three years working on the three Indian Point reactors that are located forty miles from New York City. The most dangerous of these plants, Indian Point I, now not operating, was designed, built, and operated for thirteen years without an Emergency Core Cooling System (ECCS), the major emergency backup and safety system for the reactor. The function of the ECCS is to flood the reactor core with water in the event of a cooling-system failure. Without the ECCS the fuel elements would become so hot that they would melt, possibly causing a hydrogen gas explosion that could rupture the containment shell and release radioactive gas into the atmosphere. In Pollard's words, "Indian Point I was an accident waiting to happen."

One of the most frightening aspects of reactors is that these emergency systems have never been tested in their entirety. Therefore, even in reactors with ECCS's, there is no assurance that, when needed, they will function properly.

An example of standard operating procedure that nearly caused a nuclear catastrophe is the case of TVA's Browns Ferry nuclear plant at Decatur, Ala. In March 1975 an electrician, following normal procedure, was stuffing flammable strips into an electronic cable channel in order to make the number one reactor airtight. The normal plant method of testing air tightness was to hold a lighted candle at the opening of the channel and then watch the flame. In this case, the flame was sucked horizontally into the channel, where it started a chain of events that brought the 2.2-billion watt plant to a nearly disastrous halt.

> The heads and hands of three men killed in a nuclear accident were so radioactive that they had to be cut off and buried with the rest of the "hot" waste.

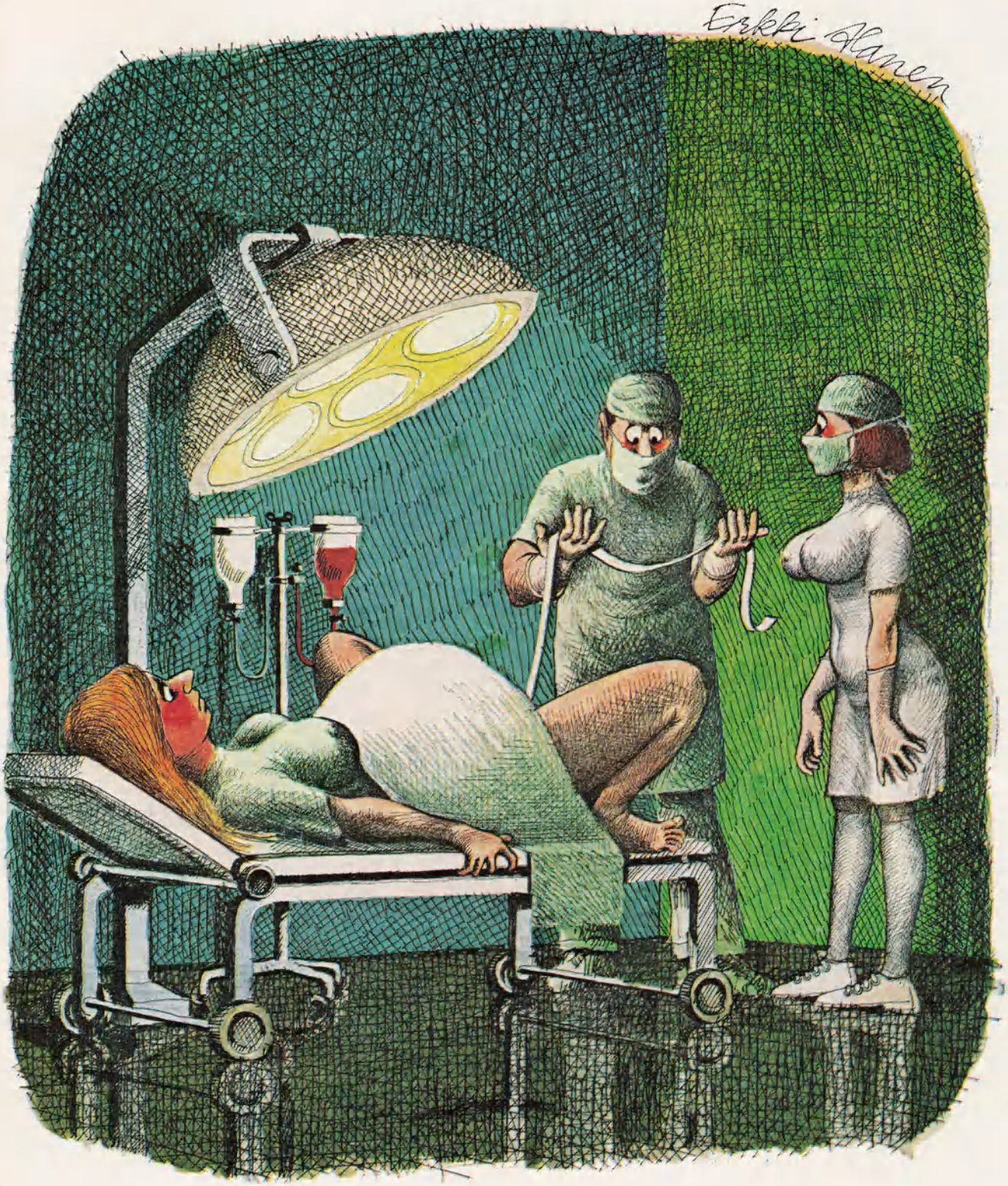
A fire started by the flame crippled the reactor's control room, and among the circuits damaged was the reactor core's primary cooling system. The secondary—or ECCS—also did not function; in fact, all five backup systems for cooling were inoperable. The only thing that stood between the 4,000-degree core meltdown and stability was a small hydraulic pump never intended to pump huge amounts of water. For some unknown reason, the pump did not fail.

The nuclear industry contends that in a situation such as Browns Ferry, there would be no nuclear explosion; there would be only nuclear leakage. What they fail to say is that leakage, not carried by an explosion into the upper atmosphere, where it would dissipate over a large area, would instead rise into the lower atmosphere in high concentrations, divide itself into three layers, and begin an immediate return to earth as fallout, quite possibly in more than one direction, making evacuation impossible.

Some reactors suffer from what the industry calls "generic deficiencies." This means that entire classes of reactors suffer from the same kinds of problems. For example, *all twenty-three* Westinghouse reactors are built in such a way that the operating and backup—or safety—systems are interconnected. In August 1977 an operator at Westinghouse's reactor at Zion, Ill., near Chicago, was performing standard maintenance checks but "forgot" (according to the NRC) that the reactor was built with interconnected operating and safety systems. The man introduced "dummy signals"—or electronic signals—intended to test the operating controls and backup system. The result was near-disaster. The signals contradicted each other, one saying, "I'm not working," the other saying, "I've got everything under control," when, in fact, water was draining out of the pressurizing tank faster than it was filling up. If the system had not been controlled manually at the last moment, it is highly likely that the reactor would have experienced a core meltdown.

Stephen Hanauer, who is technical adviser to the executive director for operations at the NRC and was involved with nuclear technology before commercial reactors were even built, wrote in an internal memo to Edson Case, acting director, Office of Nuclear Reactor Regulation, that he considers the Westinghouse design to be "unsafe." Hanauer explains: "For many years my studies of safety systems convinced me that an important way to stay out of trouble was to keep the safety systems of the plant separate from the control systems of the plant." When asked if his memo had any effect on Mr. Case and Westinghouse's belief that the design is all right, Hanauer replied, "It didn't do a thing." Other members of the NRC feel that the Westinghouse design is unsafe. In a statement that typifies the confusion within the NRC, Case pushed the Catch-22 situation a step further by explaining that "in reality, Mr. Hanauer's concern is not just Zion or Westinghouse but all reactors. The lack, in his view, of adequate separation of control and safety instrumentation is applicable to *all* reactors."

The atomic establishment disclaims responsibility for many aspects of the nuclear-fuel cycle that create dangers to people and to the environment. For example, between 1946 and 1968, uranium mines in the West were not properly ventilated, causing 6,000 miners to be overexposed to radon gas. The AEC, under the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, had regulatory authority over uranium "after removal from its place of deposit in nature." The AEC interpreted the place in nature as the mine and, therefore, assumed no responsibility for the miners. So miners worked with no standards for exposure, and they are now



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dying in what a public health doctor has termed an "epidemic of respiratory cancer." They will continue to die from a "new epidemic of death from respiratory insufficiency." Responsibility for enforcing radiation standards in mines lies with the Bureau of Mines, Department of the Interior, not with the DOE.

In Grants, N. Mex., a boomtown of American uranium mining, the EPA discovered, on the basis of information received from the Public Interest Research Group (PIRG), that *drinking* water used by miners and their families was so contaminated by the mining and milling operation there that it did not even meet EPA and AEC standards for *waste* water. At present no one has discovered how much radioactive water there is at the sites of other mines in other states.

In the Southwest 140 million tons of uranium tailings lie in large and generally unstable piles on the earth's surface. Sometimes these mounds cover hundreds of acres. If the industry continues as planned, there will be 20 billion tons of tailings by the year 2000. In Grand Junction, Colo., tailings were used as construction fill under homes, schools, churches, and hospitals. People in those buildings sometimes received dosages of radiation equivalent to 500 chest X rays per year. The cancer rate in the area is rising more rapidly than it is in other parts of Colorado, and a local pediatrician found that there was a remarkable increase in childhood leukemia, hydrocephalus, cleft palates, and subtle birth defects. In 1972 Congress found the situation "unsafe" and appropriated $5 million in order to help homeowners get rid of the tailings. That was half the amount that ERDA estimated would be necessary for doing the job.

In West Valley, N.Y., a private company, Nuclear Fuel Services, was created for selling recycled fuel to civilian nuclear plants around the United States. The spent-fuel-reprocessing plant began operating in 1966 with the vociferous blessings of Nelson Rockefeller. A reprocessing plant receives used fuel rods from reactors and chemically separates the individual radioactive elements from them so that the chemicals may be used again in the fuel cycle. Today there is no reprocessing plant in operation in the country.

At West Valley jobs are hard to come by; so Gerald Brown, twenty-two, was glad to go to work at the plant. Brown was one of the 1,100 young people hired by Nuclear Fuel Services to do "hot jobs"—jobs that require handling highly radioactive material, sometimes for as short a time as five minutes, if that is all it takes to receive the maximum allowable amount of radiation. Hiring uninformed people to do these jobs is not uncommon in the nuclear industry. Gerald Brown worked at the plant for two months in 1972. Since then his wife has given birth to two sons who both suffer from Hurler's syndrome—a terminal disease whose symptoms include dwarfism, retardation, and impaired eyesight. Hurler's syndrome is a genetic disease. No one can prove that Brown's children have it because of radiation, and, in order to prove that the disease is inherited, it would be necessary to trace both parents' ancestors for many generations. Nevertheless, the terrible suspicion remains: are these the children of radiation? Is this the offspring of a nuclear world?

Dr. Sternglass has made a study of the infant mortality rate in the area around West Valley: between 1966 and 1967, the plant's first year of operation, the county where the plant is located, Cattaraugus County, experienced a 54 percent increase in infant mortality. Wyoming County, from thirty to forty miles away, had a 46 percent increase; Warren County, to the southwest of the reactor, saw a 46 percent increase. Erie County, also southwest but about seventy miles away, saw a 16 percent decrease in infant mortality. On a nationwide average, infant mortality is decreasing. Radiation contaminated the water and milk in the plant area. Much of the milk produced near the reactor went to the New York City area.

A local doctor has reported that the area is experiencing a lot of cancer, hydrocephalus, and cleft palates, but statistical information is lacking. Nuclear Fuel Services has declined to release radiation exposures of workers.

The *New York Times* compiled a list of more than 400 incidents that occurred at West Valley, instances of lack of safety measures at the plant, of contamination of the area outside the plant, of insufficient security measures. Men admitted to being drunk or stoned on marijuana while they worked around radioactive materials. Time and again people carried radioactivity away from the plant—in clothes, hair, tools, and shoes. A vent that was functioning improperly blew radioactivity into a room where workers ate. After the plant had been operating for ten years, it was discovered that it had been built close to earthquake epicenters. There were many leaks in the plant, and radioactive liquid leaked into Cattaraugus Creek, which flows into Lake Erie. That lake supplies Buffalo with drinking water.

Today the plant sits like a contaminated ghost, waiting to be put to rest. The cost of building it was $32.5 million. It will take countless millions more to decommission it, but there is no available decommissioning technology. The plant will have to be guarded for thousands of years.

Because of the way the company's contract was drawn up, neither Nuclear Fuel Services nor the federal government is responsible for this waste. The responsibility has fallen onto the state of New York and its taxpayers. DOE waste expert Alex Perge explains: "We can't give money unless we have a responsibility." The courts have yet to decide who will bear the final burden.

Even if New York State could afford to send the waste away, there would be no place to send it, just as there is no place to send the some 90 million gallons of federally owned waste.

At Hanford, Wash., 75 percent of the

total waste is accumulated in tanks that must be changed every thirty to forty years. The numerous leaks that have occurred have released large quantities of strontium, plutonium, thorium, and cesium into the earth where, under the influence of normal geological activity, they seep into the streams that irrigate our fields, water our livestock, and nourish our population.

In 1973 it was discovered that 115,000 gallons of high-level radioactive waste had leaked at Hanford. The leakage had occurred for weeks. No automatic alarm system alerted anyone, the management did not review monitoring reports that would have shown the leaks, and no preventive maintenance was applied to the monitoring equipment. The people responsible for managing the storage of the waste had no formal training in the field. Waste has leaked into the Columbia River, making it, in the words of the Federal Water Pollution Control Agency, "the most radioactive river in the world." Contamination runs the potential of traveling, by current and fish, all the way to Japan, effectively poisoning the food chains of the Pacific Ocean. Wastes already stored in the United States represent enough radiation to poison all the water on earth.

The AEC spent fifteen years and $10 million evaluating the salt beds at Lyons, Kans., for a potential waste depository. At the end of its studies the commission had to admit what Kansas Geological Survey had been telling it all along: there was water too close to the salt beds to make it feasible as a storage place. If water entered the vaults containing the waste, it would vaporize immediately from the intense heat and expel steam, water, salt, and waste particles throughout the mine and beyond, making a "radioactive volcano."

Who, finally, will take the responsibility? Who will say, "We created the poorly ventilated mines, the polluted water, the tailings, the deadly waste"? Who will pay the medical bills? Who will answer to the miners' widows who come to testify in Congress and go home, empty-handed? Who will comfort the men anxiously waiting for signs of radiation sickness? Who will care for the defective children? And who will say that it is worth it?

Because of its complicated, secretive, and self-governing complexion, the system that creates the nuclear-fuel cycle and its dangers is a faceless one. We learn to speak of the AEC, ERDA, the NRC, and, now, the DOE, but the men who set the policies, the men who benefit from the functioning of the merciless atomic technologies, are the ones who must be called to account.

Each state must vote on whether it will allow nuclear energy to be generated within its boundaries. Each community must foster discussion on the subject. Each school must teach children to understand nuclearese. Each person must take a position on a question that, because it will affect all future generations, is essentially a moral one.

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WHERE THE HELL ARE THE BRAKES ON THIS THING?
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DEE!
AY!
WANDA!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? ONCE UPON A TIME WOMEN ACTUALLY WANTED TO MARRY EXAMPLES OF THAT SPECIES!
WASHED THEIR SOCKS, FED 'EM —EVEN DRESSED TO PLEASE 'EM!
I HAVE SERIOUS DOUBTS ABOUT THE SOCIAL VALUE OF COMPETETIVE SPORT!
IT'S INSTILLED IN PERSONKIND FROM SUCH AN EARLY AGE —THIS DESIRE TO ASSERT THEIR SUPERIORITY OVER THEIR FELLOW—PERSONS AND WIN AT ALL COSTS!
I THINK IT'S INSTINCTIVE —AN' IT'S BETTER TO DO IT WITH A GOLF BALL RATHER THAN A BLUNT INSTRUMENT!

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YOU CAN LAUGH—BUT WITH UNEMPLOYMENT THE WAY IT IS—AND IN A TOTALLY FEMALE ORIENTATED SOCIETY, I WAS LUCKY TO GET THE JOB!
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WHICH LAS VEGAS HOTELS HAS SAPIENS BOUGHT? SANDS? HILTON? THEY SAY THE MGM GRAND'S PRETTY GOOD!
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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

1978. In addition to Supervisor Lombardi, another supervisor of Northwestern Bell showed up. He was there to provide "moral" support for Lombardi's fight against this employee's request for reimbursement of the cost of the destroyed magazines. After listening to the arguments and checking the evidence, the judge ruled that Mr. Lombardi was wrong and ordered him to pay the employee the sum of twenty dollars, the cost of the magazines, plus 7 percent interest, from July 18, 1977. Lombardi was also ordered to pay court costs.

Fortunately, people in this country still have some constitutional rights. However, it seems to be a struggle, day in and day out, to survive under our system.—*E.J. Follis, Vice-President, District 7, Communications Workers of America, Omaha, Nebr.*

Penthouse has obtained a copy of the court opinion and is pleased to note the judge's conclusion that "no one has a right to tell another person what he may or may not read."

Carter in Nigeria

During his recent visit to my country, Nigeria, U.S. President Jimmy Carter—during discussions with our chief of state, Lt. Gen. Obasanjo—displayed his usual ignorance of facts by praising Nigeria for being a great democracy. While on his short, carefully controlled tour, President Carter failed to observe the actual conditions there.

Democracy, per se, does not exist in Nigeria and has never existed there. The country is run by a military junta, headed by Lt. Gen. Obasanjo. It has about as much democratic freedom as Soviet Russia or Hitler's Germany—but without the competence of either.

When you want to send a cable or post a letter, you will need lots of luck. Quite often you will pay your money to the clerk and happily assume that your cable is on its way. This is not necessarily so. In many instances the clerk will pocket your money and throw your cable draft into the wastebasket. If you post a letter, the chances are fifty-fifty that one of the hotel clerks will steam off the stamps for resale. That's the end of your letter.

Law and order in Nigeria is virtually nonexistent. During recent months a friend, driving home in his Volkswagen, was stopped by two armed policemen, not far from the entrance to the Airport Hotel at Ikeja. At gunpoint he was ordered to give them twenty Naira (about thirty dollars). Luckily, he had that much with him, or he would have been arrested on some trumped-up charge.

And, at night, expatriates live in constant fear in their residential neighborhoods, because armed gangs, often in collusion with district police officials, roam around and

break into houses. In the harbor area foreign ships are in constant fear of being boarded by pirates.

Many expatriates, having completed their business, go through immigration and customs formalities at Murtalla Mohammed Airport, believing that they are safely on their way home. Perhaps. And perhaps not. If they don't pay the proper amount to officials, they may wind up in jail on a bogus charge rather than being allowed to board the departing aircraft.

Wake up, Mr. Carter. Before you call a country a democracy, get the facts straight, from unbiased, trained observers who have been there.—*Name and address withheld*

MOANS & GROANS

In the March 1978 issue you ran a pictorial and article about the most filthy people in this country—punk rockers. Are you saying punk is where it's at? Nonsense! Who wants to see a bunch of idiots sticking themselves with safety pins and wearing earrings and T-shirts that say "Anarchy"? Not me! If we wanted to see this kind of trash in your magazine, we'd tell you. It seems to me that the silent majority who listen to Waylon Jennings and drink beer have been overlooked.

I buy *Penthouse* to see the beautiful women you feature, not to see a bunch of mindless bimbos who do weird things and want to overthrow the country. We, the working-class, the red-necks—call us what you will—don't want them around. Why don't you run articles about country-and-western music and the people who like it?—*Name and address withheld*

We were not saying that punk is "where it's at"—only that it is an interesting sidelight of American life. We have, in the past, published articles or interviews with several country and western people, including Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson, Johnny Cash, and Merle Haggard.

I have been a *Penthouse* subscriber for some time now, and I find it both entertaining and informative.

Upon thumbing through your May 1978 issue, I came across the cartoon by Ken Hoff on page 131, depicting a "kiddie ride"—adults riding children around a rink.

I had to write to you about this. I found it sick and raunchy to involve small children in such a distasteful way. I am sincerely against child pornography and was surprised to see this cartoon in your magazine. Your cartoons are usually funny, but this one should have been left on Mr. Hoff's desk.—*Name and address withheld*

We, too, are sincerely against child pornography, and that's why we published Ken Hoff's vicious satire of the kind of personality that enjoys "kiddie porn." Mr. Hoff's cartoon was not meant to be "funny" in a traditional sense; rather, it was in the satirical tradition exemplified by Daumier and George Grosz.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

each other a distinctly sly wink.—*T.M., Baltimore, Md.*

Licorice whip

I attend a small university in the Northwest known mostly for wild parties. It was after one of those parties that I had one of the most unusual sex experiences that I have ever had.

The party was really cooking when I stepped out for some fresh air. Since I lived just down the way, I decided to go back to my room and relieve my bladder and grab another beer. I got back and went directly to the can to do my duty. While I was in there, I heard my front door open and close. Finishing, I went to see who had come in. I was quite surprised to find a beautiful young coed lying on my bed, "tits up," so to speak. She had a small backpack with her.

I made a loud entrance, which startled her. I smiled, which reassured her. I sat down on the bed and asked how she had happened upon my room. She explained that she had wanted to get away from the noise of the party. Making her feel welcome, I offered her a beer, which she gladly accepted. We took to liking each other right away. After a few beers and a couple of cozy dances, I kissed her and we mutually explored each other's mouth. We worked our way over to the bed and fell on it in a passionate embrace. When we finished our kiss, she asked me if it was all right if she took the initiative. I was so worked up by that time that I didn't care who started what.

She disrobed and put her clothes on a chair. She had a magnificent body. Her breasts were like small melons with ripe cherries at the tips, just waiting to be picked. Long, shapely legs supported her provocative buttocks and well-formed frame. She was beautiful. After her show, she started to undress me, taking special care in the way she moved in my groin area. With us both naked, she went to work on me.

She quickly found my now-rising cock and began lovingly stroking it. With the proper attention that she gave, my cock quickly rose to its full seven inches. After she saw my state of arousal, she went to her backpack. She produced a small jar, which she quickly opened. She dripped the contents slowly over my erection and covered it fully with what turned out to be honey. She lapped at my pulsating penis and licked every bit of that sweet, sticky sauce off. Satisfied that she had completed her duty, she went to her backpack again. She produced a small rope about a yard long. I began to protest, but I let her continue after I realized what the "rope" was. It turned out to be a piece of cherry licorice!

Kissing my much-excited cock, she started to wrap the licorice slowly around it until she had a handful of the red rope in each hand. The surprise of it nearly made me lose my load, but I hung on. Then all hell

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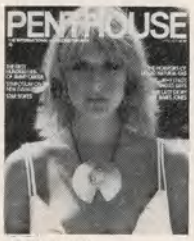

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broke loose with that tongue of hers. She furiously sucked on what was left uncovered by the licorice, which was just the purplish head. She sent me into a frenzy. I knew I would come soon; so I braced myself for the fireworks. Just as I felt the beginnings of an intense orgasm, she quickly pulled on each end of the licorice and strangled my come back inside me.

Seeing me in obvious shock, she released her grip on the licorice, but only enough to let my hot, sticky semen ooze out; not rush out all at once. It cascaded all over the licorice still surrounding my shaft. Her next move surprised me even more—she gobbled the licorice up as if she hadn't eaten in a week! She then got dressed, gave me a kiss, turned on her heels, and walked out the door.

I've seen her on campus a few times and have tried to resume the affair without luck. It makes me wonder how many guys she has given the "Licorice Whip" to. I guess I will never find out.—*D.S., Seattle, Wash.*

Sweet teasing

I'd like to describe a game my girl friend and I play that really turns me on. Living in a dormitory doesn't allow us to spend many nights alone. So when one of our roommates is gone for the weekend, we really take advantage of the situation. My girl is a bit of a tease, but she knows that I love it.

The game starts when she slowly begins to undress, caressing her velvet skin, and squeezing her firm, rosy breasts. Seeing her act like this naturally drives me wild, and in no time my prick is standing at full attention, waiting to salute. Next she starts on me, pulling off my clothes and licking my body with her warm, moist tongue. By the time she starts slurping on my rock-hard pecker, I'm ready to shoot. But then the torture really starts.

I lie on my back, anticipating what's to come while she sets her alarm clock for an hour. The rule of our game is that she can do whatever she wants, and I must lie perfectly still for the entire hour. If I move or come, I can't touch her for the rest of the night.

One of her favorite weapons is eatable perfume. While I watch expectantly, she rubs it all over her breasts and between her legs. She lies on top of me and pushes her sexy breasts into my face. The smell of the perfume drives me wild, and I have to clench my teeth in order to keep from chewing on her hard, protruding nipples. She rubs my face with her tits—my beard against her soft flesh sends her into ecstasy. But the moment of truth comes when she straddles my face and I find her curly wet locks staring right at me. The odor of peaches and cream (my favorite-flavor perfume) and her own intoxicating fragrance puts me on cloud nine. She presses her crotch against my face so hard that my nose slips into her steamy cunt and her love juices pour out of her and soak my face and beard. Just as I feel I can't keep my mouth from opening to devour her pulpy flesh, she slides down and mounts my love shaft. The

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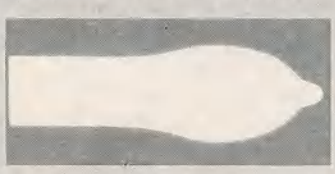

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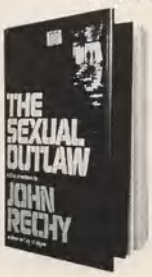

A documentary by John Rechy set in the Los Angeles gay "battlefield". Send check or money order for $8.95 plus $1.00 for p & h to Penthouse Book Society, 909 Third Ave., NYC, NY 10022. NY residents add sales tax.

sight of my huge schlong disappearing inch by inch into that honey pot is indescribable.

She rides me like a horse at full gallop, and as I groan in preparation for shooting my wad, she slips off me and grabs my meat with both hands and holds tight. Her tongue goes into action again as she licks the purple head of my cock like a kid with a lollipop. At this point I'd give my left nut to be able to come, but she holds me tight. This goes on and on until I feel as if I've got a gallon of cream waiting to gush out. Finally, the alarm goes off, and I get my sweet revenge. I pin her to the bed, my swollen joint impaled between her drenched curls. I'm surprised that my moans don't wake up the entire dorm, as I come for what feels like ten minutes. Some night soon I'll have her tease me for two hours and see if I can keep my sanity.—*D.A., Oneonta, N.Y.*

A real lift

I love to ski, and whenever the opportunity arises, I head for the hills. As I climbed into the triple chair lift at a major ski area, little did I know what an elevating ride it would be.

It was a crowded weekend, and I found myself placed between two knockouts. As the chair lurched forward, I struck up a conversation. It seems that these girls were on vacation and were just ending a week of skiing. They had to return to their typewriters on Monday and were disappointed that they had had no action during the week. The thought of how horny these girls must be resulted in my growing a terrific erection! Because I'm reasonably well endowed, it was difficult to keep the rise down even through the heavy ski pants. I noticed that both girls were watching my crotch.

Suddenly, the lift ground to a halt. It was cold in the open chair, and the girls pressed close to me. I placed my arms around them to help warm them. Playfully, one of them said, "My hands are cold, but I know how to warm them." She unzipped my coveralls and reached in. My throbbing shaft jumped out, only to be warmly wrapped in two pairs of soft hands. But the best was yet to come. The swaying motion of the chair rocking on its cable in the wind intensified the way the girls gently stroked my member.

Notwithstanding skis, poles, and chairlift bar, two alternating pairs of luscious lips and darting tongues reached my glans. Hands, lips, and tongues joined, raising me to heights I had never before reached. I exploded, and the two of them devoured every drop as the chair suddenly started moving again.

When we reached the top of the lift, the girls cheerfully skied off, wishing me a good run down the mountain.—*F.V., Westport, Conn.*

Nurse's aid

Recently, I was a patient in a local hospital, in which Suzy, who had been a baby-sitter for me when I was younger, was a floor

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nurse. I was in a private room; so Suzy would come in to talk when things were not too busy.

At first, we just talked about my operation and about things as they had been years ago. Then once she mentioned how she used to find magazines of mine that I would "hide" when she came to baby-sit. Usually, they were magazines like *Penthouse*. Suzy said that she really used to enjoy those pictures.

One day Suzy came into my hospital room while I was in bed with my gown on and I was reading the latest of my favorite "Forum" letters. As always, she looked very sexy in her tight, white uniform. My hard-on was not easy to conceal under my gown and I knew that she had seen the rise in the material. Suzy stood at the edge of the bed and asked if I was enjoying my reading. The answer was obvious.

She then asked if I would like a back rub, since things were quiet on the floor. She pulled the privacy curtain around the bed, told me to turn on my stomach, and then got some oil. She put oil on my back and rubbed it in lower and lower until she got to my shorts, which she said should be removed so that they would remain dry. Then she moved her hands to my ass and to my balls and cock.

Suzy told me that I should turn over—that my front side now needed attention. I willingly turned on my back, with my prick pointed at the ceiling. She then took my cock in her hand while she played with my balls with the other hand. I reached for and unbuttoned the top buttons of her uniform. Her tits were absolutely perfectly formed, with lovely nipples, which were now erect.

Her mouth went to my cock, and she started to lick my swollen, purple head. Slowly, she worked her tongue down the length of my cock and then to my balls. She sucked gently on my balls, while masturbating me. Then I had her stop for a minute while I jerked off between her lovely tits. The soft skin of her tits on my cock almost made me come. However, she said she liked to taste sperm. Again she took my cock in her mouth and pumped it with one hand at the same time. Then she got some more oil for her middle finger. When she put her finger up my behind, it gave me a very hard and throbbing erection. Her mouth and tongue moved in ways I did not know existed. I started squeezing her tits, and I started to feel myself about ready to come. Sensing my urgency, Suzy went faster and faster until I exploded and her mouth was full of my come.

She kept my cock in her warm mouth until it started to soften, and then she said she would come back the next day for another "back rub" for me—*Name and address withheld*

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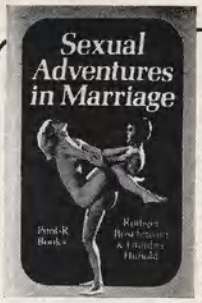

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AUTOEROTICISM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

whom *movement* is crucial to sexual fulfillment. For best results, get out and crawl *under* the car.

Monarch. So-so access to a backseat about as padded as an I beam, 50" wide, and slightly deeper than a window ledge, with armrests positioned to break your nose on the upstroke. A three-way here is a matter not for the police but for the Red Cross. No place to spend a night at the opera window.

Marquis. The vast, well-padded interior, superb insulation and carpeting, rear stereo speakers, and firm, soft 61" X 18" monstro seat are ideal for drug-crazed thrashing or disco variations. But the decor! You should be so sterile. The Mark is as clean as a hospital and—as sensual. Eminently practical but eminently unexciting—like dating your social worker.

Cougar XR-7. The front armrests fold down, creating a virtual highway to the soft, lush, orgy-sized 59" X 19" seat, whose drive-train hump is offset by id-maddening fabric. No head or legroom to speak of, but the armrest alcoves add 3" to the seat width if you're clever and pliable enough. Bondage fans will enjoy a clumsy front-seat latch that makes the back almost impossible to flee. And with the front armrests down, you have a four-foot channel front-to-back for T-formations. Cramped but creative.

Continental. You've got room to run through several chapters of the *Kama Sutra* in this land yacht for vinyl freaks. The huge 56" X 20" backseat (62" wide if you use the armrests) is big enough for bank shots, but the individual stadium-style cushions sewn therein create a challenging topography of tucks, rolls, ridges, and seams. But combine all this with a "power lock" that lets you virtually seal the car shut and several suggestively located passenger straps, and you've got a B&D heaven. There's quadraphonic three-track sound and a Cartier digital clock to clock your digit.

Versailles. Though we're cool on four-doors, this sucker's leather-trim interior features more rear-seat, door, and headliner straps than does a Mitchell Brothers movie—six in all—plus two front seat-back *pouches*. The S&M possibilities spin the brain. Anita Bryant would cross herself if she saw this car; it's the hottest white-collar-gay item since home videotape.

Cutlass Supreme. Lousy access, through front seats that don't stay forward, to a rear area designed more for pygmies than Americans. And the luxuriously soft 52½" X 17" seats are semibuckets, riddled with ridges and pleats. The lush velour fabric may take your mind off them, but your body is stuck there. Padded armrests extend the width to 60". Your best bet is the standard missionary pose, using a real missionary.

Cutlass Salon. Basically a Supreme with 2½" more width and seats that stay forward to yield good rear floor room, this item is

IN THE AUGUST *FORUM* ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

CONVERSATION WITH A CALL GIRL

Jennifer Lance is a sensitive, intelligent woman whose profession is giving men sexual pleasure. The intimate details of her life and loves make fascinating reading in the August issue of *Forum*.

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LOVING TWO MEN AT THE SAME TIME

Forum continues its investigation into today's ever-changing life-styles with a very personal report by a woman who has found happiness in loving two men simultaneously.

NUTRITION FOR SMOKERS

If you are a smoker, here are some very important things you should know about keeping yourself as healthy as possible. This is another installment of *Forum*'s continuing column on nutrition.

pure luxury, but only for nonarthritics. Its miniscule dimensions create a combination brothel and doll's house, which all but limits your sexual activity to groveling and hope.

Mustang II. Tricky access through front bucket seats, over a raised handbrake that's built better than most men. One slip en route, and she could forget all about you. The interior is a mass of accidents waiting to happen—hard panels, high drive-train hump, a hard window strip right over the backseat. This car isn't just impossible; it's dangerous, for masochists only. The 46″ wide bucket seats are a joke. Where's Ralph Nader when you *need* him?

Pinto Runabout. The 1978 Pinto is just the 1977 with more ornaments, which is good news only to orthopedic surgeons. Making it in the 44″ X 14″ rear buckets ranks somewhere between sexual athletics and self-abuse. Hard paneling, drive-train hump; forget it. The 56″ X 38″ cargo area includes jutting metal latches and a glass "third door" right overhead, which might as well be left open for prone extension or rescue signals. For screwing, the flip-up sunroof saves it if you're into standing positions or public mortification.

Fairmont Sedan. Ford's new "family car" isn't a bad place to make one or even to get it on *with* one. Take the kids, and you have a real incest nest. Excellent access to firm, soft, respectable 57½″ X 18½″ seats. Huge windows all around make curtains a good idea. A ball park, with the front seats forward. Fill the rear floor area with pillows, and there's room for either acrobatics or a threeway. No wonder they call this the "box look."

Riviera. Soft, bouncy, comfy seats, but built purely for sitting and banana shaped—a problem, if you aren't. The interior is sheer Player's Car, a riot of libidinous red velour, and the backseat cries, "Use me!" Ignore it. The padded center-rise, no real depth, and large, hard ashtrays in head-banging position on both sides produce a car clearly designed with the executive-level pervert in mind—no small market. The rear cigar lighters are ideal for AutoSucks and other sexual power options, or you can master the remote-control rear-view mirror in hot makeout areas for voyeuristic kicks.

Skylark. A lousy place for swinging your Goodwrench. Crumby access, and the soft, firm seats are directly under a hard window-strip that makes oral sex while you're seated an invitation to concussion. Armrests extend the seat-width to 55″, but the hard metal ashtrays set therein make this a dubious advantage. The front seats don't stay forward, and their nearly inaccessible latches trap you in an emergency. Pain slaves will adore it.

Regal. Good access to a snazzy, sensual, encounter-parlor atmosphere. Fine head and legroom, thick padding and carpeting, and rear speakers offset a tiny 51″ X 16″ seat whose downright horny fabric overcomes its various ridges and buttons. Do yourself a favor and try the woman-

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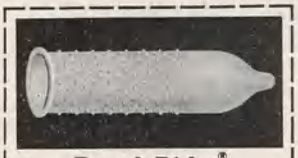

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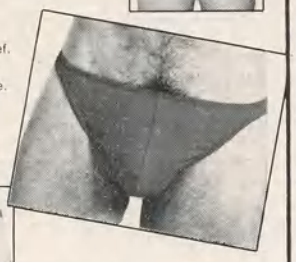

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astride position. Fold the front seats forward, and you've got room enough for swinging a cat—if that's your idea of fun—or for some deft whip-and-chair S&M.

Electra. One of the last deluxe biggies but only on the outside. The soft, firm 55½" X 17½" seats offer little bounce, lush but bumpy upholstery, and lots of ridges and buttons. The armrests add 2" of width, but painful ones with hard, jutting ashtrays at a prone person's eye-level. Airline-style pouches on the front-seat backs are handy for stowing clothing or debris, but all the room and the class are up front.

Sunbird. At 44" X 16½" its "luxury rear seat" makes you hope that you never have to use the tourist model—stiff vinyl buckets bracketing a high drive-train bump, which may be the car's best feature. Consider the S&M possibilities, when used ingeniously with the rear seatbelts. Cramped, unpadded, stinko. The rear cargo area is your only hope, though it's surrounded by glass. You may as well open the rear hatch, a treat for showboats and under-the-stars purists and a necessity for anyone larger or less pliable than Olga Korbut.

Bonneville. Super access to soft, plush, bouncy 55½" X 19½" seats having not only padded armrests that add 3" in width but also lots of lumpy pads, ridges, and seams. Super depth makes sideways positions your best bet, especially with the front seats forward. The rear-window-shelf lights are handy if physical complexity or precision are involved.

Grand Prix SJ. The ads for this baby do everything but wink and elbow you in the ribs. "Grand new Prix," they leer, and only a sap would pronounce that *Pree*, but don't you listen. The seat is sizable—55" X 18", extending to 60" with the padded armrests—but of bounceless ridged vinyl. Rear speakers, super insulation, and good acoustics make it nice for shriekers or sound-effects freaks. Otherwise, it's roomy but businesslike; for secretary-boffing.

Sapporo. Though designed by the Japanese—persons not known for size—there's still good access to a roomy rear area (with the front seats forward). The velour and vinyl interior is obscenely erotic, but with 52½" X 17" semibucket seats divided by a 4" hump, it's like a Farrah poster: better to look at than to try getting it on with. It comes with a "Silent Shaft engine," and your shaft will be just as silent. *Sapporo* must be Japanese for "frustrating."

Toronado Coupe. Good access to a profanely plush, vice-sized 56" X 19½" seat, but of the stadium-cushion variety, which is best adapted to seated-facing maneuvers. The width extends to 63" if you don't mind your head and feet in the ashtrays. There's an "Astroroof" for those who like screwing by starlight. If nothing else is cooking, you can do interesting things with the individual power front seats. Overall, a mobile Ramada Inn. Which is what backseats are all about. ○+□

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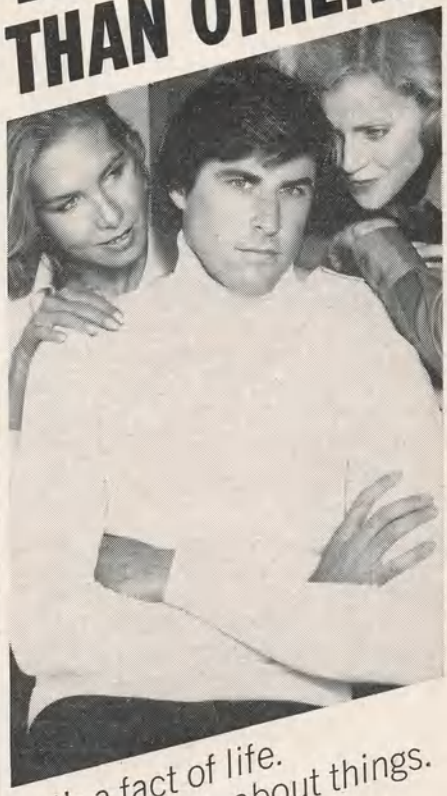

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UKIAH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160

marida." The Mexican woman glanced at May again, and the two of them broke out laughing and laughed all the way up the flight of stairs, clear to the door of their second-floor room.

The bus was pulling in at Ukiah. The weirdo in the dirty sweater came to the front of the bus. He carried a cheap, battered suitcase that had stickers from all over Europe on it—Strasbourg, Trier, Milano. One of the stickers was in Greek script; if the man had waited only a second or two longer on the top step, Willard thought he might have made the writing out. Two Mexican men, probably grape harvesters, were speaking Spanish softly as they got on. One of them carried a brown paper bag that looked as if it had a bottle in it.

Willard leaned across the skinny girl. "Do you suppose they'd have a hotel room in Santa Rosa for an old reprobate like me?" he asked the book woman.

She thought for a moment. "I really don't know the hotels very well," she said. "But I could help you find something for the night, if you'd like to rest. You could catch a bus to the city in the morning."

Donald, that was the nephew's name. Donald, and he worked on the thirty-sixth floor. A few years ago when they were visiting, he had taken Willard and May up to the tower bar for a drink. The huge structure was made of some dark, reddish stone; sections of smoked-glass windows protruded at angles from the surface of the building like the ridged bark off a redwood or the pleats of a woman's skirt. He had felt a tingling in his crotch as the elevator—one of the fastest in the world, Donald had said—whizzed them up to the tower. A pretty Chinese girl served them in the luxurious room that was carpeted with dark red rugs. When Donald paid for the Scotch-and-sodas, Willard saw that the drinks had cost no more than they would have at an ordinary, street-level bar. He gave May a quarter to leave in the Ladies'.

The traffic began to thicken as they reached the Santa Rosa city limits. The woman with the book gathered together all her belongings and sat on the edge of her seat. In the station Willard could see a well-dressed lady, a dead ringer for the book woman, only taller, and her hair was gray. Leaning on her arm, his thin white hair neatly brushed over his baby-pink skull, his huge overcoat drooping from hunched shoulders, was the oldest man Willard believed he had ever seen.

The bus door opened, and the woman waved to her parents. She paused on the first step, turning to Willard.

"You're going on to San Francisco, then?"

Henderson. Donald Victor Henderson, that was May's nephew's name, and he lived on Steiner Street.

"Yes, I am," Willard answered. "They're probably expecting me." ○+

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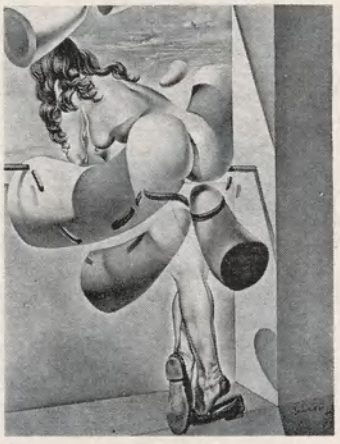

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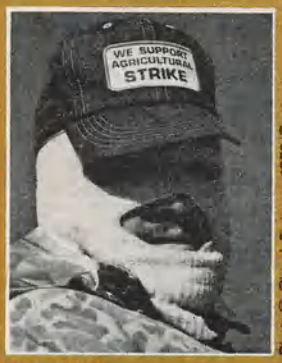

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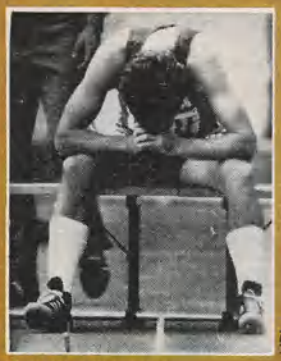

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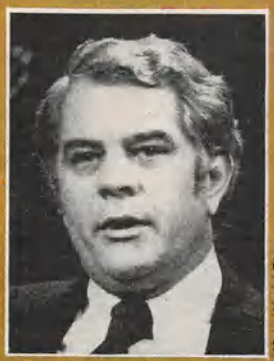

Wide World Photos

DARRELL McGRAW

UPI

AMTRAK BLUES

Farm Strike—Jimmy Carter is the first farmer to assume the presidency since Thomas Jefferson. Carter, on his inauguration day, declared himself to be a similar man of the people by walking, rather than riding, down Pennsylvania Avenue. Few could have predicted then that a year later 10,000 of Carter's fellow farmers would also walk down that avenue, angrily protesting his callous indifference to the worst agricultural crisis since the drought of the thirties. "Things will be better, for those who can survive," he recently told a group of farm organization leaders. In part one of this startling, two-part exposé, David Harris, a frequent *Penthouse* contributor, describes the tragic plight of the farmer. Is there a workers' revolution in the offing? Harris explores that question in "Old McDonald Has a Strike," coming in the September *Penthouse*.

Amtrak Blues—Things that go bump in the night, derailments, missing first-aid kits, filthy dining cars, service cutbacks, management martinets, and passenger horror stories—is this any way to run a railroad? John Maybury, a journalist who has written extensively about our nation's railroads, thinks not. One unsatisfied passenger, after being taken for the ride of her life, even remarked, "I'd rather ride in a cattle car!" The richest country in the world shouldn't have the poorest passenger railroad service. Maybury suggests a surprisingly simple solution.

Darrell McGraw—Jimmy Carter may well have turned his back on his roots. Darrell McGraw, a forty-one-year-old West Virginia Supreme Court justice, hasn't. The grandson of a coal miner, McGraw champions the cause of the beleaguered United Mine Workers. During the recent 109-day coal strike, few came to the miners' defense: the media failed to clarify such basic issues as the miner's crucial right to stage wildcat strikes, and Jimmy Carter threatened to invoke the repressive Taft-Hartley Act, which would have meant jail for union leaders. In this interview with *Penthouse* regular Richard Ballad, McGraw also puts the miner's plight into a larger political context and makes an unsettling prediction about the future consequences of ignoring the rights of exploited workers, whether in the coal mines or elsewhere.

Olympic Obsession—More and more young people are being groomed to compete in the 1980 Olympics, which is fine for the glory and profit of their parents and trainers and for the United States itself. But what about the kids themselves? Robert Stephen Spitz describes the sweatshoplike conditions and the torturous regimens that he encountered. Young bodies are strained, exhausted, and pumped up with megavitamins and harmful steroids. And the emotional consequences of such physical punishment, Spitz learned, can be even worse.

SUBARU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 167

This insures a proper gear for every occasion, but only *one* proper gear, and hence lots of shifting. You can't lug along in high all day, but you *can* surprise a lot of people dragging away from stoplights or tollbooths.

Don't engage the 4WD above 50 mph, and avoid shifting into it while cornering. Otherwise, use this feature as you would another gear. When you see a slick spot ahead, just shift into 4WD before you get there. It's especially effective in snow and ice.

An optional fiberglass camper shell or canvas convertible top makes the BRAT practical outside the sun belt. With 58 million Americans now into camping, 8 million into skiing, and untold millions more surfing, surf-fishing, off-road exploring, and just plain "fun truckin'," Subaru would seem to have a safe bet with the only low-priced, high-mileage four-wheel-drive vehicles now on the market.

What's it like in the rumble seat? Bumpy but fun. The seats are fiberglass buckets with no padding, but there are seat belts to keep you aboard in rough country, plus a pair of suggestive-looking grab handles for each passenger. The cargo floor has "wall-to-wall" outdoor carpeting, and our test car was equipped with an optional rollover bar and wind deflector as well as a sliding window in the back of the cab for pilot-to-passenger communication. The white-spoke wheels and wide-lettered tires are also options. Other options for the serious off-roader include a hefty brush guard, to keep branches out of the radiator, and a skid plate, to protect the underside from rocks and ruts. This last item is a good investment, because the BRAT's seven-inch ground clearance is positively dinky in 4WD circles, where the vehicles generally tower above the landscape and can straddle small locomotives in a single bound. On the other hand, you don't have to worry about getting a nosebleed when you climb up into the Subaru, or about spraining your ankle when you jump back down.

With typical Japanese ingenuity, Subaru engineers have devised a unique pollution-control system that meets U.S. specs without the need for a catalytic converter in the exhaust system. As a result, the BRAT can run on the cheapest regular gas you can find, rather than requiring the more expensive, unleaded blends essential for catalyst cars.

Probably the nicest surprise about the BRAT, aside from its low base price of $4,589, is its head-turning appearance. Men and women of all ages seem mesmerized by the BRAT and its obvious fun potential in this age of dull, government-issue economy cars. Women stare, smile, then jump up and down in their seats and wave at the car as it passes. That alone makes the BRAT a bargain at forty-five hundred bucks.

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